

The Strange Autobiography of Frank B. Robinson .

Founder of "Psychiana" Moscow, Idaho

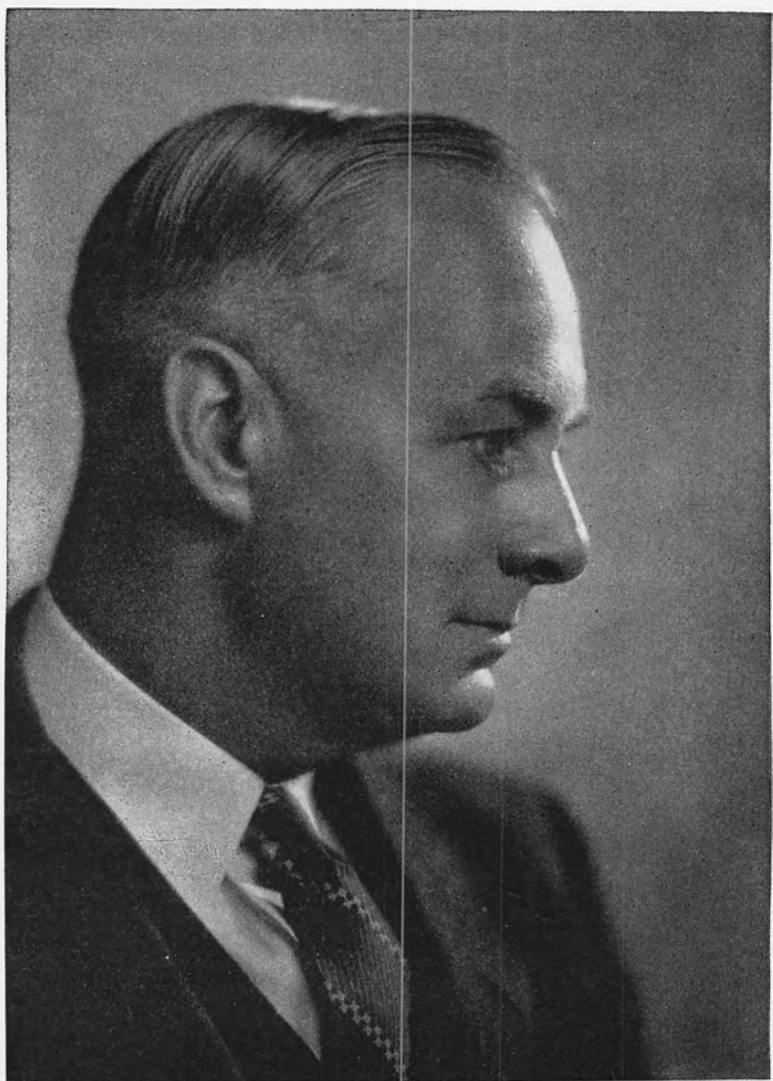


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THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED TO
MY STUDENTS EVERYWHERE

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DR. FRANK B. ROBINSON TODAY
Born July 5th, 1886

In Appreciation

THE AUTHOR DESIRES TO EXPRESS HIS THANKS AND GRATITUDE to those thousands of people all over the world who stood loyally by him through the times of stress he was made to pass through. It is impossible to list these good people here. There are too many. But I do want to publicly thank a few who, in many ways, showed their loyalty and friendship to me in those dark and fateful hours. First, of course, comes Senator Wm. E. Borah. He has gone to his reward. I hallow his memory. Then there is Milburn Kenworthy, Chris A. Hagan, Charles Schroeter and Anne Schroeter, Bill Marineau, Dr. C. W. Tenney, Jim Palmer. There are hosts of others too. The reason they are not all mentioned by name is because this book could not contain all their names. But their friendship is known and appreciated, not only by me, but by my family.

I feel I owe these good people a debt of honor. That debt shall be paid by fearlessly fighting for the things I believe to be of God, just as long as I live. How long that will be I don't know. I care very little. But no matter how long it may be, these good friends will always find me giving the very best in me to the task of bringing to this earth, not traditions or superstitions about God, but the facts of God as I have discovered those facts to exist. Those few in Moscow who sent wires to the Review Board—they were forgiven long ago. And I know them all. I have also forgiven everyone who, under the baneful influence of one whose viciousness ran away with his good judgment, attempted to hurt me and mine. May the Spirit of the Infinite God abide with them for ever. I shall never try to harm them. I shall try to help them.

FRANK B. ROBINSON.

Dr. Robinson's Favorite Hymn

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

Lead Kindly Light—amid th' encircling gloom,
 Lead Thou me on.
The night is dark—and I am far from home;
 Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet I do not ask to see the distant scene,
 One step enough for me.

* * *

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
 Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path, but now;
 Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day; and spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.

* * *

So long Thy Power hath blest me, sure, It still
 Will lead me on.
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent till
 The night is gone.
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

Cardinal Newman was born in London, Feb. 21, 1801. He was a Church of England Clergyman, young, unimaginative, and very superstitious. On a pilgrimage to Rome, he became violently ill. The sailing vessel on which he was traveling was becalmed between the Island of Sardinia and Palermo. When an official of the church was called to administer the "last rites", John Newman, looking him in the eye said "I shall not die, for I have not sinned against the Light". He recovered. Then he wrote this beautiful hymn which is Dr. Robinson's favorite. He plays it continuously on his pipe-organ, and he says "This hymn brings me closer to God than any other piece of human writing".

Dr. Robinson's Favorite Poem

EACH IN HIS OWN TONGUE

BY WILLIAM HERBERT CARRUTH

A fire mist and a planet,
A crystal and a cell,
A jelly-fish and a saurian,
And caves where cave-men dwell;
Then a sense of law and beauty,
A face upturned from the clod—
Some call it evolution,
And others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon,
The infinite, tender sky,
The ripe rich tint of the cornfields
And the wild geese sailing high;
And all over upland and lowland
The charm of the goldenrod—
Some of us call it autumn,
And others call it God.

Like tides on a crescent seabeach,
When the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts high yearnings
Come welling and surging in;
Come from the mystic ocean
Whose rim no foot hath trod—
Some of us call it longing—
And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty,
A mother starved for her brood,
Socrates drinking the hemlock,
And Jesus on the rood;
And millions who, humble and nameless,
The straight, hard pathway plod—
Some call it consecration,
And others call it God.

Statement by Mrs. Robinson

I MARRIED FRANK B. ROBINSON ON NOVEMBER 23RD, 1919. The ceremony was performed in the old Leavitt home on Conger Avenue in Klamath Falls, Oregon. My father was the late Circuit Judge A. L. Leavitt, one of Oregon's old pioneers. Graduating in law from the University of California, my father, with Sam Summers and a group of friends from Oakland, began a trek to the Northwest in search of fame and fortune. Dad found a certain amount of fame—but little fortune. He was a politician.

The destination of these pioneers was Spokane, Washington, but my father and Sam Summers never got farther than Klamath Falls, or Linkville, as it was then known. That was in the year of 1880. He was soon appointed County Clerk of Linkville, and on July 24th, 1889, he married Florence Reed, a school teacher, at Merrill, or what was then known as Tule Lake. Although Dad was handicapped through life as the result of an attack of scarlet fever when he was five years of age, which kept him in bed until he was fourteen, he carved for himself a little niche in the hall of Oregon's historical fame. He was loved by all who knew him.

Dad passed away a few years ago, closely following our mother, who, too, was very greatly loved throughout the whole Klamath Basin. He passed away as he had predicted, "with his boots on." Dad always told us that he would "die in the harness with his boots on." After mother passed just a few years ago, Dad began to decline. He lost all interest in life, and those of the immediate family knew that so great was his devotion to our mother that he would not last very long after she was gone.

Dad must have had a premonition of impending death,

for the day on which he died, he dressed up in his "Sunday best," went to the barber shop for a hair-cut, shave, and, of all things, a face massage. Never had we known Dad do that before. My sister took him later in the afternoon to her home, which was on the west side of Klamath Lake. After dinner, when it became quite late, Maybelle, my sister, asked Dad to retire for the night. This he consistently refused to do, stating, "You kids go to bed—leave me where I am in the chair—I'll read for awhile." That is where they found him—dead—the next morning, with his boots on. Judge Leavitt had done his task. He had gone, and was mourned by many thousands throughout the region. Active in Republican politics and occupying every political position to which it was possible for him to be elected, Judge Leavitt will long live in the hearts and memories of all who knew him. So will my mother, for it is a question which was the sweeter of the two.

Four children were born to that marriage, and I am the youngest of the four. Lester is the oldest and is now proprietor of Leavitts Grocery in Eugene, Oregon. Arthur comes next. For more than twenty years, he has been employed by the California-Oregon Power Company. Every summer he takes charge of beautiful Rocky Point, where my husband is now writing his autobiography. Rocky Point is on the west side of Klamath Lake, about thirty miles from Klamath Falls. It abounds with beautiful lake trout, which my husband loves to catch.

The third child to be born to Alfred Lewis Leavitt and Florence Reed was my sister, Maybelle. She, with her husband, Mr. Howard Barnhisel, a prominent realtor of Klamath Falls, now occupy the old home place in which Robbie and I were married.

Within a stone's throw of the cabin in which "Robbie" (I call my husband that) is writing, there stands a tall yellow pine. It has stood there for centuries. At the foot of that pine tree on July 20th, 1900, in a little tent in which

Dad and Mother were living, I came. Perhaps that is the reason my brothers and sister call me "squirrel."

As I was the youngest daughter, Dad hated to see me get married and protested the marriage very vehemently. Not that he had anything at all against Robbie—he just hated to see me go, I guess.

It is not my intention to take up very much space in this book, for a much more interesting personality will speak to you through its pages. Knowing my husband perhaps better than, or at least as well as anyone will ever know him, I feel that perhaps I can throw a bit of light on phases of his character and nature which are not seen by those outside of his family. This is the only reason I consented to write a few paragraphs. It may help you to get the true picture, for there are many things a wife can say about her husband which he cannot, or will not, say about himself.

I met Frank Robinson one Sunday afternoon shortly before we were married. He was working at the Star Drug Store in Klamath Falls. The owner was then Carl Plath. He took his meals, with several other employed young folks of Klamath Falls, at the home of Mrs. Rutenic. On this particular Sunday afternoon, one of the girls, a friend of mine, called on the phone stating that she was going to bring a very handsome young man down to meet me. I insisted that I was not interested in any man, regardless of how good-looking he might be. I had other thoughts. (Had I not met Frank Robinson, I should have been in the foreign mission field. Fate willed it differently). My girl friend insisted that she was going to bring this young man down, regardless of whether or not I wanted to meet him. We met on the front lawn. My hair was hanging down my back; and certainly if Frank Robinson fell in love with me, which he did, it could not have been because of my appearance—unless he likes Indians, for that is what I must have looked like.

However, a lot sometimes hinges on a small thing, and

that afternoon, after I had "spruced up" a bit, all went for a walk. That evening I informed my folks that I had met the man I was going to marry. Frank Robinson took me to a show the next night, and inside of one week had proposed to me. Being just as much in love with him as he was with me, we were soon married in the old home place by the Reverend E. P. Lawrence, a Presbyterian minister of Klamath Falls.

An interesting sidelight on the determination of my husband may be seen in the fact that, although he knew and had been plainly told that my father was not in sympathy with the marriage, the first thing he did was to go and buy a marriage license which he carried around in his pocket several weeks before we were married.

The twenty-two years we have lived together have been interesting years. Some of them have been trying years. Yet, as I look back, I don't know that I would ask for one of them to be recalled. There have been times when the going has been tough. There have been times when it seemed all the power of those opposing my husband might become a little too strong; for there were many anxious days during the years from 1934 to 1937. We did not know if a good husband and father would be ruthlessly snatched from us, either to be put in some federal penitentiary or deported to some land—we knew not where.

I have seen Doctor Robinson so hemmed in that escape seemed impossible. Those who would have stopped his work at any cost went to great lengths to accomplish their evil ends. There have been days when our hearts have bled for our husband and father. As we look back upon those days now, we know, both children and I, that the only one who did no worrying was Robbie. I have seen him with his back against the wall. I have seen him apparently overwhelmed by antagonistic forces—and I have seen him smile and tell us not to worry. "Let me do the worrying," was a favorite

expression of his through the criminal trials and deportation proceedings.

These are not nice things to talk about. I try to forget them. Yet it was in those days of trial that the true character of my husband came to the surface. I think I can say that Doctor Robinson is never his true self unless he is up against odds which seem overwhelming. When those odds come, he smiles. I should say that he knows what the outcome will be from the beginning.

Let me give you one incident which stands out clearly in my mind. It was during his trial on federal charges of passport falsification. Naturally, he was acquitted on those charges. He has never committed a criminal act in his life—not even a misdemeanor. If he had, it would have been found out a long time ago.

This particular evening, the federal jury was out considering the evidence. Doctor Robinson will tell you about that trial later on. Our two attorneys, Edward W. Robertson of Spokane, Washington, and the Honorable A. L. Morgan, now Circuit Judge of this county, were in our home in the living room. Little was eaten at dinner that evening except by Robbie. He ate a good meal. Attorneys Robertson and Morgan were pacing up and down the living room. They were just as much interested in this case as they would have been had their own sons been on trial. Doctor was sitting at the pipe-organ playing. Attorney Ed. Robertson, one of the very finest characters we have ever met, walked over to Doctor Robinson saying, "My God, man—how can you sit there playing a pipe-organ with that jury out?" Robbie replied, "Ed, you and Morgan pace the floor all you want to—I'm going to bed." Inside of fifteen minutes, he was sleeping as peacefully as a baby. He was fast asleep when the verdict of "not guilty" was brought in, and he did not awaken until morning.

The strain of these two trials was especially hard on Alfred. He did not know what to think. A special newspaper

was started here in Moscow by some of Doctor's enemies and poor Alfred sat alone in his room, wondering what it was all about. But he was a brick. He stood side by side with his Dad through it all. He had the satisfaction of seeing his father completely vindicated on every charge. He had the further satisfaction of seeing every man who had anything to do with those charges go down to defeat. However, Doctor will tell you about that.

* * *

My husband is the most kind man I ever met. He loves every member of his family with a passionate love. It has been said that "every kid and every dog in Moscow knows Doctor Robinson," and while he is not too fond of dogs, he would go to any length to protect any animal or any human being that was suffering. That is one thing he cannot stand—suffering. I recall a few instances which may be interesting. Let me first say that I have seen my husband go to the bank where he already had borrowed "up to the neck" and borrow additional money with which to help someone else who needed his help. Doctor is the largest donator to charity in this county. Robinson Park stands here as a monument of his thoughtfulness to others. He will literally give his own clothes away to one more needy than he.

One evening the telephone rang and Doctor Robinson was informed that a certain family whom we will call the "White" family was destitute. He was a bit nonplussed at receiving this information, knowing that the Community Chest was so well supplied with funds that no drive was put on that year. Calling up one of the officials of the Community Chest, he told him of the phone call about the "White" family. The president of the Community Chest that year was a Lutheran minister, and he assured Doctor Robinson that he had personally visited the "White" family only that day and found it "amply provided for." The gentleman who phoned Doctor Robinson was quite a substantial citizen, so Doctor called him back and reported to him the result of

the telephone conversation with the president of the Community Chest. This led to another phone call on another director of the Chest's activities. This gentleman also informed my husband that the "White" family was fully taken care of and needed nothing.

Here may be noted an insight into Doctor Robinson's character. If there is any question about anything, he will take the word of no one but will go and investigate for himself. This is exactly what he did that evening. Inside of five minutes after the second phone call, he was in the car and on his way to the "White" shack, for that is what it really was. On arriving there, he found five children with absolutely nothing in the house to eat. On the floor, lying on an old rusty set of springs covered with gunny sacks, was the mother who was about to give birth to another child. Not even a bottle of milk was in the house. Doctor Robinson at once hired a physician to take charge of this sad case and called up a grocery store and ordered twelve dollars worth of groceries sent to that house every week.

The next day he made arrangements for a position for the husband and had a local store send down the best bed, the best mattress, sheets, blankets, etc., it had. In addition to that, the children were properly clothed. Shortly after this incident, Alfred came home from school and, backing his Dad into a corner, said, "Pop, those poor 'White' boys have to stay away from school because they haven't enough money to buy school books. You give me some money, and I'll go down and buy them." The boys got the books.

This incident was never mentioned in our home again. However, Doctor Robinson had given his last donation to the Community Chest. He will never give it another cent locally as long as it exists. He never forgets.

On another occasion, a little child was lost in the thick underbrush and timber which surrounds Moscow on the north. A search was instituted and hundreds of people scoured the surrounding country. Going out to the scene,

Doctor Robinson looked over the ground and then came back to the house and told me about it. "The only way they will ever find that child is by airplane," he said. Calling Spokane by long-distance telephone, he engaged Nick Mamer, a well-known pilot, to bring his plane to Moscow and stay here until the child was found. They found the baby from the plane that evening.

I could give you many more instances of the generosity of my husband, but this is only the very smallest part of his big nature. To meet him, one may make the mistake of thinking that his bluff, gruff manner indicates that type of man. Nothing could be farther from the truth. I recall that a writer for *Collier's Weekly* came to the house a few years ago to secure material for a story of Doctor Robinson and his Movement. After spending half a day with Doctor, this man left making the statement, "That man Robinson is the coldest-blooded individual I have ever met." It was on the evening of that same day that the "White" family was cared for.

I suppose that when a man through his work becomes the center of attraction in any line, there are certain penalties which go with such prominence. I know we have them. Salesmen with many new and clever selling schemes try in vain to get an audience with my husband. If he gave them audience, he would have no time for his work, and his work means more to him than anything else. Sometimes I think he is more interested in his work than he is in his wife. Then he will come home, play the organ, and later get little Florence down on her back in the middle of the living-room floor and there they will "rastle" until one of them is tired out.

The appeals for charity are many. None are ever refused if Robbie has the money or can get it. But it must be remembered that all Doctor Robinson gets from the "*Psychiana*" Movement is a salary, and that is none too large for his needs. Personally, he has no needs. He has one great aim in

life, and that is to bring men and women a clearer conception of the Power he believes to exist. He is a deeply religious man—perhaps not in the accepted and orthodox sense of the word; but he is very deeply religious, nevertheless.

Credo, dogmas, rituals—these mean nothing at all to Doctor Robinson. He believes in the present existence of one Great Spirit, and he believes that the Power of that Great Spirit when fully known, as he believes it can be fully known, is more than sufficient to rectify the many ills this world is suffering from. God is a passion with my husband. He never attends a church unless it is to speak in one, and he would rather never do that. His idea of God is that of an ever-present Spiritual Power, more than able to bring permanent peace, happiness, joy, and material and spiritual abundance to all.

* * *

No words of mine can describe Doctor Robinson. If it has been my privilege to know him a bit better than others know him, I am grateful for that privilege. He is a soul from the beyond. He lives among us—yet he is not of us. Human to the 'nth degree, his inspiration, his ability, his dynamic genius come from a source that is a bit higher than human—not that I would wish to give the impression that my husband is a “supernatural” being, far from that. I assure you he is very natural. He is, however, motivated by and from a Source which must be infinite in its nature.

He has been called “the greatest religious genius of the twentieth century.” To me, he’s just simply “Robbie,” a human, loving, inspired, religious teacher. If I were asked to designate in one word the secret of his power and his greatness, I should use the word—*Simplicity*.

Someone has said that genius is nothing more than hard work. That may be true. If it is, my husband is a genius, for he works incessantly. He goes days and nights, and the marvel of it all is that he is able to stand up under it. I recall a few years ago a long-distance telephone call came in from

Mrs. Marriner S. Eccles, the wife of the president of the Federal Reserve Bank. Doctor Robinson had just returned from a four hundred mile drive from Portland, Oregon. He was very tired. However, the little daughter of Mrs. Eccles was ill. "Could Doctor Robinson come?" He could, and he did. Without considering himself for one moment, he left at once on a nine hundred and sixty mile drive from Moscow, Idaho, to Ogden, Utah. His average mileage every year by car is over fifty thousand miles. In addition to this, he makes frequent trips to the East and other parts of the country. It is worthy of note that while he will leave Moscow at one minute's notice, if he believes he can help someone, he has never yet allowed anyone to give him even five cents toward paying his expenses.

Not long ago in New York City, a group of men offered him a certified check for \$250,000.00 for control of the "*Psychiana*" Movement. After looking at the check and the contract which accompanied it, Doctor smiled and turned to this group of men said, "You are the fellows who should be living in the sticks—not I." These men had the false impression that money can buy anything, and only the night before had tried to "high-pressure" Robbie into accepting the check and signing the contract. "Here is where you sign—right here," said one of these chaps in endeavoring to close the deal. Doctor Robinson picked up the paper and, smiling in a droll way, said, "We read the contract to-night, and we sign it tomorrow—maybe."

While Doctor Robinson has the reputation of being a very keen business man, in reality he is nothing of the sort. You can sell him any sort of "gold brick" you want to, for he is entirely too trusting. He takes everyone at face value, and the person who knows how, can get away from my husband everything he has. The only thing that has saved him from trouble many times is the fact that before he makes a move of importance he will ask me what I think of it.

If I agree, he never will do it; so to protect him, all I have to do is to tell him to go ahead. Then he never will.

We live very happily here in Moscow, Idaho—my husband, Alfie, Florence, and I. That is, when my husband is at home, we do. I do not know of a family more completely in love with each other than this family is. What the future holds for us, we do not know. There is one thing I do know—no matter how fast the "*Psychiana*" Movement grows, and no matter how many laurels are heaped on my husband's head, the center of attraction as long as we are all here will be his home and his family.

PEARL B. ROBINSON.

CHAPTER ONE

Introductory Message

MRS. ROBINSON, IN HER INTRODUCTION TO THIS BOOK, HAS very kindly referred to me as a "soul from the beyond." I do not know whether that statement is true or not. What I do know is that, as a result of the humble life you are to read about, this world will see the dawn of a new era. It will be an age which, for the first time in the known history of the world, will see man living in conscious recognition of the Great Spirit—God. God will not only live with men, but the consciousness of the presence of God will eliminate by Its own Power, all the things which have made man such a miserably unhappy creature in the world of today.

In that day, which will be brought in as a direct result of the life and teachings of this one man, sorrow, illness, tears, despair, fear—yes, even death itself, will be unknown. These could have been possible a long time ago. They would have been possible had man but known God; but, man has not known God. One may truthfully call this known world a "God-less" world, for that is what it is. The knowledge of the Great Spirit—God has not yet been brought to the world. That knowledge will come shortly, and this hopeless, "God-less" world will exchange the inconsistencies, the worries, the impotent religious philosophies, the hopelessness of life as we know it, for the joys, the peace, the love, the immortality which is God.

Despite the fact that major systems of "religion," with their welter of claims about God, exist, the fact remains that this world still does not know God. There are eleven major systems of "religion" operating on this earth today, exclusive of "*Psychiana*." All have different "gods" or dif-

ferent conceptions of the One God. Their theologies, however, are taken, for the greater part, from much older systems of "religion" which they themselves call "pagan." Where that is not the case, their system of "religion" was manufactured by them out of thin air. It may have been honestly manufactured, but manufactured it was, nevertheless.

God, as this Spirit will be revealed to the nations of this earth 'ere long, bears no relation to any of the "gods" these many theological systems have offered. One look at the universe around us should convince the most skeptical that the nations are "God-less." As I write this, Germany has just taken under its "protecting wing" the neighboring countries of Norway and Denmark. Other small nations will be as helpless against the German type of aggression as a wax bill on a woodpecker.

This type of aggression which believes and plainly says that "might makes right" will, if not stopped soon, engulf the whole earth under its "protecting wing." The name of the Creator would then be given little room and the place of that Creative Spirit—God—would be usurped by a man. Let none argue that God is known on the earth today. Were God known, Hitler, Stalin, Mussolini could not exist. If God were known for what God is, there would be on the earth today universal peace. There would be universal love instead of universal hate. There would be no poverty, no strikes, no crime, no immorality—certainly no wars with their ghastly inhuman instruments for the destruction of human life. There could be no illness; nor could there be any death; for the Great Spirit—God—is a Spirit of Eternal Life; and Life, which is God, knows nothing about death.

So then, I affirm that God is not known on the earth, in spite of all our systems of "religion." The Great Spirit—God—is not in the "religions" of today nor yesterday. We must then look forward to the true conception of God, and

the Power of God, in the future. It will be in the *near future*. The present state of things cannot long exist.

* * *

From the very earliest years of my life until today, I have known quite definitely that somewhere in me was a direct connection with the Great Spirit, God. I have always known that I was "set aside" for the express purpose of bringing to this earth the *truths* of God as those truths exist, and as they will be revealed to mankind soon. They are being revealed to men today. 'Ere long, there will flash across the horizon such a revelation of the Divine Power of the Great Spirit, God, that this world will be reborn. It has been my lot to be the one chosen by God to bring in this "Great Day of God."

This is not the statement of a paranoiac or a rattle-brained religious fanatic—it is the statement of a man who keeps both feet firmly on the ground. It is the statement of a man who, although thirteen years ago was unknown, today leads the eighth largest religion on the face of the earth. This religion has demonstrated the actual Power of God in human lives during those thirteen years—and its record cannot be approached by any other religious system in existence.

This has been done entirely by mail. We have no churches, no ministers, and we preach no sermons. We give to the world the plain simple truths of God as those truths have been revealed to us. Those truths prove themselves. Through the Power of those truths, men and women are, for the first time in known history, finding the Power which is God.

This book will be written very simply. No attempt at flowery rhetoric will be made. I am not capable of producing a polished academic work, never having had more than a high school education. It is true that several educational institutions have decorated my name with "Doctorates" but this means nothing. I do not know any more now than I did before I received them. These are plaudits of men. As such,

I am not interested in them. The only thing I am interested in is the work given me to do. That work is of God, and from the Realm of the Great Spirit—God—I shall receive whatever reward there may be—if any.

This is *my* life's story. I must write it in my own way. No one can help me. In fact, I shall not ask anyone to. I shall give you the facts as I recall them, and I shall do this as honestly as I can. I shall do this as briefly as I can. Using my own terms and method of writing, I believe you will understand me. I do not want to write this autobiography. I never have wanted to push myself into the limelight. Having been pushed into the world's international religious spotlight, however, and the demands for the story coming in to us in ever-increasing volume, I have decided that this, coupled with the other means I use, may be one means of bringing the true conception of God to this earth.

Now that the book has been started, I shall work day and night on it—for there is no time to lose. What will have happened before this book reaches you, I do not know. The powers and forces of darkness are making themselves very evident these days; they will never rule the earth. However, there will come a definite clash between these forces of darkness and the Light which is God. Neither Germany nor the Allies will win this war. Wars are never "won." What will happen is this—the conception of God which I am bringing to the world will be universally grasped. The Power of the Great Spirit, God, which accompanies these revelations will spread over this earth, and that Power—the Power of the Spirit which is God—will be so powerful and breath-taking that these armies—all of them—will fold up their tents and, like the Arabs, steal away, never to return.

Let me repeat—the Day of God is at hand, not the day some of our "religions" have predicted. But it is the Day of God, nevertheless. Let me state here that what this earth is about to discover about God could have been discovered long ago. Why it was not, I do not know. It may be because

another picture of God was offered to the world. It may be because those who were offered this other picture used the sword to propagate their religion. It may be because they made men and women "afraid" of God. Perhaps they told them that if they did not accept their conception of God, they should "suffer in torment through the ages." Or perhaps they told the world that they, and they alone, were the "only ones authorized to act and teach for God"—and it may be that millions of people, earnest in their search for God, believed them.

Whatever the reason the truths of God have not been made known before is beside the point. These *truths* are now known. They will save this world. They always could have saved it. So then, you will understand the earnestness of your writer to bring these truths of God to the people as fast as he possibly can. Sometimes I wonder why I, of all men, was chosen by God for this task. Surely someone much more competent could have been chosen. Surely someone with a much better education than I might have been called! But they were not, and there is one thing I shall never do—that is, shirk anything God gives me to do. I never have yet, and I know now I never shall.

Regardless of present existing "systems of religion," regardless of "criminal trials," regardless of "deportation proceedings," yes, regardless of any obstacle thrown in my path, this work will continue to prosper in that which it was sent to do. Opposition will fall by the wayside. I have seen that happen. Persecution will only help me succeed, for it will steel me to the task of bringing to the earth, the Day of God. The reason?—The Power of the Spirit which is God is in this Movement and its Founder. That Spirit—that God—never can fail.

* * *

I shall write things in this book which, if I considered my feelings, I certainly should not write. I shall have to bare facts which will be hard to reveal. I shall not spare

myself. The world has not spared me. I shall not spare myself, then. Ruthless, regretfully, and probably with tears streaming down my face, shall I tell you everything I can remember which has any bearing on the work I am now doing for God and humanity.

One is not supposed to write anything in an autobiography which does not bear directly on the life of the writer. Everything I shall put in this book has a very direct bearing on that life. You will see the almost unbelievable manner in which a "blind faith" in God was transformed into a "living faith." You will see the staggering results which are following. There is one thing I am supremely happy over. That one thing is that I have never lost faith in God. A little later, you will perhaps marvel that I did not lose, not only faith in God, but my mind as well.

The result, however, more than repays me for what little suffering I have gone through. Even if every day from this day on means additional suffering, and it may, I shall still pursue the course set for me. Regardless of how stormy the sea, this vessel will fight the waves and the tempest, secure in the knowledge that the Great Pilot is on board.

One word of caution, please. Naturally this book must be written in the first person. I am writing about myself. So please understand that no matter what I relate to you, no matter how hard it may be to relate these things, no thought of self shall ever enter into this work. If you knew me personally, as few do, you would know that just one thing matters—to live and die for the cause of God. The revelations which have come to me, and the understanding, is of God. The vision, as you will see as you progress, unquestionably is a Divine vision. The "call" to service could not have originated elsewhere than in the Realm of the Great Spirit—God. That fact I want you to have before you as you read this book, not looking at Frank B. Robinson, but at what the message of that man is meaning to this world. The messenger is a poor one. But the message is

what matters—not the messenger. In the infinite wisdom of a Great God, strange vessels are sometimes chosen to carry valuable wine. Things which are not are sometimes used to bring to naught things which are. The stone which the builders reject may have an important place in the finished structure. The uneducated may sometimes, in the wisdom of God, be used to confound the mighty.

I was asked last evening in Seattle whether the great conflagration in Europe is "Armageddon." Yes it is—only not the "Armageddon" some people are looking for. God Almighty will not descend from the skies and commit a wholesale slaughter of his "enemies" for God does not operate in this manner. Anyhow, if that is the object, these "enemies," if left alone, will slaughter themselves just as effectively as God can do it, even if God would do it. "Armageddon" is figuratively pictured as a "battle-royal" between the forces of "Satan" and the forces of God. There never has been a gentleman by the name of "Satan." We must look for another definition of the "forces" which are opposed to God. We must also find out what God is. What is happening in Europe is the natural result of a God-less world. Never has God been known on this earth. Had God been, how do you think these war-mad wholesale murderers could exist?

This ghastly thing in Europe is nothing more nor less than a heading up of those who believe that might makes right. Obsessed with the insane idea that they are all-powerful, these men, leaving God out of the picture, have attempted to rule the world by brute force. This, they will never do. *But no power exists on the earth today which can stop them. It is the new conception of God your writer is bringing to this earth which can bring them to their knees.* Let me repeat, had the Power which is God been brought to this earth by anyone, the earth would be a paradise today. But the true conception of God, and the Power of God, never have been known, and hence we

see the earth as it is today. It is a perfectly natural condition. It could not have been otherwise. Without God on the earth, you see what has happened. With God on the earth, the picture will completely change. May God grant that I be man enough to continue to the end that which God has given me to do.

There are over four hundred religious sects on the earth today. *But only one God.* My joy is to bring to all of them the true conception of God which, when it is brought to the earth, will banish everything evil, bring eternal life and eternal happiness, and thus satisfy all these sects and the human race.

CHAPTER TWO

My Father

MY FATHER IS THE REVEREND J. H. ROBINSON, AND AT THE present writing, is minister of the Morpeth Congregational Church in Morpeth, Northumberland, England. I cannot give you his exact age, but it must be close to eighty years. He is, I understand, still actively preaching. Prior to joining the Congregationalists, he was a Baptist preacher, leaving that denomination some thirty or forty years ago because of the closed communion. It seems that the Baptists will not allow those of another denomination to observe the sacrament of the "Lord's Supper" with them. The Congregationalists will. This is not showing a very godly spirit, it seems to me, but that's how it is.

Father was graduated from Spurgeon's College in London, and his first work was at the Costermongers Mission in a low part of London. I cannot give you much of the history of his folks. His marriage certificate, issued on June 11th, 1882, shows that his father was a plumber. The address is not given. His age then was twenty-three which makes him seventy-eight now instead of eighty years of age. That's a ripe age for a minister to be still ministering.

My mother was Hannah Rosella Coope, and her father's name was John Coope. His occupation was "steward." At the time she married my father, she was one year younger than he, or twenty-two. I know nothing of her folks except that she belonged to the famous family of Ind. Coope and Co., large British brewers. What the actual relationship was, I do not know. Both her mother and father were present at the marriage which occurred in Trinity Chapel in London.

Mother was about the sweetest thing it has ever been my pleasure to know. She passed away while I was but a child—eight years old. I shall never forget the fine simplicity and beauty of her character. She was deeply religious. Every Sunday morning she would take me to church and, finding the sermon rather dry, and perhaps knowing the preacher, I invariably would fall asleep on a black sealskin coat she used to wear. Before her death, prominent specialists were called, but to no avail. Bronchial pneumonia took her. It closed, at thirty-three, the sweetest career I shall ever know. The death occurred at No. 7 Lilac Street in Halifax, Yorkshire. She lies buried in Illingsworth cemetery. I visited the grave a few years ago. There is a custom in the north of England of pulling down the window blinds when a funeral cortege passes by. The popularity of the deceased can be judged by the number of blinds pulled down. I remember that funeral, and blinds were pulled down for miles along the way.

The funeral sermon was preached by the Reverend Henry Davis, a childhood friend of my father. I shall allude to Henry Davis again. So little did I realize what was happening that when we children were put in the carriage, we thought it was fun to get to ride behind a pair of horses. It was the first such ride we had ever had. That funeral will long live in my memory. I remember the hymns they sang: "A few more years shall roll," and "The sands of time are sinking." After the funeral father was pretty well "broken up." Sneaking up to his chair in his little study, I put my arms around his neck and kissed him. "Don't cry, Dad—she said she would see us in the morning." Little did I realize what "morning" she meant. I have realized it many times since.

Perhaps in my nature there is some of my mother's. If so, regardless of how much good I am able to do, I shall never be able to equal the good she did. She was loved by all—a beautiful character if ever there was one. I want

to mention here a death-bed scene that has a very distinct bearing on what happened in my federal criminal trial here in Moscow. The night she died, one after another of we children were called in to kiss her "good-bye." It came my turn. After asking father and the physician to leave the room, she said, "Frankie, there is something I must tell you before I go, for I'm going." I shall never forget saying to her, "But, Mother, you're not going for long, are you?" "No, not for long, Frankie—I'll see you in the morning." Then, clasping her dying arms around my neck, she said, "I want you to remember this: There may come a time when your birth-place will be questioned. Remember, you were not born in England; you were born in New York." Little did I dream then, forty-six years ago, the import of those words. Luckily I remembered them. I had always been known by my mother and her folks as "the little Yankee," although when father would hear that, he would show displeasure and change the conversation. However, all my relatives on her side knew that I was born in New York. I shall have more to say about this later.

While in England a few years ago, I visited Long Crenndon where my boyhood years were spent—at least, a few of them. On arriving in London, I sent a wire to my father stating that I was in England and asked him if he would not like to see me. He replied by wire that he had no son by my name. I then wired back and asked him for the address of my two brothers who I knew still lived in England. His reply was that he knew nothing of their whereabouts. I discovered later that he knew at the time where they were. For some reason, he did not want to see me or have me see my brothers. Strange father this! Strange man of God! I had not seen nor heard from him for many, many years. My letters had been returned to me unopened. Just at the critical time in life when a boy needed the comfort and advice of his father, that comfort and friendship was denied me. Had mother lived—but, she died.

While in England in 1934 visiting old childhood scenes, I met a Mr. Betts who knew me as a child. I found two other old fellows who knew me and who gave me some very valuable information regarding those childhood years of mine. Mr. Betts was owner of the small village bakery, and I recall the night the old bakery had burned to the ground. I watched it burn from my bedroom window in "The Manse" which is pictured in this book. Mr. Betts invited me in for a cup of tea and a piece of cake. The true British hospitality was evident. After the little snack, I told Betts that I would like very much to see the house in which I lived, and more especially the room in which my brother Sydney was born. I remember being allowed to hold him in my arms before the grate fire on the night of his birth. Mr. Betts said he knew the people well who now lived in the old "Manse," and he took me there and introduced me to the good lady of the house. She did not remember me, but she did remember the Reverend J. H. Robinson, and we chatted for quite awhile. "Here is a book you might like to see," she said, going to a cupboard and bringing out a little volume. It contained a history of the Long Crendon Baptist chapel where father preached, and, in addition to having a photo of my father, it had this to say:

"The church remained pastorless until the Reverend J. H. Robinson of Henley-in-Arden received a call at the end of 1887, which he accepted, and he entered upon his labours as stated minister in March, 1888. *The new pastor had recently returned from a long visit in America.* (At my trial on charges of passport fraud in Moscow a few years ago, an affidavit was introduced, signed by my father and sworn to before the American Consul in Newcastle-on-tyne, that he had never been in the United States).

The new pastor speedily became known as a powerful preacher, and large, and even crowded congregations frequently gathered together, the people coming in from the neighboring villages to listen. In addition to his ordinary pulpit work, Mr. Robinson found time to devote his eloquence to the champion-

ing of the People's rights, and he attracted considerable attention by his boldness and fearlessness in this direction."

This book was published by "The Bucks Advertiser," and is entitled "The History of the Long Crendon Baptist Church and Sunday School." I did not think to secure the book, but had I known what the future held, I certainly would have secured it. I did, however, take down a complete memorandum of the references to my father, because even then there was considerable demand for my life story. If I was born in 1886, it must have been in the U. S. according to this book.

There was a man in Long Crendon, a village of one hundred and fifty souls, who ran a butcher shop and made very famous sausages. His name was George Elton. For years after we had left there, father would send to Mr. Elton for his famous sausages. On my recent trip there, I called on Mr. Elton and introduced myself. We talked old times for, young as I was then, every incident of that young life in that small English village is indelibly stamped on my memory. "Did your father ever tell you about the time he tried to open a barrel of beer?" Elton shot at me. I replied that I had no recollection of father having recounted such an experience to me and requested Mr. Elton to tell me about it.

In brief, a party was being held at the Elton home and Dad and a large group of other "Baptists" were there. This barrel of beer was in the cellar. Dad, feeling pretty good already, asked to be allowed to open this keg of beer. It was the second one to be opened that night. It's a wonder the Baptists don't baptize their "converts" in beer if they love it so well. If beer is good for the inside, why is it not good for the outside, too? Well, father went down with Mr. Elton to tap the beer barrel. Seizing the bung in one hand and the mallet in the other hand, he gave the bung a tap—but not hard enough. The beer, according to Mr.

Elton, squirted all over the cellar and nearly drowned the Reverend J. H. Robinson, champion of the rights of the common people and Pastor of the Long Crendon Baptist church. I was somewhat taken aback by the recounting of this happening. I wondered what sort of preachers they had in those days. I wondered, too, if they were not more interested in drinking beer than they were in saving souls. However, lots of water has gone over the dam since that occurrence until 1934, and I have learned many things about those who act as "Agents of God." I never was able to reconcile the drinking of beer and whisky with God Almighty—not even at the Eucharist, or "Lord's Supper"—unless, of course, Almighty God drank beer and whisky and wine, too. Here, however, was one of God's agents tapping a beer barrel in the cellar of a butcher shop. I've seen them do a lot worse than that over a period of fifty years.

Usually drinking and other things much worse go together, and evidently they did in the case of my father. There followed at this time, an affair with a pretty lady member of father's church. I knew at the time, young as I was, that this and one other affair were going on. It must be remembered that at Long Crendon he could not have been married very long. It must also be remembered that he had the sweetest wife God could give to any man. Yet these two affairs persisted. While they were going on, my mother was sitting alone in "The Manse," crying her eyes out and trying to keep her sorrow from me. In the year 1890, the Reverend J. H. Robinson was "withdrawn" from the Baptist denomination. He had always told me that he "left" because of the "closed communion." I should call it a very open "communion."

AUTHOR'S NOTE

I have given very serious thought to the recounting of these incidents. There may be those among my readers who might feel

What may lie in the background of my father, I have never been able to find out, although I have investigated quite thoroughly. A letter in my possession from the Reverend J. Sylvester Poulton to the Reverend Walton, the Registrar of the Spurgeon's College, states, "Robinson always talked about his indebtedness to the Costermongers Mission for rescuing him from the gutter." It is to be presumed, therefore, that my father had troubles of his own in his early years. I have a recent report that, although he is an old man now, at this present writing he is carrying on another affair with a lady singer in the choir.

Now God may be in this sort of thing—that is, the "god" he preaches may be in it. However, I know one God who certainly is not in anything on this order; yet practically every minister in England will drink all the beer he can get. I shall have more to say about these ministers and their beer-drinking later on.

inclined to criticize. Yet this was the man who, knowing full well that vicious attempts were being made to send me to some federal penitentiary, swore under oath that he had never been in the United States. He knows full well where I was born, and so do I. I cannot conceive of any man who claims to be a representative of God stooping so low as to deliberately lie when he knows his own son's liberty may be at stake.

However, it is not for this reason I am including these unhappy incidents. They have a very distinct bearing on what followed later, and what followed later was a vital part of my life. I should like very much to leave this part of father's life out of the record; but this is an autobiography. It must be truly written; and it must be written so plainly that you who read may get the true picture of the obstacles I had to overcome before I came to the place where I was qualified to lead hundreds of thousands into the new conception of God. I love that man. I never have understood him. He has caused me lots of pain, and by this thoughtlessness, has made my path immeasurably harder than it should have been. Still, I love him. Would he allow it, I would fly to his assistance, if it became necessary, at any moment.

I still believe that what I am recounting here should be recounted. Millions will read this story. I must tell them the truth even though it hurts me to tell it. F. B. R.



MRS. FRANK B. ROBINSON

Youngest daughter of former Circuit Judge A. L. Leavitt of
Klamath Falls, Oregon, and Dr. Robinson's true helper.



ALFRED ROBINSON and DEAN SMITH and "CHUBBY"

In his school days Alfred had many friends. He is here seen sitting on the doorstep of his home with Dean Smith, whose father, Harvey Smith, is the city engineer in Moscow. Dick Long, Howard Manson, Bob Cummings, were among his many high-school and grade school friends. "Chubby", the little dog, died, and was replaced by "Ching", the dog written about in Dr. Robinson's book, *Blood on the Tail of a Pig*. Alfred is holding Chubby.



FLORENCE ROBINSON

This picture was taken in a neighbor's yard in 1937.
The white object in her hand is a marshmallow.

I recall one amusing incident which happened in Long Crendon. Finding a cigarette butt on the sidewalk one day on my way home from school, I begged a match and lit the cigarette, puffing away like a good fellow. Whom did I see coming towards me but my father. Not in the least abashed, I gave an additional puff on the cigarette as he passed by, saying to him in all seriousness, "How do you do, Mr. Robinson." I not only found out "how he did," when I got home, I found out "what" he did. He was mercilessly cruel to me. Why he picked on me, I do not know.

I recall one day in Halifax which was the town we moved to after leaving Long Crendon. What I had done, I do not recall. It could not have been very much, though. At any rate, father ordered me upstairs into the bedroom and made me take off every stitch of clothing I had on. Then he went to work on me with his razor strap. I was mercilessly beaten. The blood flowed, and my mother was screaming down stairs, begging him to desist. Finally he became so exhausted that he was forced to lie down on the bed. I was cowering in a corner of the room. Seeing him in such a state of exhaustion, I went over to the bed and, kissing him, said, "Did you hurt yourself, Daddy?"

On another occasion, I entered his study without knocking. He had a black ebony round ruler on his desk, about one inch in diameter. It was very heavy. Flying into a rage, he threw the ruler at me and it caught me over the left eye. I was knocked unconscious, and a physician was called. I bear the scar to this day. At the federal trial in Moscow, this scar was exhibited to the jury, and it was told how the scar was obtained.

I tried in vain to find out why I merited the brutal treatment I received at his hands. Sometimes one would think the "sun rose and set on me." At other times, I was afraid for my life at his hands. One day, while playing in the front of the house, I climbed up on the little iron railing

you will notice in the picture of No. 7 Lilac Street in Halifax. He called me in, and I received, then and there, one of the worst trouncings I have ever suffered. Not satisfied with beating me, he threw me on the floor and, jumping on me with both feet said, "God curse the day you were born."

The strange part of all this is the fact that no matter how rough he got with me, I still loved that man. I still do. We have not written for years. I have told you about the telegrams I sent him in 1934 from London. I have also told you about the lying affidavit he signed when he knew that my liberty was at stake and when he knew the document he swore to was not true. I cannot understand that. However, he was a "great preacher and champion of the people's rights," excepting his own first-born child. He had no rights.

* * *

After mother died, there followed a siege of housekeepers, and I could tell some interesting incidents here, too. I was not quite as dumb as Dad supposed. At any rate, although my life with him was hell, it probably must have been hell for him, too, or he could not have acted as he did. The wonder is that I ever came through at all; but the protecting hand of the Great Spirit—God—watched over me, and kept me for the work at hand. I do not feel the slightest anger. I would do anything I could to help my father. However, he is not too far from the grim reaper now, and the worst I wish him is that in the infinite wisdom of a Great God, his weaknesses may be forgotten.

The siege of housekeepers came to an end, and father began making frequent trips to Huddersfield which was just a few miles from Halifax. Both cities are in Yorkshire. In a roundabout way, I heard that he was about to be married again. He was, and soon after that, we were moved to that city. Arthur was the youngest, next came Leonard, a beautiful child, and then Sydney and myself. All four of

us were moved to Huddersfield, although none of us was allowed to be present at the wedding.

The bride this time was Miss Ellen Haigh, the daughter of Wealthy Ben Haigh, a textile factory owner of Huddersfield. It was here the real trouble began. Instead of getting better for me, it got worse. In some unexplained manner, this second wife took as violent a dislike to me as my father did. This dislike became evident immediately after their return from their honeymoon. None of us children fared too well from that point on, but Frank bore the brunt of it. Everyone else, wherever we went, seemed to love me. Only my own family hated me. That hatred seared my young soul. Here I was, misunderstood, beaten, cursed, and trampled upon—but why? You will see later on in this story what the cause of it really was.

The chapel, the pulpit of which was occupied by my father, was the Oakes Baptist Chapel. At Halifax it had been the Lee Mount Baptist Chapel. A report I have informs me that "John Henry Robinson, upon showing signs of regret for past mistakes, was 'reinstated' into the Baptist ministry." I am thankful for that, although I saw no signs of "regret" for the cruel beatings I used to get, for they still continued, only two were after me now—not one. The step-mother was a cruel type, and "hell" was the order of the day in that "home of God." It was not so very long after father's second marriage until she was telling him that the only thing he married her for was her money.

Lavishing in wealth, driving in a "carriage and pair" with footman and butler on the driver's seat, I have seen this second "mother" drive past me scores of times. Instead of picking me up and giving me a ride home from school, she would, in a condescending manner, wave her hand out of the carriage window and let me walk two miles home from school. Whenever I could, I would run behind the carriage, climb on the iron bar which went across the back

and "sneak" a ride home in my own step-mother's carriage.

As I look back and think on these happenings now, I find myself more nonplussed than ever. Yet I would not have it any other way. I see now how these cruelties drove me closer and closer to the heart of God. There, I found rest. There, I found peace. There shall I ever stay until I know as fully as I am known. Now we see as in a glass—darkly—*but then?—face to face*. The day will come, before too long, in which this whole world will know the glorious truth of the present existence of the Great Spirit—God. As I sit in my bedroom in my home in Moscow, Idaho, once more I pledge my whole life to the work the Spirit of God has given me to do. I shall be happy to forget these childhood happenings—in fact, they have been forgotten. Had it not been for the general insistence for this life story, let me assure you, it never would have been written. The Power of God will be made known to hundreds of thousands through this unusual story, and that is the only thing in which I am interested.

* * *

A few months with this new "mother" about made up my mind to the fact that life was becoming too unbearable. Not only was she worse than our father, but she started in on Sydney. He began to get the beatings, and so frequent did they become at the hands of these two "people of God," that Syd ran away. They found him several days later begging for food on a country lane, and they brought him back. In the meantime, Mrs. Robinson the second was doing her duty for "God" by leading several different "church" societies, and by taking an active part in the Sunday School.

Leonard, who was a frail little thing, afraid to call his soul his own, escaped the beatings. Probably they figured that he could not stand them, and, had they given them to him, they might have had to face a serious charge in the criminal courts, as I had to—but not for anything on that order. One day, after work, for they made me work at

the carpenter business, I came home. As I approached the house, I heard the most terrifying screams I had ever heard in my life. Knowing that another "beating" was being given to one of my brothers, I rushed into the house, throwing my dinner pail in the front hall.

The screams came from the kitchen. There was Mrs. J. H. Robinson, forcing Arthur to stand up against the kitchen wall. As he stood there vainly trying to defend himself, this brute of a woman of God was hammering him in the face and eyes with both fists. That was enough for me. It was all I could stand—for Arthur could not have been more than ten years old.

They say even a worm will turn. I turned that day. Seizing her by the black hair of her head, I threw her to the floor and gave her some of her own medicine. I gave her a good dose, too. I shall never forget what I said to her in between poundings—"You dirty low-down son-of-a-something. I'll teach you to beat my young brother." She will never forget that lacing to her dying day. She was a woman, but she deserved it. Or was she a woman?

I knew something desperate would happen when Dad came home, so I prepared for it. Meeting him at the door, I asked him for an interview. He took me into his study, and there I informed him that "that woman" will have to go or I will. A full explanation of what happened was demanded, and I gave it, straight from the shoulder. "You realize that you cannot live here another day?" my father asked me. I replied that I had lived with that "wench" too long as it was, and rather than see my brothers suffer and suffer myself, I chose to get out. There was a hasty "council of war" that evening, to which I was not admitted. The next morning I was informed that I was to take "The Queen's shilling." That meant—join the navy. I was taken down to the recruiting office that afternoon and actually forced to sign up for the British navy. The British navy is an honorable career, but it was a tough break for a boy of

my age. At the trial in Moscow a few years ago, Mr. Casterlin, one of the federal district attorneys who so vigorously prosecuted the case, objected to the words given by me in my testimony, "forced me to join the navy." Yet, those words are true.

It did not take me very long to know that I was in with the toughest bunch of fellows it was possible to meet. I have never been "tough." There is a sense of refinement to my nature which rebels at the faintest suspicion of "toughness," and this life in the navy was worse than the life at home. However, I was duly "signed up" and got the "Queens shilling" which, incidentally, father took away from me. He would not even let me keep that. I was sent to the training ship *H.M.S. Caledonia* which lay under the Forth bridge, near Edinburgh. This is the bridge the Germans have tried so often to bomb recently. I know the bridge well, having walked over it many times.

One day while on duty, I was caught smoking a cigarette in the "heads." Navy men will know what I mean. The boys on the training ship were not allowed to smoke, but all did—even after we were caught. Then came the "trial" and the sentence was "twelve strokes with the cane." These beatings were always administered at noon, just before dinner. I was "scared to death," for I had witnessed those "canings" many times. My whole nature revolted against them—but there was nothing I could do. Now, here I was, in the same boat.

To try to describe my feelings and fear would be impossible. I was afraid of that beating. My time came, however, and two "jimmy-legs" which means "Master-at-Arms" seized me. I was strapped to the "bitts." They tied me hand and foot and there, screaming with fright and pain, twelve strokes with that five-foot, half-inch thick cane were laid on me. It was horrible. It put me in the hospital as it put many others there, too. The ship's surgeons always were present at those "canings" and about half the time,

they had to order the "jimmy-legs" to desist. The boys would faint with the pain. Some of them went crazy. Horrible is no name for it.

After about six months of this navy business, I began to do a little figuring on my own account. I did not like the navy. It was foreign to everything in my nature. I began to attempt the almost impossible task of getting out. Father refused to entertain the notion that he buy me out. He wrote me threatening me with this and that and telling me that if I ever did get out, to keep away from his home.

When a bunch of young fellows get together on a British naval training-ship and make up their minds to do something, they usually do it; and we did. I had about six extra good friends on that ship, and, in the strictest confidence I told them what I wanted to do—to get out. They promised to help me. One of these chaps by the name of Pry, a Glasgow alley-cat, invited me to the upper deck one Sunday afternoon. "Now listen, Robbie," he said. "I'll tell you how to get out of this man's navy. All you have to do is to fall overboard. Then get rheumatism. Make your knees swell up, and it will affect your heart. Then you'll get an M.C.O. which meant *Morbus Corpus Organicus* or something like that—organic heart disease."

The *Caledonia* was anchored in the Firth of Forth, and this Sunday afternoon was a beautiful day. "When shall I fall overboard?" I asked Boy Pry. "Right now—no time like the present," he replied. So overboard I went. The *Caledonia* was one of the old Nelson flagship type, and I had quite a "drop." "Jump" would be a better word. At any rate, overboard I went. Quite a hullabaloo was raised. At the proper moment, Boy Pry appeared on the scene, and I was sent to the sick-bay. Then Pry did what he was supposed to do. He kept me posted on every move. He fixed the temperature chart. It ranged about 100 degrees. It would have been too bad had the doctor checked up on that temperature, but he didn't.

Under proper treatment, my knees started to swell, and I began to get quite short of breath—all under the direction of Boy Pry from Glasgow. A wise boy that Pry was. In about two weeks, the doctor ordered me ashore to the naval hospital at Rosyth. That worried me. What should I do without Boy Pry? He agreed to come over and see me every few days, and he did. We knew the times the doctors would come around, and always when he put the stethoscope over my heart, it would be palpitating. The way that was done was by jumping out of bed and working my arms rapidly up and down. Then, just before the physician entered, I would scoot back to bed again. Lo and behold, the heart would be pounding like a trip hammer.

After about two weeks of that, the long-coveted words M.C.O. went on my chart at the foot of my bed. If those doctors could have seen my antics after they had left, I'm afraid I should have been in the ship's brig instead of in the naval hospital. Finally the day came for the medical discharges to be signed. A special doctor of high rank was always called to "survey" those ready for medical discharge. There were a lot of us in that bunch, and I think about twenty-five per cent were "working a ticket" as it was called. Unfortunately for me, I was placed at the end of the line. That threw a monkey-wrench into my "palpitations" for the survey doctor held his examinations in the middle of the day, and it was hard for me to "work my arms." However, necessity was the mother of invention. I was too near a "ticket" to slip up now; so the end was accomplished by holding my breath unduly long.

It got by; my "medical discharge" was signed, and I was a free boy. In a few days I was handed the beloved "ticket" home, and was given a few shillings. Not knowing where to go, naturally I went back home again. I arrived on a Sunday morning and, knocking at the front door, was asked by the servant who did not know me, to come in and sit down. Soon my father came downstairs

and, seeing me sitting there, said, "What are you doing here—how did you get out of the navy? Did you run away?"

After I showed him my naval disability discharge, he said, "Well, you can stay here tonight, but that's all. You'll have to get out for we don't want you around here." Then, as it was Sunday, he went down to his church and told the people all about God. He was a great preacher. He was greatly interested in the "common people."

* * *

My return did not seem to help matters any, for in addition to being constantly treated as an interloper, a couple of lacings were thrown in. My brother Sydney came in for a "dandy," and during the week I was there, he ran away again to escape from his parents. I began to show a bit of spirit which had not manifested before. On one occasion when my father undertook to "teach me how to behave," I looked him squarely in the eye, cocked my fists, and said, "I don't believe I'd lay a hand on me if I were you." Seeing something in my eye which warned him he had better leave me alone, he desisted.

Sydney was brought back, and I had a "show-down" the same evening with my father. The result was that we were to be permanently eliminated from the picture—both Syd and I. We were to go to Canada. This appealed to us, of course, so two wooden boxes of clothing were packed and passage was booked for us in the steerage of the Allan liner *Parisian*. The stepmother accompanied father, Sydney, and me to Liverpool where we embarked for Canada. Handing me ten shillings and a letter to a preacher in Belleville, Ontario, Canada, father wished us both luck.

Seeing the ten shillings, the second Mrs. Robinson said, "Henry, how much money did you give him?" On being informed that the sum between us was the large sum of \$2.50, she said, "Oh, that's far too much!" Evidently she had forgotten the luxury in which she had been raised. At any rate, the sum of \$2.50 wasn't too much to start two

boys off in a strange land with nothing more than a letter to a preacher who, by the way, was not a personal friend, just an acquaintance. I'll tell you more about this gentleman later.

Before leaving this chapter, let me give you a picture of the famous Baptist "fraternals" which were indulged in every month. You will understand then how some things which happen later can be accounted for. Every month, the Baptist preachers in Huddersfield met at each other's homes, each taking the "fraternal" in rotation. About every six months, it was Dad's turn to hold one. In these "fraternals" these Baptist preachers would provide a huge feed—usually roast beef and Yorkshire pudding. Several cases of beer would be ordered, and the activities would begin. After the dinner, these good men of God would retire to the study, and the beer would be brought in. The air would be blue with tobacco smoke, and as the night wore on, singing and other loud and disturbing noises could be heard all over the house. Usually the "fraternal" kept going most of the night, and they were usually held on Monday evenings. Had they been held on Saturday evenings, I am of the opinion that many Baptist churches would have been lacking preachers the next day.

This was one of the reasons which later caused me to doubt the very existence of God. In another book I stated that I was "raised in the shadow of the church in a Christian home." In this book I am giving you an insight into the "shadow of the church" and also into the "Christian home," for that is exactly what it was.

CHAPTER THREE

Long Crendon, Bucks

WE GO BACK NOW TO LONG CRENDON, THAT CHARMING little English village situated in the Chiltern Hills in Buckinghamshire. Beautiful meadows surround it, and the song of the skylark mellows the glow of the morn. Wild blackberry bushes grow on each side of those country lanes which, like a meandering stream, wind in and out through that beautiful scene. The old church stands alone. The graveyard, with its silent sentinels of the dead, surround it. Perhaps this is a proper setting—who knows?

There is physical beauty in that spot. Every autumn, these villagers "glean" after the harvest; for they are poor. 'Tis the simple life they live. Money, fame, popularity—they care nothing for these. All they ask is to be let alone to live their own lives in their own way. Hard by is Cop Close, a garden of buttercups and daisies through which my young feet loved to paddle in the years of early childhood. Much water has gone over the dam since those days of wonder and happiness. Much more will go over the same dam. I wonder, as I write this story, if it might not have been better, if Frank B. Robinson had lived and died, never straying farther than the confines of that little village of Long Crendon. The churches think it would.

On Saturday afternoons, I would take a little basket and, whiling away a few hours, would pick the wild blackberries which grew in such profusion along those wondrous lanes. An old mill there—but its wheels do not turn any more. The joints are decayed and creaky. Years ago it ground out its last bushel of wheat. I visited this old mill a few years ago. I stood on the little platform and watched the water

idle through the silent wheel, and while I was watching, the bell from the old church belfry tolled the hour of day. It awakened me from my reverie—a sacred reverie—and reminded me that, soon, I must leave that spot of peace and take the stage to Thame, thence the train back to the city of London—from thence, into a busy world, where countless thousands would seek from me the solution to the things of life and God. Can I give them that solution? Yes; for the infinite Intelligence, capable of creating a scene of such marvelous beauty, must live in that scene—somewhere.

“The Manse” was on Frog Lane, a little unpaved street at one end of the village. Across the narrow street was the “Community Hall” where father would “champion the rights of the people” by taking an active part in politics. I remember once they put him in jail for refusing to pay taxes to support Catholic schools, and they can put me there any time for the same reason. The Salvation Army barracks were on the corner adjoining “The Manse,” and every Saturday and Sunday night we were treated to the services of that organization free of charge.

A wall, six feet high, surrounded the old home. In my boyhood, the geraniums grew on the top of this wall. Squire Blake, a wealthy and pompous English Squire, lived next door. One day I had the temerity to climb up the wall and look over the top. The fat squire was sitting on a chair on the porch. Rousing himself in anger, he said to me, “You get down off that wall and don’t ever let me catch you climbing up it again or I’ll tell your father.” I climbed down and never did climb up the wall again. That threat was enough.

Our yard was quite small, and it was overgrown with grass tall enough that when I sat down in it, I would be completely hidden from view. I had a favorite spot in the corner of that yard, and it was to this spot I used to go. There, by the hour, I would ponder over this world and the

Power behind this world. Let it be understood here that, at that early age, my thoughts were almost always of God. On one memorable afternoon, I was lying down on my back in this favorite corner of the yard, looking up into the sky. That afternoon, there came to me a very strong conviction that what I saw above—that beautiful sky—was not all there is to this world. I shall not say that this was either a spiritual visitation or a vision. Whatever it was, it undoubtedly had its origin in the great Realm of the Spirit which is God. I can faithfully describe the movement, and I know, as I knew many times since, that God had spoken to me. God had made plain to me in a very marked spiritual manner that what I saw there, all around me—that beautiful scene—this world around me—these things were *not the real world*. It was a rapturous experience. It was like a message from the beyond. It was realistic. There was nothing unusual about that visitation or whatever you choose to call it. It was an experience which made very plain to me that there is much more to this life than appears on the surface.

At once, I made up my mind that I would know the truths of God if that was the last thing I ever did. Going into the house and snuggling close to my mother who always understood me, I said, "Mammy—there's another world beside this one. God lives in that world—and you. I can find that world, and I'm going to find it." Mother, as before stated, was as Godly a woman as I have ever known. Too bad she passed away at so tender an age. I needed that mother, and the world needs all the mothers like her it can get. Putting her hand affectionately on my shoulder and kissing me, she said, "Frankie, dear—God is everywhere—not in the sky. He's in you, in me, and in the butterflies which flit from flower to flower. You live in God."

That was a rather startling statement for me to hear coming from the lips of that sainted soul. It was utterly foreign to what I knew, even at that tender age, as religion. It did

not jibe with the theology taught by my father and other Baptist preachers. I did not quite understand it; but it started a new train of thought in my young mind. "Mammy, can I find God?" I asked her. "Darling, anyone who doesn't look too far away can find God," she replied. Then lifting me on her knee, she said, "Frankie, there will come a day when you will disclose to the world the truths of God. I cannot say more to you now, but you must keep very quiet about what I am saying to you now. Never do anything wrong. Don't do too much praying, and someday, at the proper time, God will speak to the world through you." My young heart was in raptures at that statement. "Mammy," I said, "When will these things be? Will it be here in Long Crendon?" "No, child, it will be a long way from here. The new revelation of God which you will bring to the world will be so stupendous that it will be known all over the world. You will bring it from the land of your birth—America," she replied.

I asked mother how she knew those things. She told me that God was very precious to her. She told me that if she died that day, she considered she had done her duty to God and the world when I was born. I have often wondered just how much that sainted mother knew which she did not tell me. It must have been plenty, for here was a case of a mother, fifty years in advance, prophesying what is happening today.

There lived in Long Crendon a beautiful lady whose name was Carrie Shrimpton. Mother and Carrie Shrimpton spent hours together talking about the things of God. I never heard mother ever mention the name of Jesus Christ. It was with her all *God*. One day when father was on a rampage, I remember his saying to mother, "Yes, go over to Carrie Shrimpton's and talk about a lot of damfool religious ideas you have. It's a good place for you. Why don't you take him (alluding to me) with you?" Mother did; and there, in that little Shrimpton cottage, one of the

most wonderful afternoons I have ever spent will long be remembered by me.

I have already told you that, at this time, father was having an affair with a woman of wealth in that village. I knew it, and so did everyone else. I believe it was this affair which led to father's "withdrawal" from the Baptist ministry. The "withdrawal" did not last too long though, as he was soon back in the ministry again.

These moments spent with mother were precious. Seeds were sown in those tender years which are today blossoming out and bearing full fruit all over the world. The American Renaissance, in which men and women shall actually and literally find and know the Power of the Great Spirit—God, is very close at hand. Regardless of how big this Spiritual Awakening becomes, the seeds of it were planted in that little thatched "Manse" and in Carrie Shrimpton's cottage. I saw the cottage when I was over there. I took a picture of it, but it is not of sufficient clarity to make a cut, or I would show it to you in this book. The well in the yard you will see.

When I recall how mother began to fade shortly after those sweet periods, and when I remember that in two years she was laid away to her eternal physical rest, the remarkableness of the whole scene becomes quite vivid. Shortly after those days, father announced that he had received a "call" to the north of England. He was going to Halifax. I well remember the day we moved. There were no automobiles in those days. When the time for moving came, an old lady named Welsh was engaged to move our household belongings from Long Crendon to Thame, a few miles away. The railroad ran through Thame and not through this village of Long Crendon.

Mrs. Welsh drove up in front of the house with a donkey hitched to a two-wheeled wagon. Wrapping the lines around the whip, she went into the house to see the furniture which had to be moved. I was playing out in

front, and this donkey had quite a fascination for me. Kindred souls perhaps. Without giving it a second thought, I climbed into the dray, or whatever you would call that two-wheeled contraption, and unwrapping the lines from the whip, I said, "Giddap donkey." The donkey did.

This was the first time I had had any experience with either donkey or two-wheeled contraptions, and you can imagine my dismay when the donkey started and I found out that I couldn't stop the thing. Putting the lines in my left hand, I began to pommel that donkey with the whip in order to make it stop going. That, of course, made it run all the faster, and to make a long story short, the donkey, the two-wheeled contraption, and I came to a halt in the middle of a large pond at the other end of the village. The water was up to the animal's belly, and he absolutely refused to move in any direction. They found the whole trio about half an hour later, and I was sitting in the bottom of the wagon crying my eyes out. When Mrs. Welsh arrived, she called to the donkey, and the stubborn thing turned around and went right to her. Of course, a lacing followed when I got home, and that took all the pleasure out of that trip to Halifax in the north of England. I remember mother was arguing with father all the way to Halifax. They had a regular "knock-down, drag-out." All this was because of the lacing which was administered to me.

Now, let me give you a couple of incidents which still tend to give you a little insight into my nature at that time. One Sunday afternoon, Dad took me walking. He took a shot-gun with him. We walked towards Thame. Suddenly some pheasants flew overhead, and Dad took a shot at them. He missed, and I was glad he did. "Dad, you wouldn't shoot one of those beautiful birds—you wouldn't kill things, would you?" I asked. I was told not to be foolish. The very thought of killing anything horrified me; and to see the Reverend J. H. Robinson with a gun, looking for birds to kill, shocked me. It made me doubt the sincerity of what

ever he said in the little chapel which I was religiously made to attend. I would far rather have spent an hour with Carrie Shrimpton and mother—but chapel it had to be.

The little Long Crendon Chapel was holding a Whitsuntide festival in Cop Close. Hot Cross buns and coffee was served. We kids were allowed to wander over the Close after the eating was over. I wanted to be alone that day. Every waking thought was of God, and not being able to be in the corner of our back yard, I sought out another lonely spot in which I could ponder over the things my mother had told me. Suddenly I came across half a dozen boys in a group. They had caught a frog, and having tied a string to one of its hind legs, they fastened the string to a branch of a tree, leaving the poor frog hanging at the end of two feet of the string. One would follow the other, and each had a stick in his hand. As they passed this poor frog, each would hit it as hard as he could. The sight sickened me. Approaching the crowd of boys, all older than I was, I said, "Boys, you'll have to stop that." I looked them right in the eye. Normally that bunch of fellows would have consigned my interfering self into the warmer regions; but they did not. They hung their heads and disappeared. I took the frog down, put it in my pocket, and when I arrived home, made a nest for it in "my corner." The next morning the frog was gone. Evidently it was not hurt too much. There has always been a mellowness to my nature, so I cannot stand the sight of pain or cruelty. I cannot see suffering. As Mrs. Robinson said in her introductory remarks, I would literally give the shirt off my back to anyone who needed it more than I did.

I have been imposed on many times. I am still imposed on, but I cannot stand to see or hear of suffering. You can imagine how I feel when I read of the ruthless slaughter of human life in Europe, China, and other parts of the world today. What is wrong with the world? How can men and nations be so cruel? With all the beauty God has provided,

why must men fight each other? Shall I tell you? *They do not know God. In spite of what has been told this world by religious organizations, the world and menfolks do not know God. Soon they will.*

The night we moved from Long Crendon into Thame, a circus was in that town. That *was* something. We had never seen a circus, and Dad would not let us see that one. We stayed that night at the home of one Mr. Jones, a stationer, and our bedroom was directly opposite the circus. Naturally, as all kids that age would do, I opened the window and was taking in the sights. The merry-go-round, the swings, the coal-oil lights—these were all new to me. Leaning a bit too far out of the window, I fell out and landed on the awning below, which, fortunately, had not been wound up when Jones closed his shop that night. Well, I was in a predicament that time. I knew that I would be whaled within an inch of my life if father found it out, and yet I did not know what to do about it.

Looking over the edge of the awning, I decided that it would not be too big a drop to the sidewalk, so I dropped. Then the big problem came. I was standing on the sidewalk in my nightshirt. The problem was—*"How can I get back into the bedroom without Dad seeing me?"* Well, I did it. Sneaking in the back door, I stole upstairs and to this day, my father does not know about my falling out of that window in the little shop in Thame. He will probably read this strange autobiography. If he does, he will wonder what sort of memory I have to remember these little incidents after fifty years; but I remember most of them—and many other things, too—such as the large estate I should have had but did not get. However, I know where it went.

It is not my desire to embarrass father; but the "*Psychiana*" Movement is of world-wide importance now. The true story of its founder must be told. I cannot longer refuse to write it. It will hurt Dad—or will it? In any event, the feelings of one man are of little import when the future of

religion in the world is at stake. I love him still—I always shall. I do not care whether or not that love is reciprocated. I know it is not. True love, no matter to whom it is directed, will register in one way or another. Let us hope that the last few years of that misguided father's life are free of pain. Let us hope that, ere it is too late, he finds and knows the unspeakable joys which come from being "*at one with God*," here and now and not after death or beyond the tomb. God lives *now*. All the Power of that Great Spirit may be known now. If that is not possible—there is no God—we are all creatures of chance. That, no thinking man or woman will admit.

There was never a night or a day when I did not talk with God. Not with Jesus Christ but with God. I never got down on my knees. I instinctively knew that some great work for God would be done by me—but then—I was only a child. I had to learn a lot of things before I could be qualified to do anything of importance for either God or man. I believe I can best express my feelings by saying that through these years, there was an insatiable desire to actually know who and what God was. Where I made the mistake was in not keeping quiet and letting God reveal Himself to me, which God undoubtedly would have done, had I learned the lesson I now know. I thought there was something I had to do. What I know now is that everything I did to try to bring the present consciousness of God to me was all wrong. All God wanted me to do was to keep quiet—to be still. Then, at the proper moment, I would be given both the Power and the opportunity to carry out the purposes of God. The greatest and most profound eight words in my life are—*Be still, and know that I am God*. And that does not mean Jesus Christ.

A true religious experience is something like a kindergarten. You start with simple things. Then as you master them, you progress into things of more import. The trouble with anyone's getting any sort of religious experience today

is that so many crazy theories of God have been advanced that I very much question whether there are six people on the face of the earth who truly know who and what God is. There are millions of church members; but that's something else, as we shall see later.

I have seen lots of "religion" in my day. I have seen religion in action. I saw it nearly beat its own sons to death. I saw it guzzling beer by the gallon. I saw it having illicit intercourse with members of its own church. I saw it lie under oath. I saw it steal. I saw it as it exists today. I do not want that sort of religion, for religion, or what masquerades as religion, has not changed for the better since my boyhood days. It has gone so far that the whole world knows it for what it is—a ghastly sham perpetrated on the world by the church in the name of God.

I do not care what religion did to me, and it marred me. I do not care how I have suffered through religion—and I have suffered. I am only glad to realize and know that at last—the actual truths of the Great Spirit—God—are beginning to dawn on this earth. What a day! What a responsibility! What a coveted privilege is mine! Many trying times lie ahead. Many hard battles remain to be fought. These battles, however, will be won—for I learned well the lesson—*Be still, and know that I am God*. The call is clear. The objective is God. The Power comes from God. How, then, can I fail?

* * *

We arrived at Halifax the next evening, and were entertained by a Mr. Ezra Knapton. He fed us potted meat for supper, and I wish I could get some of that potted meat today. After supper, or "tea" as they call it in England, we slept in Mr. Knapton's home, moving into No. 7 Lilac Street the next day. I was sent to the Lee Mount Board School, being the only one of the boys old enough to go to school. At the trial, Mr. Casterlin tried to make me out a liar when I stated that I first went to school in Long Cren-

don at the age of three. He failed, as a Moscow lady of English girlhood corroborated my statement that children did go to school in England at three.

The only thing that happened in Halifax was the sad death of my mother. She continued to pine and waste away. She could not stand to see what she was forced to see. She could not bear to see the repeated thrashings and other brutal sufferings I was made to go through. Her sweet life began to ebb away. Bronchial pneumonia they called it. I know the true name. I have already told you of the remarkable funeral. I know that her "death" was only physical. (Read *Blood on the Tail of a Pig*.)

Between then and the time father married again and moved us to Huddersfield, there started an affair with another member of Dad's church. This time it was a Miss Martha Hurley. I know, because one day on my way home from school, I dropped in on Miss Hurley without knocking. So I know, and both father and Miss Hurley know that I know. This did not do me any good—if anything, it made the punishment more frequent.

Opposite our house at No. 7 Lilac Street, was the parsonage of the Church of England which stood one block away. A Reverend Parkinson was the rector or whatever it is an Episcopal pastor is called. In Moscow, they call the Episcopal minister "father" so he must be a priest. In the corner of the churchyard, I made another little place out of grass, and there was established another rendezvous with God. To this little spot, I would go at every opportunity, and there, with "an unknown God" to guide me, I would pour out my longings and desires. I would talk with God just as I talk with others—only—with a good deal more earnestness.

Often, the organ repairer would come to this Church of England, and when he did, father would make me stay out of school and blow the organ for the man while he repaired it. I was paid two shillings which father religiously kept.

Not one penny did he give me to spend for candy. Other boys had money—but not I. The times when I was allowed to go and play in the street in front of the house were few and far between. Many times, in the middle of the night, have I awakened and quietly crept out of the house to “talk with God” in the little churchyard across the street.

I recall one Saturday when father had sent me “down-town” to have his Sunday sermon subjects inserted in the daily newspaper. He had enclosed the cost in coin, and in some manner the coin had been lost out of the envelope. When I arrived at the newspaper office and handed in the notice, the man in charge said, “Where is the money?” I replied that it was in the envelope with the notice. “No, it isn’t—and you get no free announcements in this paper. You’d better go home and get the money.” I was too afraid to go home, so I wandered through a park that night and all the next day. That evening, a police alarm was sent out for me. When the “bobbies” found me, I was standing against a tree stump using it for a make-believe pulpit, and I was preaching to the trees and shrubs.

The police officers told me later that that was the only real sermon they had ever listened to—“and it was a bloody good one,” one of these officers said. Arriving home in custody of the officers, I knew another whaling was in order. It was duly, although not thankfully, received. I noticed that as soon as father secured himself another “interest” in Huddersfield, he paid less attention to me. I liked that, for he had paid altogether too much attention to me so far. One day after a brutal attack, I came down with double pneumonia. My life was despaired of, but it was mother who looked after me and nursed me back to health again.

Someone had given me a metal “nigger” which held its hand out and, when a coin was deposited in the hand, a lever was pressed in the back of the “nigger” and he swallowed the coin. While convalescing, I worked that “nigger” overtime. I had the bank full, for it really was a child’s

savings bank. As soon as father found out what I had been doing, he took the "nigger" away from me, broke it open, put the money in his pocket, and I have never seen that "nigger" since.

I had some good times in Halifax, though, and made many friends. I shall never forget the wagonettes we used to hire, which, filled with Sunday school people, would drive out onto the moors. There, in the mellow glow of evening, we would sing the old songs. One I remember particularly:

*Summer suns are glowing, over land and sea,
Happy light is flowing, bountiful and free;
Everything rejoices, in the mellow ray,
And earth's thousand voices, sing a song of praise.*

CHORUS

*Oh, Almighty Giver, bountiful and free,
May we seek thy favor, ever being free.*

That is what I wanted—to be free—to know God. During these picnics onto the beautiful moors of Yorkshire, I would be missed from the crowd. Someone would say, "Where's Frank Robinson?" A search would be started, and they would find me off in some corner of a field, communing with God. There never was the slightest shadow of doubt but that what mother had told me would come to pass. Had I known how hard the path was to be, I might have shrunk from it, but I did not know—Thank God for that!

CHAPTER FOUR

In Canada

ONE SUNNY AFTERNOON IN JUNE, THE ALLAN LINE STEAMER *Parisian* was nosing its way slowly up the St. Lawrence river towards Montreal. The trip from Liverpool had been successfully made through the Straits of Belle Isle and the warm sunshine and calm water of the St. Lawrence were welcome relief to the stormy passage across the Atlantic. Later in the afternoon, as the steamer neared the port, the decks were lined with eager men and women watching and waiting to enter their new home.

Most of the people on that ship were emigrants. They had come from the "old country" seeking fame, seeking fortune, or seeking just a home on some western range. A motley crowd they were—young and old—penniless and well-to-do; for in the 1900's these passenger ships carried every conceivable sort of passenger. Sitting astride one of the large cables in the bow of that steamer were two young boys, one, your writer, then fourteen years of age. Sydney, his brother, was twelve years old. Quite young they were; too young, in fact, to be sent to a new and strange land; but here they were, all excitement as the steamer docked.

The fact that they were flat broke did not seem to worry them. The ten shillings so generously donated to them by their father had gone for candy and soft drinks on the way over. No—they were not quite broke—for Sydney had saved a quarter out of the wrecked ten shilling capital with which they started. Twenty-five cents—that was all; and the letter they had in their pocket was addressed to a Baptist preacher eight hundred miles away. They had no ticket to Belleville, Ontario—just this twenty-five cents. When the customs in-

spection was out of the way, these two boys began to wonder what came next. They had nowhere to go. Something like the traditional Nazarene "foxes had their holes, birds had their nests," but these two preacher's sons had nowhere to lay their heads; so they did the next best thing.

Montreal, Canada, is a large city—far larger now than it was then, but it looked quite large to Sydney and me as we meandered around the streets in the middle of the night, not knowing where to go, what to do, where to sleep, and with only twenty-five cents between us with which to eat. We certainly were "on our own" for sure. Outside Notre Dame Cathedral there were some seats, occupied by others as broke as we. Every so often the police would come along and rap the feet of those who had dared to stretch out and try to snatch a bit of sleep. All types were on those benches—Bums and near bums, down-and-outers, drunks—a bad crowd and one to which we had not been used. We had seen small groups of "men of God" get drunk—in fact we saw that ever so often. However, these men were respectable—they were well dressed—they had sufficient to eat, and they had a place to sleep. This sort of crowd, however, we had never seen before.

The hours dragged by. There we sat, Sydney and I. I saw no chance of leading this world to God as we sat there. The clock in the cathedral struck four. We were both getting hungry, so, "borrowing" the twenty-five cents from Sydney, I told him to wait there and promised him I would return shortly with a sack of cookies or something else to eat. I found an all-night restaurant and bought a sack of mixed cookies and doughnuts. These I took back to Sydney, and we sat there eating them. Then we were really and truly broke, but the "eats" were good.

That day, we walked around Montreal, not knowing what to do. Taking the letter to the Reverend Wallace from my pocket, I read and reread it. It was just a plain formal note from my father, one Baptist preacher, to the Reverend

Wallace, another Baptist preacher. The note stated that—

"This letter will introduce to you my two sons, Frank and Sydney. I trust that you will be able to help them find something to do in Canada."

The Reverend Wallace lived eight hundred miles away, and that letter held no hope that I could see. It must be remembered here that we had never before been thrown on our own. The wonder to me is that either of us is alive today. A greater wonder is that we did not fall in with the wrong people and go down the scale to the lowest depths. Finally an Irish policeman saved us, for the very next night, while both were sleeping on this bench outside of Notre Dame Cathedral, I felt a tapping on the sole of one foot. Awakening, I saw there one of the biggest Irishmen I have ever met. "Sure and phwat is it the likes of ye two arr doin' sitting outside of this house of the Lorrd at this hour o' the morrnin'?", said the officer.

We gave him the story of our arrival on the S.S. *Parisian* and showed him the letter to the Reverend Henry Wallace of Belleville, Ontario. "Well, that's a hell of a long way from here, and begorra, ye can walk if ye want to, but maybe Oi can foind yez another way to git there—yez had bether follow me—come on," said our friend—for that is what he proved to be. "Never heard of a pracher turnin' two kids the like of yez out loose in the worrld before," he said, "What sort of a pracher is the mon?" We side-tracked the question and followed Pat, for that is probably what his name was, to the largest railway station in the city of Montreal. There he met a city detective and, explaining the situation to him, called a railway official into a huddle.

The first thing we knew was that we were to have free railway transportation to Belleville. That sounded good. Of course, we were hungry again, but that did not matter. Surely the Reverend Wallace would look after us when we arrived the next day. We managed to "beg" a bit of food on that ride from Montreal to Belleville, and we arrived there the

following day, which happened to be Sunday. It was about a two-mile walk from the depot to the house of the Reverend Wallace, and at about seven o'clock in the morning, we arrived there. Knocking at the door, or rather ringing the bell, we heard an upstairs window open and a voice shouted, "Who is it—what do you want?" Backing up from the porch and looking up at the window, I beheld there a bespectacled individual with a long pointed "billy-goat" beard.

"We are Frank and Sydney Robinson, the sons of the Reverend J. H. Robinson of Halifax," I told him. "Father said that you would look after us and help us find jobs when we got here." It did not take this Baptist man of God very long to show his indignation at being disturbed at seven in the morning, nor did it take him very long to tell us that he was a very busy man. Moreover, he never did any business on Sunday. "Come back tomorrow," he shouted as he banged down the window. "I wish he'd have caught his whiskers in the window," said Syd, and while I did not re-echo that sentiment, it would have been very easy to have done so.

Well, here we were—a preacher's two sons, refused a place to stay and something to eat by another preacher. I have a sixteen-year-old boy, Alfred, and regardless of what he might do, regardless of what sort of jam that boy might get into, I would stand by him through thick and thin. I cannot conceive of my ever sending him on a four thousand mile journey into a strange land with \$2.50 in his pocket. How my father's mind reasoned, I do not know, and I never want to know. Yet, he was a representative of God. He was in "the Baptist church" and as such was supposed to tell others how they might find God. What sham and hypocrisy is that! This man Wallace was not one iota better. These men may have known "god" but they certainly did not know the God I know.

It makes no difference which system of religion one may

take to analyze today; they are all alike. Each has a conception of God which was either borrowed or stolen from an older system of religion; or it was manufactured out of thin air for the convenience of the particular system of religion which promoted it. There is no system of theology, nor is there one religious organization on the face of the earth which is giving to mankind the true conception of God—not one. Each and every “god” is either a man-made or a church-manufactured “god” who never existed in reality or in truth. This applies to every system of theology in existence. Herein lies the magnitude of the “*Psychiana*” Movement. It is through this Movement, and through this Movement alone, that God, the True Spirit, is being revealed to the world. The man who is now revealing that Spirit to the world was the boy who, nearly forty years ago, stood outside this Baptist preacher’s home, broke, hungry, and with no place to sleep.

It seems to me that somewhere in the bible of the denomination of this man are words which read something like this:

“Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these my brethren—ye did it not unto me.”

I do not know whether or not they hold “fraternals” in Canada. If they do, undoubtedly the Reverend Wallace could be found guzzling beer and smoking cigars in the midst of them all. For these things were done and are still done by these “men of God.”

* * *

On Monday morning, the following day, Sydney and I reappeared at the home of the Reverend Wallace. This time, it was not quite so early. The night before, we had met a livery-barn proprietor called Mike McMahan in Belleville, and Mike allowed us to sleep in the hay-loft over the horses. Strange how Irishmen were coming into our picture. First it was an Irish policeman in Montreal—now, an Irish livery-barn owner. Anyway, we slept; and the next morning Mike

saw to it that we had a bite to eat. In Belleville recently, I looked Mike up. Rather I inquired about him, only to find that he long since had passed to his happy hunting grounds, or wherever it is good Irishmen go when they die; yes, both the Montreal policeman and Mike McMahan were good Irishmen—no doubt about that. The two Baptist preachers would not feed us—one sent us away to a strange land with \$2.50, and the other, on the Lord's Day, was too "busy" (in bed in his night-shirt) to see us.

Another passage of scripture from the bible of the Baptist comes to me here. It runs something like this:

"Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least one of these, my brethren, ye did it unto me."

The two Irishmen, therefore, were better men than the two "representatives of God, in the Baptist denomination."

On this second visit to the home of brother Wallace, we were shown into a large cold room and there catechized for further orders. Why were we here?—what did we intend to do?—did we have any money?—were we "saved?"—and a lot more foolish questions on the same order. Finally, after giving us a free meal, which he really did, and I say this to the man's credit, we were sent to different farms. I went to George Bacon at Corbyville, a few miles from Belleville, where the famous Seagram's Whiskey plant is located. I don't know why I was sent there unless it was to remind me of the "fraternals."

The "salary" with Mr. Bacon was the large sum of \$2.50 a month and board. Some of the "board" was more like a board than anything I have seen. In any event, beggars should not be choosers, so to George Bacon in Corbyville I went. The funny part of this story lies in the fact that although the Reverend Wallace was "too busy" to talk to us that Sunday morning and "too busy" to give us something to eat or a place to sleep, he did exact his "pound of flesh" from me. It cost me three months' wages which went to him

for "securing the position." Believe me, when one had worked one month for Bacon, he knew he had worked.

Sydney hit it off a bit better. He was sent to Deseronto, about sixty miles from Belleville. His "salary" was \$5.00 a month, and Gould was a real fellow. This man Bacon got me up before daylight, and we never ate supper until dark—and all for \$2.50 a month—after Wallace, the "man of God" in Belleville, had taken his toll. I don't believe there is such a place as "heaven" and, therefore, neither Wallace nor I can go there. But if I should be wrong and there should be such a place, I can't help but believe my chances are far better than his. I suppose this man is long dead and gone, and perhaps I should not talk about him. This story, however, will be truly told.

One thing Mr. Bacon insisted on was that I attend church, which, incidentally, I refused to do. After working six days in the "fields of Bacon," I needed a rest. I needed a rest badly. Church did not appeal to me. I never wanted to see the inside of another church after this experience with the "agent of God" in Belleville. Bacon and I clashed on the church subject, and after the first battle, church was never mentioned again. I'm just wondering why it was that George Bacon was so insistent that I go to church. If he had religion, I never saw it—unless, of course, it was the same kind of religion my father and the Reverend Wallace had.

After I had worked long enough to pay Wallace his "fee," I began to figure that I was getting just exactly nowhere. I was working hard day and night; and when the end of the month came around, I owed Bacon for laundry and new shirts. That just did not add up; so I began to cast around for something which paid more money than Mr. Bacon did. Hearing that \$1.50 a day could be made shovelling coal out of cars at the Grand Trunk Railroad shops, I applied for a job. Here I ran into another Irishman, Pat O'Brien. However, I don't believe it was the actor by that name.

Giving me the "once over," Pat said, "Sure and it's dommed little coal ye'll be afther shovellin' Oim thinkin'. But if ye want to thry it, I'll be the lasht wan to shtop ye." I worked half a day, and that half a day nearly killed me. Here I was, with Greeks and Polacks, shovelling coal out of cars into a chute.

It was hard work—too hard for me; so at noon I walked off the job, or rather I staggered off the job. The seventy-five cents for the half day's work is still there. I never went back for it.

It was quite evident, however, that it was up to me to get another job. I had no home to go to, and I didn't want to go to see Wallace again. If I did, I figured I would be working another three months for nothing. It was then that I met a railroad fireman called Herm Robinson. I met him outside a boarding house where I had gone to see if I could wash a few dishes for a meal. I did. I ate. Herm told me that he knew of a job shovelling concrete. Now, "shovelling concrete" meant nothing to me. I did not even know what concrete was. I knew what a shovel was. George Bacon taught me that. But concrete—well—where was the job?

The next morning bright and early I discovered what concrete was. The job I was after was for a contractor who was laying concrete sidewalks in Belleville. Like a real man, I tackled the job. Well, if shovelling coal was heavy, this job was worse; for wet concrete weighs more than coal. Anyway, I stuck that job out as long as it lasted, which was only a few weeks. It gave me eats, and when I left, I had thirty dollars in my pocket. In other words, I was a rich man. Then along came a job in the middle of the winter. This was delivering bread on a country route with an old white horse and a sleigh. The man I worked for was Mr. Foster. He was another religionist, and so was his son, Fred.

This bakery job paid \$5.00 a week with board and room. I liked that job; but Belleville can get awfully cold in the winter time. However, I stuck it out until Foster found a

boy who would work for \$3.50 a week, and let me go. At that time, Sydney came down with double pneumonia. He had lost his job at Deseronto when the season closed; and although he was then only thirteen years old, he got a very heavy job cutting ice out on the Bay of Quinte. I did not know this until later, but the toes were sticking out of his shoes and he had no socks. He was dreadfully ill. The county put him in the hospital where his life was despaired of. Beside myself with grief, for I did not want to lose Syd, I met another good Irishman—an attorney called Paddy McMahan. I told him the story of Syd, and he advanced the money with which to wire the Reverend J. H. Robinson for help. I have a copy of this wire, and I have the original reply from father. Here is the wire I sent:

"Syd dangerously ill double typhoid pneumonia—I need help out of work"

(Signed) FRANK.

Here is the reply which came back:

"Secure best medical advice sorry cannot help financially."

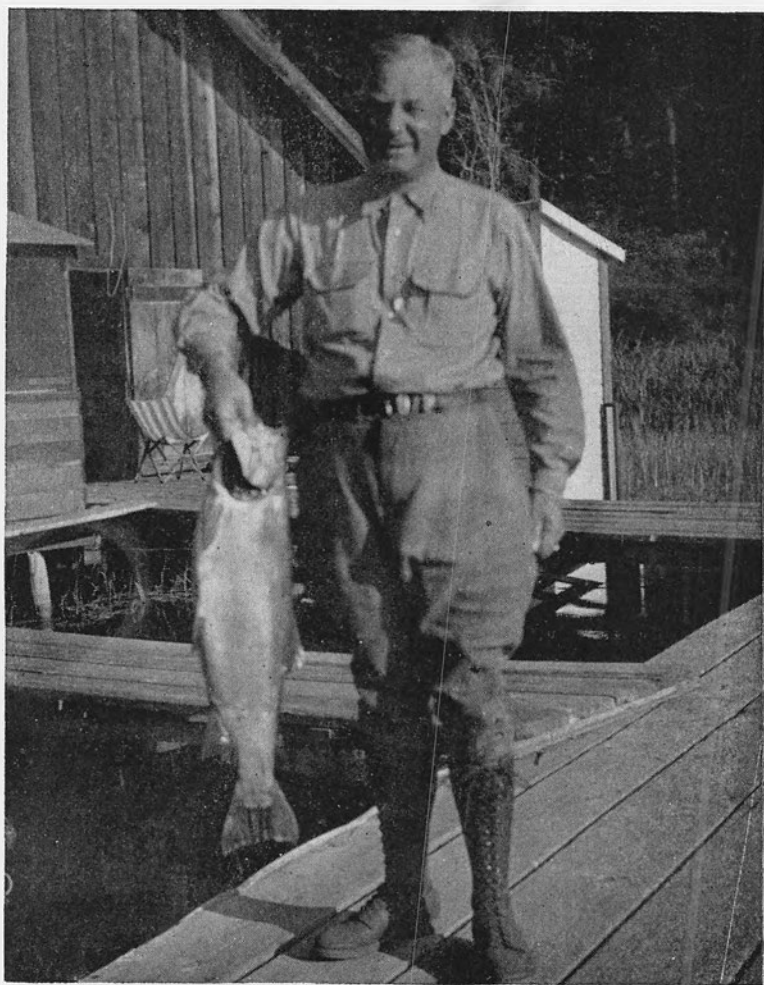
It must be remembered here that the step-mother could ride around in her "carriage and pair," and it must be further remembered that at this time my father was able to keep two servants. Yet the only thing he did was to tell us to "secure best medical advice." We knew that already, and Syd was getting the very best medical advice possible.

It was at this point that I received my first faint inkling that there is *real Power* in the Spirit which is God. All through these months I had continued my private talks with God. I still knew that sometime, in some manner, I should head a movement which would make God real to the whole world. Naturally, I was beside myself over Syd. Miss Green, the Supervisor, called me one evening to the hospital. "Syd cannot live," she said. Then I began to think of applying the Power which is God to this terrible illness,



DR. ROBINSON AT THE AGE OF SIXTEEN

This picture was taken thirty-eight years ago.



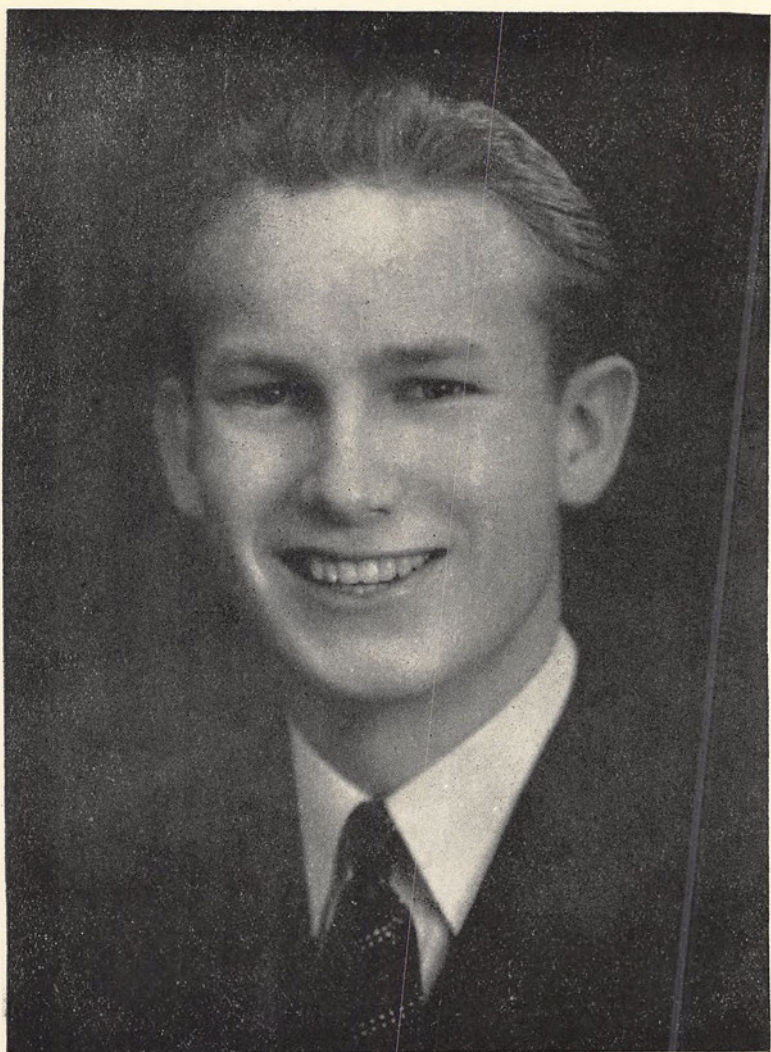
DR. ROBINSON AT ROCKY POINT, OREGON

Every summer for many years, Dr. Robinson takes a couple of weeks from his arduous duties and goes fishing. His favorite place is Rocky Point, Oregon. Arthur Leavitt, his brother-in-law, is the manager of this resort. The fish in the picture is a 17-pound lake trout. The waters of the Upper Klamath abound in such fish.



FLORENCE ROBINSON, age 10

She was born in Moscow, Idaho, January 13th, 1931. Her life was despaired of on two different occasions, one, a ruptured appendix, the other, a throat infection. She was pulled through both crises by the Power of God.



ALFRED BRUCE ROBINSON

Born in Tucson, Ariz., March 1st, 1923. He is a student at Oberlin Conservatory of Music. His major is pipe-organ. Dr. Robinson is passionately fond of his family.

and at once I knew Syd *would* live, whether he could or not. A great calm came over me. Looking at Miss Green, I said, "May I see him?" She said I might. I shall never forget my reply. Here it is—"Oh, well—he's unconscious, Miss Green, and wouldn't know me anyhow. I'll see him in the morning, for he will be completely recovered by then." She looked at me with a curious sort of look and then, grasping my hand, she said, "Frank—I believe you. Your face shows a Power—I wish I knew what it was."

I was at the hospital in the morning to see Syd. The fever had gone. He was conscious—and better. This was a case where the application of the Spirit of God, even without seeing the sufferer, brought the desired results. Now, so many years later, I receive more wires and long distance calls from over the world than any man engaged in religious work. They come by the hundred. They all recover. To give you a typical example: Day before yesterday I had to leave hurriedly for Seattle to see my advertising agency. Just as I was leaving, a long distance call came in from Davenport, Iowa. Here was the substance of the call—"I am Mrs. Blank, one of your Students. My sister is dying of cancer—will you come and heal her?" I replied that it would be impossible for me to come and that it was not necessary that I come. "I'll wire you \$5,000 if you will come," she said. Here is my reply, "Madam, if you wired me \$50,000, I could not come. It will not be necessary; for the Spirit which is God is not bought with money." Today I received a message that her sister, dying of cancer two days ago, is well.

Let me interpolate here long enough to say to you that if you will learn the best eight words in the English language, you will be able to drive out all illness just as fast as I can drive it out. Certainly the Power which does this is not a human Power. Therefore, it cannot have anything to do with me. It operates alone, under its own influence, and the only thing necessary to be able to heal as we do here,

is to *recognize who and what God is*. Then, when that recognition is complete and full, remember these eight words—*“Be still, and know that I am God.”*

If you really want to know, find, and use the invisible Power which is God, you, as a first step, had better forget everything any church organization has taught you about God. *You cannot find the Power of the presence of God through anything any church teaches, for the simple reason that what they teach is not of God.* Many church members and priests and preachers will rear up at this statement. Let them rear. One look at this murderous world today will convince anyone that God is an unknown factor in it. God will not be unknown very much longer; for already there are *“Gleams over the horizon,”* and those “Gleams” are leading us onward to the Eternal Day—not because of anything your writer can do, but simply because he knows who and what God is, and is smart enough to allow God to bring in the Day of Eternal Righteousness through his humble efforts.

I don't want to meet anyone. Student or non-Student. They would be disappointed in me. They might look for some frock-coated, white-faced, priestly-looking individual, and they would be disappointed, I assure you. I prefer infinitely to stay in the background, letting God work through what I write and do. This, I shall do as long as I live. After that, well, the Movement will still be in the hands of the Almighty where it belongs.

* * *

Syd went to work at another farm job after his complete recovery, and he did pretty well. I lost track of him for many years, but I understand he is now a street-car conductor in Toronto. He was in the World War and was decorated many times. He was also shell-shocked, which will account for some of the strange things I shall relate to you a bit later on—inexplicable things they were.

The city of Belleville had a great fire department with

four of the finest horses I ever saw in a fire harness. Bob McCoy had the contract of furnishing both horses and wagons, and I got a job working for Bob McCoy. I drove the fire wagon; and when there were no fires, I drove a "carry all" hauling men to and from their work at a cement factory a few miles out of Belleville. That was a good job. I slept in a little room in the livery barn at night, and there was a fire alarm right in the room. Bob usually drove the teams when a fire broke out in the daytime.

Then old Dr. Tracy wanted a man to drive his buggy, and I took this job. It paid ten dollars a week, and that was something in those days. I met my first girl then. She was the daughter of a butcher, but her father did not take very kindly to me. The people were wonderful people, but when they saw me getting too serious and falling too deeply in love, they decided that I had better go fishing somewhere else. It nearly broke my heart, but I kept away and did my love-making by mail. May is married now, and I understand she married a good man. I have never seen her since. Oliphant, was her last name.

There is another chap I must mention, and that is Arthur Sills. When the Tracy job "petered out," I secured another job packing apples for the R. J. Graham Co. Mr. Graham was mayor of the city of Belleville, and a fine man he was. Arthur's father picked and packed apples for Mayor Graham, and that is how I knew Arthur. I boarded and roomed with them. Their home was just a couple of miles from Belleville, out in the country.

While I was trying to make my case with May, Arthur was trying to outdo me. We were both pretty good-looking chaps, but I thought I had the edge on Art. May thought the best way out of the proposition was to marry someone else, and she did just that. Then I was taken down with a terrific case of tonsillitis while living with Mrs. Belle Sills and almost lost out. You see—I completely forgot God. Hot milk applications were applied, but the throat got worse

and worse. However, in the moment I talked with God about that throat, it disappeared, and the next day I was out picking apples again.

After May's parents had given me the "good-bye" sign, I spent that winter in a logging camp owned by Mayor Graham. It was on the Central Ontario Railway, and the Post-Office was Hogansville. Another Irishman—Denny Hogan—ran everything there was in Hogansville. I remember one Christmas I was sent with a sleigh load of loggers to the station. They were going to Belleville to get drunk and to squander every cent they had made so far that year. Mr. Mott was the camp foreman. I had never driven a team of horses in my life.

An order for blankets, axe-handles, biscuits, and a lot of groceries had been given to me, and my instructions were to load up with these things. Then, after the train had left, I was to come back to the camp. "Just give the horses their heads and hold the lines taut. They'll come home themselves," said foreman Mott when I doubted my ability to take that team to Hogansville and back safely. Well, all went as it should have gone until the train pulled in. The sled was loaded with blankets, axe-handles, groceries, and lamps; but those horses did not like that train. I had them tied to a hitching post outside Hogan's store. That hitching post, however, was not strong enough to hold that team. Both of those horses reared up on their hind feet, gave a few snorts, and away they went into the woods, leaving me there looking at them. I wouldn't have been on that sled for all the logging camps in Ontario. There were axes, groceries, flour, lamps, blankets, all over the woods. When Mr. Mott came to rescue both the horses and their freight, he took one look at me and said, "This is all coming out of your wages, young fellow." However, he never did take it out of my wages. I had given him fair warning that I was no man to drive a young team through the woods. There was no one else there who could drive them, so I considered when

I told him of my inability and experiences with horses, I had done my duty.

I could recount many pleasant days spent in Belleville, but I think I will reproduce in this chapter a news item which appeared in the Belleville *Intelligencer* shortly after *Time* magazine gave me a prominent write-up in 1938. Perhaps I had better tell you about the job I had driving a hack. I drove the first rubber tired hack to come into Belleville—and was I proud?—Two white horses (old nags) and a beautiful rubber-tired hack. I met the trains at the depot, charging twenty-five cents a ride to the hotels. Mr. Coe Graham owned the hack service. Here is the *Intelligencer* write up:

FROM HURRICANE DECK OF A CRUISING
HACK TO "FIRST CITIZEN"

Dr. Frank Robinson, Newspaper Publisher, Druggist and Leader of a Mail Order Religious Study group With Membership in Sixty-seven Countries, Recalls Early Days in Belleville—The First Rubber Tired Victoria—The First Ford—The Men Who Drove the Hacks that Met All Trains and Boats—Olden Days and Golden Days Recalled.

From driving a hack in Belleville to the status of first citizen of a thriving city in western United States seems a far cry but that happens to form the two ends of the life history of a young man who began business life in Belleville, drifted west and won fame and fortune, now known as Dr. Frank B. Robinson, of Moscow, Idaho, one of the first citizens of that thriving western city, owner of the leading daily newspaper, three drug stores, the Robinson Professional Building, a tea room, a wonderful home with beautiful pipe organ in it, and recently donated Robinson Park to the city.

Frank Robinson will be remembered by many Bellevillians as a clerk in Templeton's drug store located at the corner of Bridge and Front streets some thirty odd years ago. To a former Belleville friend Dr. Robinson said that he has always retained a warm spot in his heart for Belleville the beautiful, adding that the happiest days of his life were spent in this city. He remembers living with a Mr. and Mrs. Brason, who ran a boarding house, and he says they were a fine old couple. He also remembers Mr. Charles Bowell who ran *The Intelligencer* and had a fine horse and rig. After working for Mr. Robert Templeton in Belleville, Robinson went to Toronto

where he was employed by J. G. Templeton (a relative of Robt. Templeton) in the drug business at 142 King Street West, Toronto.

Early Hack Drivers

Returning to his early days in Belleville Dr. Robinson remembers driving a hack for Coe Graham. Working at the same place at the time were "Gibber-Gabber" Harrington, and "Rusty" Marlowe. Coe had the first rubber-tired Victoria there, and Dr. Robinson says he used to be as proud as a peacock to drive that elegant equipage to the depot to meet the trains.

From hack driving this ambitious lad graduated to the "Big Apple" and was employed by R. J. Graham in what he describes as the "apple factory." Here he worked under Gene Fairfield, George Rennie and Chas. Chesson who drove for Col. Lazier and Arthur Sutton are mentioned as friends of those days. Wonderful days he called them.

The First Ford

Memories of Belleville old days and old boys came flooding back as Dr. Robinson chatted with his friend, and he recalled driving a carry-all for Bob McCoy, later working for George Sills, packing apples. Early love affairs and the girls of those days of bustles and long dresses and dainty ankles which were only visible on rainy days at muddy crossings brought back smiles and heart warmings. Happy days as a member of the militia with the old 15th were recalled and the faces of the friends of long ago floated past in memory's mirror. Others recalled included "Whale" Mackey, Johnny Consaul and old Dr. Tracy—and that red-letter day when Dr. Gibson took the road with his first Ford. It went chugging up Front street—and then stopped—all the King's horses and all the King's men could hardly get it started again—being one of those runabouts, which ran about a block and then stopped to consider the next start if any, a hectic period in early automobiling long since passed away.

Shady Lanes and Quinte Waters

Friends who attended the Ontario Business College were also recalled with pleasure and the many happy days and nights spent in the horse and buggy days and the days when boating on Quinte waters was considered the peak of enjoyment, particularly sailing.

Leaving Belleville, Frank Robinson drifted west, coming to rest for a time in Vancouver where he drove delivery rigs and took various odd jobs which added experience if not much money to his assets.

Taking an interest in religion, he took a course in a Bible Training School at the suggestion of Dr. Elmore Harris of McMaster University, and from that study came "Psychiana", a religious movement of which he is the head which has enrolled thousands of students, and he claims has spread to 67 countries with a membership of over

half a million and is still spreading. This includes home study groups with textbooks furnished from headquarters in Moscow, Idaho, last year's publications reaching nearly half a million dollars. Dr. Robinson says that he believes "Psychiana" is bringing happiness into the lives of hundreds of thousands and he is very happy in it.

This Belleville Old Boy with the interesting past and more interesting present and promising future wished to be remembered to all Belleville citizens who may remember him and stated that if he receives an invitation to attend the next Old Boys' Reunion at Belleville he will be there if he has to shut down his daily newspaper to do it.

Before closing this chapter, let me tell you about Mr. Templeton who, by the way, is still alive and doing business in Belleville at the same old stand. How old he is, I do not know, but he was at least fifty when I worked for him. It was quite a "come-up" to me to be employed at a white-collar job in a drug store. That was really something. However, the pay was only \$5.00 a week, and it cost me \$3.50 a week with Mr. and Mrs. Brason for room and board. I had to have a clean collar and shirt once a week, too, so that did not leave very much.

At the Brason boarding house lived a group of young fellows attending the Belleville Business College. They were a good bunch, full of life as a crowd of young boys going through business college should be. The fifth of November came around. In Canada that's quite a holiday—Guy Fawkes day, and it is celebrated in much the same manner as our Fourth of July. On this particular occasion, we "kids" as we were called, planned some mischief, which we usually did. I had bought some very large fire-crackers about eight inches long. They detonated with a noise like a cannon.

The Belleville Police Department had on the force a very corpulent officer called "Cheezer" Downs. No one liked the "Cheezer." I was never able to find out why he was called that nickname. The only thing that occurs to me now is that his stomach was shaped very much like a cheese. Perhaps that was it. The name, in that case, was appropriate. We were all up in our bedrooms and, seeing the "Cheezer"

coming down the sidewalk, we lit the fuse and timed it to explode just as the "Cheezer" went by. Then we dropped it out the window. It wasn't timed just right, though, nor was it dropped as accurately as it might have been. The result was that it hit the "Cheezer" on the back of the neck and then exploded. It nearly blew the officer off the sidewalk.

In a few minutes, there was a great commotion in the hall below, and then the "Cheezer" in person breezed into the large bedroom, only to find everyone fast asleep—not only asleep but snoring heavily. Downs never did find out who threw that fire-cracker. He had a good idea, though, for the next night I felt a hand on my shoulder, and into the calaboose I went. The Chief of Police of Belleville was one Pat Hayes, another Irishman, but this time not so good. Of course, for me to be put in a cell in the city jail was something new, so I naturally was alarmed and called up my friend, Paddy McMahan. Paddy came down and, on inquiring what the charges were, was told "making and distributing counterfeit money." That knocked Paddy off his feet as it did me. "Where is your evidence?" asked Paddy, and they told him that the evidence would be produced in court the following Monday. That meant that I stayed in jail from Saturday until Monday. I could not figure out what it was all about. I certainly knew nothing about counterfeit money, never having seen any and certainly never having made any. Paddy knew that as well as I did, but the bail was placed at \$5,000, which meant that I stayed in.

On Monday morning the "great counterfeiter" was hauled into court. The charges sounded very impressive and very bad—"that the accused did, wilfully and knowingly, and feloniously, make, manufacture, and distribute counterfeit money in the Province of Ontario in the Dominion of Canada," etc. I still did not have the faintest idea of what was going on. All I knew was the case was serious. Here I was charged with making and passing counterfeit money. That

is a serious charge in any language. The strange part of it all was that I was absolutely in the dark, for until the first witness was presented, I did not have the faintest suspicion of what this charge consisted. I did not have very long to wait though. "Call the first witness," the Judge, another Irishman called Flynn, shouted. A lady whom I knew as Mrs. Thomas and who ran a little tobacco store next door to the boarding house took the stand. I knew her well—bought all my cigarettes from her—"Ran my face" through the week and paid her every Saturday night when I was paid. Mrs. Thomas was asked to hold up her right hand—"so help you God," etc. The prosecuting attorney, handing Mrs. Thomas an American silver dollar, asked her if she had ever seen that dollar before. She replied that she had, and when asked where she had seen it, she told the court that I had given it to her in payment of a bill the Saturday night before. Well, I knew that as well as she did.

The next witness, however, was a government agent, and he testified that the dollar was counterfeit. He further testified that he had reason to believe that the counterfeiters were operating from Belleville. Paddy McMahan at this point asked me what I knew about that dollar, and I told him that Mr. Templeton had given it to me last Saturday night in my pay envelope. It did not take long to bring Mr. Templeton into court, and he corroborated my statement; and so the great "counterfeiting case" against Frank B. Robinson blew up. Much to-do was made over this petty-fogging little case in the recent trial in Moscow, and certain men tried to establish the fact that I had been arrested for counterfeiting. I had to reply in the affirmative, but the evidence also showed that Judge Flynn honorably dismissed the case and issued to me a certificate to that effect. The next day, Pat Hayes, the bad Irishman, told me to get out of Belleville.

* * *

It was in the beautiful little city of Belleville that my

first real "religious" experience broke into light. It brought disastrous disappointment to me. Through the eighteen years I had lived, the consciousness of God and of the work I felt I had been called to do grew. There never was the slightest suggestion that God would not speak through me to the world; but, as yet, the full consciousness of God had *not* come to me. Perhaps I should say that another way—let me say that the *Recognition* of the consciousness of God had never come to me. The God-consciousness is always with one, but the recognition is often absent. So many pseudo-gods have arisen and been presented to the world, that recognition of the consciousness of the only true God there ever has been is lost in the welter of false and pagan systems of religion operating on this earth today. No man ever spent more time seeking God than I did, and yet there was always the consciousness in me that the Great Spirit—God—had set me apart for a specific work.

As I have already stated elsewhere in this record, I made the fatal mistake of attempting to bring the recognition of the Power of God to myself, instead of keeping quiet in the knowledge I had of God. Had I known enough to do that, I should have been spared a lot of suffering. However, the end has been accomplished, and the Movement through which the Spirit of God will be universally known is an actual fact. Already the results of thirteen years' work have been amazing, and as the years and months go by, and as more men and women are liberated by this invisible Spirit which is God, it will not be too long until the fullness of the Spirit which is God is known to all men and all nations. But to come back

In Belleville, I happened to get acquainted with the pastor of the First Baptist church. His name was the Reverend O. C. Elliott. He met me first in Templeton's drug store. After having met him a few times, I called him up one day and asked for an appointment with him; I told him I wanted to speak with him about God. Reluctantly he gave

the appointment. On entering his study in the church, I said to him, "Mr. Elliott, I want to do something for God. I feel that I have a work of quite some magnitude to do for God, and I'd like to talk with you about it." Evidently Mr. Elliott was more interested in money than he was in God and human souls, for this is the reply he made to me, "I shall be very happy to have you join my church, if you are able to do your part in its support—but we must have that."

I saw at once that the Reverend Elliott and I were not speaking the same language. He was talking money while I was talking God. They are different things. When I informed him that I was getting only \$5.00 a week and keeping myself out of that, he said to me, "I think the Salvation Army is the place for you—why don't you go down and join it?" I thanked him for his good "Christian" spirit and went down to look the Army situation over. That night it stood on the corner of the main streets, and I listened to the testimonies of the "saved." Here, I thought, was exactly what I wanted. These good people actually knew God, and certainly that was what I wanted. So I followed them into the hall at the close of their street meeting. Adjutant Newman was in charge of that corps. I forget the name of the Lieutenant who assisted him. The songs were not very inspiring, nor was the band music. I have heard better. When the altar call came, of course, I went up. "God bless you my brother—hallelujah!" said the Adjutant. "Get down on your knees and let's have a word of prayer." Down I went to my knees and the Adjutant said, "That's right—pray, brother—pray yourself into the Kingdom." Well, I didn't know very much about praying. I knew considerable about quietly talking with God, but this public praying business was something new to me. However, to make a good fellow out of myself, I did some praying. It sounded like hollow sham to me, but I did it nevertheless. "Amen," said the Adjutant, "another brother has found the Lord. Won't

you have a word of testimony, brother?" I asked to be excused from the testimony and promised him I would be out at the next meeting.

On the following Wednesday night, I showed up at the hall. Being rather a husky young man, they tied the big bass drum around my neck, and lo and behold, here I was in the Army, going down the sidewalks of Belleville with a big drum around my neck, hammering it as if I really meant it. I liked pounding that drum. It made a lot of noise and it gave the very thing I wanted—action for God. It made little difference of what action consisted; it was action. When we arrived on the street corner, the Adjutant took off his hat and prayed. It was about the average run of Army prayer. I took it all in and trusted he wouldn't ask me to pray. He did not. After the collection was taken, we invited the few stragglers into the hall for the regular Wednesday night prayer meeting.

All this was so foreign to what I knew about God that I really began to wonder what it was all about. God, to me, was an infinitely great invisible Spirit. That Spirit, to me, was the Creative Intelligence and Power behind every thing that ever was created. It was a very sweet experience I had on the lawn of the Manse at Long Crendon some years before—but this—well, this was all so strange to me. I just could not see God in it at all. I watched the members of that corps very carefully. After the meeting, they would join me and we would walk up the street smoking cigarettes, and we would go in and get a glass of beer or a glass of ginger ale or something to refresh ourselves. When I got home, however, I gave those performances considerable thought. Was all this of God? What was all this talk of "hell-fire," "Salvation," "the blood of the lamb," etc.? Where did that come from? What did it mean? What had I ever done to damn me into an eternal hell? By what authority did the Army stand there and tell the whole world that unless it believed what the Army taught, it was in

"danger of hell-fire and the judgment"? If these good folks we were preaching to were in danger of hell-fire, so was I—so were the rest of us, for certainly joining the Army had brought no noticeable "salvation" to us. All we did was to stand on the street corner and tell a pack of lies. We told the men and women listening to us that we were "saved by the blood of Jesus," and there was not a man or woman in the whole Army corps that knew the first thing about either "the blood of Jesus" or "salvation."

All that and every other Salvation Army corps in existence was doing was to go by the rules and regulations of the Army. There was not a man in the crowd who knew the structure of the Christian bible. Not a single one of them knew where it had come from, and certainly there was no one in that crowd who knew the reason there are four gospels in the Christian bible. The reason there are four gospels is because animals have four legs. That is one reason, and that's not the best reason for anyone to pin his faith in anything any bible teaches if the story is in that book because "animals have four legs."

Had I known then what I now know about the bible they were teaching, I should have challenged them then and there. As it was, my connection with the Army in Belleville was not of too long duration. I was getting a bit sick of the sham and hypocrisy of it all. I wanted God. I wanted to do something to bring to men and women the actual truths of God. The Army or what the Army taught was not doing that. What "sin" had I committed up to that time which merited such a fearful thing as an eternal home in a lake burning with fire and brimstone? The only thing I had done was to try to find God. I had suffered plenty at the hands of those who taught this same philosophy under a different denomination, but as far as my being "born in sin and shapen in iniquity," well—that just simply was not true. My mother was the sweetest thing that God ever put breath into. I was born according to the laws of God, the laws of nature, and

the laws of the land. In what way had I sinned enough to merit the "wrath of God"?

My decision to leave the Army came one Sunday afternoon. In that corps was a very fine looking girl. I had seen her looking at me often and wondered why. She always turned out in full Army uniform. On this particular Sunday afternoon she came into the barracks rather late and took a seat by me. We had a few words of ordinary conversation, and then she said to me, "I want you to come outside with me. I want to talk to you." Not knowing what it was she wanted, I naturally followed her out of the hall. She was working as a servant, or maid, for a Doctor Dolan in Belleville, and she headed straight for the Dolan home, her arm in mine. On the way home, I asked her what it was she wanted to talk to me about. She said, "I'll tell you when we get home." Mystified, I went with her, and soon we reached the Dolan home. Entering, she took off her Salvation Army bonnet and coat and, taking me into the living room of that fine home, she said, "The Dolans are away—let's lie on the floor." Then it dawned upon my trusting self that the salvation of this world was the last thing this young Army Cadet was interested in. The next day I left Belleville for Toronto, more disgusted with religion than ever.

CHAPTER FIVE

In Toronto

IN DUE SEASON, I ARRIVED IN TORONTO AND ALTHOUGH I did not know it at the time, strange and unusual happenings were to come my way. Nothing very unusual had happened so far in my life. It had been anything but a happy life. Whatever the inner workings of father's mind were and are, I shall never know; nor am I particularly interested. He married his own wife, raised his own children, and until they became of legal age, I suppose he had a right to do whatever he wanted with them. I just have never been able to link up that sort of father with the Infinite Spirit which is God. It may go with Jesus Christ, but it does not go with God. That God exists, and there is an answer to the staggering human problems which face us today, I have no doubt. I never have had any doubt on that score, and from what I have seen of the workings of the Spirit which is God over the past thirteen years, I am pretty well convinced that we are closer to the answer than we have ever been. I trust I live long enough to see the whole world at peace. It can be at peace whenever it wants to.

The only thing that can bring permanent peace is the experience of God. By that I mean this—when this world knows who and what God really is, these tendencies, all conceived in ignorance of God, cannot exist. If Hitler actually knew God and needed more territory as he claims, it would not take thirty minutes for him to have what additional territory he needs. The nation which has more territory than it needs would give him what he wanted at once. If Hitler knew God, he would not ask for more than he needs. This same principle would work throughout all

nations if God were known. The trouble is that God is not known.

I am reminded here of the journey of Paul, the old promoter, along the Athenian road. He, seeing a sign by the side of the road "*To the unknown God,*" and undoubtedly being interested in the promotion of a new system of religion, called on the people of Athens and said to them, "*Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things you are too superstitious. For as I passed by, I beheld a sign with these words 'To the unknown God.' Him, therefore, whom ye ignorantly worship, the same declare I unto you.*"

I find myself in a similar position. I, too, knowing something of the superstition and idolatry of present day religions, and knowing that the "god" these religions worship does not exist, am trying, and very earnestly, to bring to these good people of this and other lands the truths of God as that Great Spirit actually exists. I know the truth. It came through periods of great tribulation. It was not easy to learn. It seared the soul—for it is not an easy thing to inform millions of people that the God they are supposed to be worshipping, even though they admit him to be an "unknown god," does not actually exist. The assurance of the success of the "*Psychiana*" Movement lies in the fact that the whole world is questioning what the churches of every denomination attempt to teach about God. That makes my task considerably easier.

The facts might as well be faced. They will have to be faced sooner or later anyway. So why not face them now? Of two things we are sure. The first is—*God*, and by that I mean the Great Creative Spirit which is responsible for this creation, *really exists*. The second thing, I am sure of this,—*that Spirit which is God can be found, known, and through its operations, complete peace, happiness, health, and life eternal can be found*. It is obvious, however, that nothing offered to this world today by *any* system of theology, bears the slightest indication that such a condition of

perfect peace, etc., will ever be manifested on this earth through the teachings of any system of religion, as those teachings *exist* today.

There have been "gods" and "systems of religion" on this earth for 20,000 years—and we do not yet know God. We are closer to finding God than we have ever been, and God can be found. God will be found; but he will never be found through any system of theology which teaches god crucified on a cross. I am fully convinced of that. I shall not give my reasons for this statement here, as I have already given them in my book *Gleams Over the Horizon*, and I do not want to repeat. Suffice it to say that in "*Gleams*", every existing religion on this earth today is shown for what it actually is. I told you what that is at the beginning of this book.

I often wonder as I sit here in my study day after day and watch men and women all over the world swamping me with letters asking for information about God. I often wonder if the world ever was as close to knowing the truth as it is today. I don't believe it ever was. I do not believe that the religious world in any stage of its history, until now, ever had the faintest conception of the true God, and certainly it has had no conception of the Power which the True Spirit brings with it. That there have been many honest attempts to find and know God is admitted; but the fatal mistake these religions have made lies in the fact that unless God operates and manifests according to *their* conception of God, they are not interested.

Right at the core of every major system of religion on the earth today, except one, is the impossible theory that because God is so big and powerful—ignorant man cannot find and know God. Therefore, it was necessary to clothe God with human aspects, put him in a human body, kill him on a cross, raise him from the dead, and send him back to "heaven" from whence no word has come from that day to this. It should be unnecessary to say that *all* such concep-

tions of God are utterly false. Tracing them down, you find they are all originations of the religious institutions which foster them. They have no standing historically. The historical world never heard of these "gods." I include the Christian "god." So then, as we approach the time when the True Spirit of God is to be known on the earth, shall we not take hope? Shall we not look up, for certainly "the day of our redemption draweth nigh."

I have stated once in this book that I would rather this autobiography had not been written—and for this reason, it may detract some from the Power of the Great Spirit which is God. There may be millions who will try to make a "god" out of the writer. So to prevent that, I'm going to tell the truth about the writer, and when I have told it, I don't believe there will be much danger of anyone's looking to me as being a "superman." Tenney and others say, "He has an inspired vision." That is true—but the vision which inspires me and the Power which lies in that vision, may also inspire you. When that day comes, this world will know God. I do not say that this will happen all at once. After I have demonstrated who and what God is, and after the religious systems *know* that I know whereof I speak—my work will be done. I shall be very happy then to fade away and let far brainier men than I am carry on the work of manifesting the *power* of God to the world.

All I was sent to do is to point the way. I stand as a signpost along the highway of life. When too many along that highway get lost, someone will see my sign and, following it, will reach the haven he seeks. Then, it will not be long until the glad news goes forth that the way of God has really been found. Try and bear in mind these things as you read on. Try and understand the motive which is behind this book. I'm no author—I cannot write—and no one knows that better than I know it. I don't believe I have ever written anything yet which could pass as a "polished" work. I don't want "polish." I want to bring to men and women the con-

sciousness of the Power of the Great Spirit, God, and this I shall do. Let the academicians have the polish. Let them seek glory of men. I shall content myself with thinking of God. In the knowledge that I did faithfully what I believed the true thing to do, I shall rest.

* * *

I arrived in Toronto with about thirty dollars in my pocket, and I located a combination rooming-house and restaurant on Adelaide Street. It was called "The Red Star" and the price was \$3.50 a week for board and room. The room must have cost much more than the board. Had I been naming that restaurant, I believe I should have called it "Hash Center" or something which had "hash" in it, for certainly they put lots of "hash" in their boarders. Sydney had secured a job on a farm, this time in Napanee, just a few miles from the Gould Ranch in Deseronto.

To be in a large city was a new experience for me. Belleville, I imagine, had a population of about 7,500, while Toronto now has more than half a million. It is much larger than it was then. After trying in vain to get a job, and with my money about gone, I was rather "down in the mouth." At about that time, the rich Cobalt mining strike was in progress, and I happened to hear a fellow called Dick Sutherland who boarded with us make the statement that he was leaving his job in the drug-store and going into the Cobalt district in the morning. Making his acquaintance, I asked him if anyone else had taken his job. He replied that so far as he knew, the job was still open. In fact, he went out to the drug store in Parkdale and got the job for me.

I had some wonderful times in that drug store which was situated on the corner of Wright and Sorauren Avenues. I even remember the telephone number although that is a long time ago. It was "Parkdale 1183." The owner of the store was William Wright, a wonderful fellow. His father was an inspector of police, and his mother was as fine a lady as I have met. Bill was superintendent of a Methodist Sun-

day School in Parkdale. He had no more religion than a jack-rabbit, but he was superintendent of the Sunday School, nevertheless. It was a small store, and Bill was a real fellow. The store is not operating as a drug store now. I saw Bill Wright working as a telegraph operator in Toronto just a few years ago.

I boarded with a Mrs. Gordon a short block from the store on Wright Avenue. Mrs. Gordon had two sons and one daughter, Ethel. Mickey, the elder of the two sons, went to the dogs through liquor, while the other boy whose name was Percy, made a big success with the National Cash Register Co. Ethel was a very lovely girl. She fell violently in love with me, and for a while I thought my days of single bliss were over. Women, however, did not interest me. Although I had not found the full answer to the God-proposition, I knew that sooner or later I should, and until that time, I did not care to become involved with any girl.

I remember one Sunday evening when I was lying on the davenport resting, Ethel came and knelt down beside me. "Frank, I love you more than anyone I have ever met. Let's go away to Niagara Falls and get married," she said. Assuring her that if I had wanted to marry her, I did not have the funds, she countered by telling me that she could get five hundred dollars from her mother who, she said, was all in favor of the marriage. It looked somewhat like a put-up job, but Ethel was a fine girl. To make matters easier on them all, and to save myself embarrassment, I moved from Bill Wrights drug store and secured a position with a John Whiting about one mile from Bill Wright. I also moved into a new boarding house. This one was not really a boarding house although three people did board and room there. I suppose you would call them "paying guests" as Mrs. Welch, who owned the house, had no license to operate either as a rooming house or restaurant manager.

The Welchs were fine people, too—a bit too religious to suit me, but good wholesome folks, nevertheless. Effie

was the youngest daughter, and Clarabelle was the elder of the two. It was in the Welch home that I met Valborg Martine Zollner, a talented pianist and a pupil of the famed W. O. Forsyth. Val suffered from epileptic seizures and passed away in one of them. Josef Hofmann called at the house to see Val ever so often. She was a talented girl, and it is too bad death took her away. Mr. Welch worked for a Jewish firm of jewelers making rings. On the side, he made rings in his own home at night. Nothing of importance happened while I was working for Mr. Whiting. My evenings were spent around the Cowan Avenue fire-hall, playing checkers with "the boys." The Captain of the fire-hall was named Brennan and Charley Dunn was the Lieutenant. Dunn is now Captain of the Dundas Street fire-hall. I remember especially two Irishmen who were firemen at that time, Ike Clough and Tom Conolly. Both could drink a lot of liquor and both liked to sit around the stove on the cold winter evenings and argue which could drink most.

For reasons which I will not mention here, as Whiting is still alive, I decided to leave his valuable employ. Another position opened up, this time at 142 King Street, West, and the proprietor, J. G. Templeton, was a nephew of the Robert Templeton whom I worked for in Belleville. Mr. Templeton was called as a U. S. Government witness against me in the 1936 Federal trial, but he turned out to be a star witness *for* me. As a matter of fact, he visited my home in Moscow, and we enjoyed many hours together talking about old times. The Federal agents tried to talk him out of coming to my home during the trial, but all Templeton did was to argue with them that he knew me far better than they did and he told them very plainly that they were making a mistake in trying to put me behind the bars. They had other ideas, though.

An interesting side-light on that trial might be noted here. While I was in Belleville, I had my barber work done by Herb Wrightmyer who, at that time, ran a barber-shop there.

Imagine my surprise when at the trial in Moscow, whom should I see there as a representative of the Canadian Secret Service but my friend, Herb Wrightmyer. I invited him to the house also, but he refused to come. What he was doing in Moscow during that trial and what interest the Canadian Government had in the trial, I have never been able to find out. In view of the fact that the trial took on international importance, I shall allude to it in detail later in the book. A lot of hullabaloo was created by that trial. One would have thought that the greatest criminal on the face of the earth, Public Enemy Number One, was being tried instead of a harmless chap whose only crime consisted of heading a religious Movement which had the audacity to tell organized religion that its story of God was not true. Had the "*Psychiana*" Movement never come into existence, there would have been no criminal trial and no deportation proceedings. But then, the world might never have heard of me, either. So as always in the Realm of the Great Spirit—God—all things worked out for the best. I would not recall those cruel days if I could.

Mr. Templeton's store was on the corner of what then were the two main streets in Toronto, King and York. Now, however, the center of the city is miles away. In those days it was the hub of Toronto, and Templeton's Pharmacy, being on one of those corners, was the "hub" of the city of Toronto, figuratively speaking. Mr. Templeton's specialty was T.R. C.'s, which means Templeton's Rheumatic Capsules. I don't think the capsules were any good, and even to this day, Mr. Templeton and I josh through the mails about those capsules. In any event, they sold, or rather we sold them for one dollar a box. Templeton was, and still is, a good Presbyterian. He lives in Streetsville a few miles from Toronto and used to commute from home to store. When in Toronto, he slept on a little cot in the back of the drug store. Next door was the then famed Roumegous Restaurant. Not many remember that. On the opposite corner was the old Rossin house, and

on the other corners were the Imperial, the Palmer, and the King Edward—four hotels, and Templeton and I in the middle of them. Every letter Mr. Templeton writes to me, and I receive several a year, he winds up by “razzing” me about what he calls “that damnable doctrine of yours.” He tells me that he is “saved and sanctified” and always has been. Perhaps he is. I am not in a position to dispute him. I have my own ideas on that subject and they do not jibe with J. G.’s ideas. However, we have been personal friends too long to quarrel over his “salvation and sanctification.” I just want to tell what happened in that drug store while I worked there. It must be remembered that I am writing about things which happened thirty-five years ago. Conditions have changed considerably now. What was perfectly legal then is highly illegal now.

There was no Harrison Act then either in Canada or in the United States and “dope” could be bought freely by anyone who cared to sell it, provided it was sold under a State Pharmacy license. Agnews Catarrh Cure was on the market in those days, and the “hop-heads” would buy it by the dozen packages. We used to buy it by the gross. It was loaded with cocaine. Toronto was full of “hop-heads,” and Templeton’s Pharmacy did business with most of them. One of my jobs was to package up at night morphine and cocaine in little white papers to be sold for different prices. We even put out two-grain packages to sell at ten cents. We had others for a quarter, fifty cents, and what have you. These packages of “morph” and “coc” were on the prescription counter in seidlitz-powder boxes. We did not advertise the fact that we were selling “dope,” but we did sell it to those “in the know.”

In those days cocaine and morphine cost about \$2.00 an ounce. There are 480 grains in an ounce. We charged five cents a grain. You figure out the profit.

There was an old Irish college professor called DeCourcey. He had been a very brilliant man and was a graduate

of some large college in Belfast, Ireland. "Dopey," we called him, and the name fitted him. If ever there was a human derelict, "Dopey" was it. He used to wash bottles for us, and in pay he would be given "dope." I refused to give him any. On the evenings on which I would be weighing it out into little packages, "Dopey" would be there watching me. Just let me spill a fraction of a grain on the floor, and down would go "Dopey" on his hands and knees, licking it off that dirty floor. I don't know where "Dopey" is now—probably dead. I was in Toronto not long ago, and Templeton and I wondered what had become of him. It seems that Borax intensifies the anaesthesia of cocaine. I did not know that then, for I was not a graduate pharmacist as I am now. Every so often I would see "Dopey" go into the lump Borax drawer and take a piece as big as a pill and stick it into his mouth. One day I asked him what he was eating Borax for. "Oh, just to intensify the anaesthesia," replied "Dopey." "Dopey's" pastime was to dissect rats in the basement.

Mr. Templeton was then, and I understand is now, an elder in the Presbyterian church. He told me recently that he was "saved and sanctified and always had been." I'm wondering though, whether "Dopey," when we all stand before the "great white throne," won't prove to be just as much "saved and sanctified" as my friend, Templeton. He knew better. "Dopey" was in the clutches of the most terrible demon known on this earth today. The Japs are feeding cocaine and morphine to the Chinese by the barrel, trying to bring their downfall in that manner. This is just a passing thought, however. Mr. Templeton cannot be selling "dope" today, and as it was perfectly legal then, no legal condemnation can be his. Nevertheless—I wonder.

Thoughts of God were still uppermost in my mind then, yet here was an elder of a Presbyterian church, helping already lost souls a little further into the hell they already were experiencing. Cocaine cost \$2.50. The net profit was \$21.50 on each ounce.

I shall here give you a copy of the last letter received from Mr. Templeton last Christmas, together with my reply. "*Raz-Mah*" is the new name of Templeton's Rheumatic cure. Hence the reference to "*Raz-Mah-Taz*" in my letter.

Toronto, Canada, Dec. 12, 1939.

Dear Frank:

Another Christmas is about upon us and I am minded to write you. I will always remember my delightful visit at your home and your most entertaining wife. You have every reason to be proud of her and you must have great enjoyment out of your children.

I have six grandchildren and they keep me going, I can assure you.

This war will not affect you but with many it is most disastrous and causing a lot of suffering. You people think you can keep out of it—perhaps so.

I saw your friend Timothy Haggerty, the other day. He is aging fast.

R. T. in Belleville is getting very feeble. I write him once a year and am doing it today.

I wish you and your good wife and family a Joyous Christmas with all the good things that go with it.

Yours faithfully,

J. G. TEMPLETON.

December 18, 1939.

Mr. J. G. Templeton,
Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

My Dear Friend:

When I left the house this morning, I said to Mrs. Robinson, "It's about time Mr. Templeton was writing. I wonder if he is ill." And when I got to the office, here is the old, familiar "*Raz-mah-taz*" envelope lying on my desk.

However, in spite of the very low regard and esteem I have for the proprietor of this "*Raz-mah-taz*" business, I am happy indeed that you remembered me at this Christmas time. I can understand how your six grandchildren worry you considerably at Christmas time, because, being a Scotchman and a good Presbyterian, I imagine considerable mental suffering will be your lot until this painful ordeal of giving Christmas presents away is ended for another year. I think the cheapest way out of it is just to send them a Christmas card and state on this card that it covers Christmas day up to the year 1950, so that you can use one card for ten Christmases.

Poor old Tim Haggerty. I am surprised that he is still alive, but I understand he is a Scotchman, too, and you know how those boys hang on to everything, even life itself. I am very much surprised that

Robert Templeton is still alive, because he was ready for the bone pile when I was working for him forty years ago. But this Scotch trait will predominate, and I expect you will live to be at least one hundred and fifty.

All joking aside, though, I was very happy indeed to think that you had remembered me, because after all, the sweetest things in life are the memories of days gone by. The sad part of it is that they cannot be recalled.

We received international publicity over the radio, in the press, and through the news photo services, on account of the wire I received from the Premier of Finland asking the spiritual assistance of this Movement, and of course, I will immediately fly into action, and am causing to be inserted in the newspapers of the United States, appropriate copy.

If all religions could knock out every creed and dogma they ever heard of and every creed and dogma they contain, and could work from the single hypothesis of the present existence of the Spirit of God, there wouldn't be any war. But with Presbyterianism and all the rest of these rotten "isms," there can be no peace.

However, James, life is an evolution, and man will continue to progress until all creeds and dogmas are banished, and man lives in perfect peace with his neighbors, in perfect consciousness of the Presence of God.

I wish you a long, happy life, and you will always stand out in my memory as one of the nicest scoundrels I have ever met, and at the same time, one of the finest characters. Don't make your letters too far apart, because I like them.

Kindest personal regards,

FRANK B. ROBINSON.

It was about this time that I made up my mind to make one final effort to see if I could not find out something about the Power of the Great Spirit—God—through the church. I realized that it probably would be a hopeless task, for my dealings with those who professed religion had been disastrous. First—my father. Second—the Reverend Wallace. Third—the Reverend Elliott. Fourth—The Salvation Army cadet. Fifth—J. G. Templeton. There were many others. I mention only these five. Yet I instinctively knew that God must be a living Reality, and my mind was made up to find God or die in the attempt. There is running through my mind now a passage from one of the many bibles of the different religions, and it runs something like this: "Though

he slay me, yet will I trust him." It's foolish, of course, to trust one who would slay you, but I was that much in earnest to find just what the Truth of God was, and is.

One Sunday night, I wandered into a church. The roof did *not* fall in. It was a little church out in North Toronto and it was a Baptist church. The pastor's name was Brown. The singing from the outside attracted me. It was good music, and I like good music, so I went in. There was a large choir in Toronto those days called the *Alexander Choir*. It was evangelistic in its nature, and this choir would split into different groups and visit the different churches in Toronto every Sunday night. On this particular Sunday evening, the sermon did not appeal to me. The singing did, and when the "altar-call" was given, there was I, once more believing what this Baptist denomination told me. I should have known better, perhaps, after what I had seen. But I was in earnest—in deadly earnest. I wanted God more than anything else in the world. If, by going to the "altar" every night in the week for ten years, I could find God, I would have done just that.

This experience was not quite as picturesque as the "salvation" experience in the Army in Belleville. There was no "hallelujah—this brother has found the Lord." It was much quieter than that. Mr. Brown, a very fine chap he turned out to be, grasped me by the hand and asked me where I was working. He did not recommend the Salvation Army, nor did he ask me how much money I could give to the support of the church. This chap honestly meant and believed what he preached. I think most Protestant ministers of that day did. I'm quite sure very few of them do today. Recent ministerial polls showed that more than sixty-seven per cent of those ministers polled do not believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ. They are becoming intelligent. But what are they doing in the ministry? Why do they not be honest for a change and stop preaching what they admit they do not believe?

I made quite a friend of Brown. I made many friends as

a result of that Sunday evening. Many things happened because of it. The hymn which brought me to my feet is still one of my favorite hymns. I play it on my pipe-organ frequently. Here is the hymn:

*In loving kindness Jesus came, my soul in mercy to reclaim;
And from the depths of sin and shame, redeemed, he lifted me;*

CHORUS:

*From sinking sand he lifted me, with tender hand he lifted me;
From shades of night, to plains of light, Oh praise his name,
He lifted me.*

The hymn really means nothing to me, and it meant nothing then, for I was not in the slightest degree interested in Jesus Christ. I wanted to know *God*. The story of Jesus Christ as far as I was concerned may have been all right. But it was *God—the great Living Spirit—God, I wanted to know*. I had heard that Jesus had been put to death two thousand years ago and had never been heard from since—so how could that help me? I wanted *the Living Spirit which is God*, and I did not want to wait until I was dead to find that Great Spirit.

It was not long after this experience until a Miss West of Parkdale came down to the Templeton store to give me an invitation to join the Alexander Choir. I have a voice like a crow. She did not know that. She soon found it out. Anyway, I joined this Alexander Choir. Its leader, as I recall the name, was Melvin Fuller, or something like that. A dentist called George Palmer, who had been with Torrey and Alexander some years before, was the leader when I joined, but after a few weeks he was replaced by Melvin Fuller. On Saturday nights we would meet in a down-town church parlor and practice for the following Sunday. Everything I had, I gave to that choir. I meant business. I never was sold on the philosophy it taught, but I did like the singing, and I liked the evangelistic meetings, especially when we went out of town. I imagine there were more than one thousand voices in that choir. We gave concerts of a religious nature in the

Massey Hall, the largest auditorium in Toronto at that time.

Someone must have sensed the deep spirituality in my nature, for it was not long until I was given spiritual charge of that choir. By that I mean that I was given charge of the devotional end. I would have to lead the devotions, do the praying, and in general, act as "spiritual advisor." I did this to the best of my ability. Then, before I knew it, I was being asked to preach here and there, and whenever it was advertised that Frank B. Robinson was to speak, you could be sure the crowds would be turned away. About the only thing there was in my preaching was earnestness. I have been accused in the past twelve years of almost everything, but I have never yet met a man who questioned my earnestness if he knew me at all.

I had little education. Certain it is I had no training in platform work, and equally certain was it that there was little knowledge of the bible. The only book I knew anything about was a Gospel of John. I wore that book to a skeleton of its former self, trying to find God through it; but I never found God that way. Anyway the crowds came, and it was not long until Robinson had the reputation of being "another Spurgeon." Calls from outside towns came in, and I filled those calls. I enjoyed it. Of course, I was not satisfied at all. I knew that I did not know anything about the Great Spirit—God. My sermons kept as far away from Jesus Christ as I could keep them. I knew nothing about Jesus, and was not particularly interested in him. So I preached the Power of the Spirit of God. That is all I preach now. That is all I know, and that is the reason for the staggering growth and success of the "*Psychiana*" Movement.

One day Mr. Templeton handed me a letter when I came to work. It bore the emblem of Doctor Elmore Harris, a millionaire farm instrument dealer, and a member of the celebrated firm of Massey-Harris, here in the United States. Hastily opening the letter, I found it contained an invitation to call and see Doctor Harris in his home whenever con-

venient. Mystified, I called up the doctor and asked him what he wanted to see me about. He explained that he was interested in me and thought it might be a good idea if I were to meet him. The next week, I did so. Doctor Harris lived in a beautiful home, surely suitable for a millionaire, and I felt rather like a fish out of water as I sat there in his huge parlor, my cap hanging over one knee. After a few moments, Doctor Harris came in, and in the very friendliest manner, he said to me, "Frank, I'm very glad you came. I've been hearing about you, and the Lord has put it on my heart to put you through the Baptist ministry. I believe you will draw this world closer to the cross."

This was something new. Never had I even faintly suspected that this great man had ever heard of me. I knew he was president of McMaster Baptist University, and I knew he was a powerful influence in the Bible Training School, but how he had ever heard of a little chap like me, I did not know. I asked Doctor Harris how that was. "Frank," he replied, "Many have come to me and told me of your power on the platform and your deep and spiritual nature. *I have attended the last three sermons you preached. I consider you the most powerful platform man the Baptist denomination has in it.*" When I reminded Doctor Harris that I was not a member of any denomination, he replied, "Oh, yes, you are. I have the authority to ordain you as a Baptist minister—Stand up a moment, please." I was then and there ordained as a Baptist minister by Doctor Harris. What good it has done me, I do not know, nor do I know why Doctor Harris was so insistent about having me in the Baptist denomination. Perhaps he had an insight into the fact that 'ere this life was over, a work of stupendous import for God would be done. Whatever the reason, certainly the pressure was put on me by Doctor Harris.

* * *

All this was happening a bit too fast for my slow mind to grasp. When I left Templeton's, I was an unknown drug-

clerk and now, an hour later, I was a full-fledged Baptist minister. That *was* something. Not that I felt any different, for I did not. I do not believe I even felt honored by this ordination. It meant just exactly nothing to me. In fact, I felt the cart was before the horse. I knew nothing about God. I had the very definite impression that I was to be used by God to bring to this world the greatest spiritual awakening it has ever experienced; but I also knew that the mere making a preacher out of me did not equip me spiritually for the work I knew would be mine to do sooner or later.

I never jump before I know where I'm going to light if I do jump. I thanked Doctor Harris for his ordination and inquired a bit further into his future designs on me. He informed me that "the Lord has blessed me with material abundance and has put it on my heart to give some of that abundance to you." What he wanted me to do was to leave Templeton's and go to the Bible Training School, there to equip myself for the Baptist ministry. Normally that would have been a very nice thing to do, and later I did it. "If you tell me in advance every month what your expenses of living, etc., will be, I will mail you a check sufficiently large to cover those expenses," said Doctor Harris. He promised, in addition to that, to see that all my expenses at the Bible Training School were taken care of. He pressed me for a decision that night.

I told him that such a step as that would have to be carefully thought over, and made another appointment with him one week from that night. In the meantime, I did a lot of thinking. Here was an opportunity of a lifetime. A millionaire, with all his money, wanted to help me. But that didn't mean so very much to me, for under this plan, as I visualized it, I could probably become a well-known Baptist preacher and that was all. Something seemed to hold me back from making a decision. The more I thought this proposition over, the more I disliked it. The idea of entering the Baptist or any other ministry did not appeal to me at that time.

What experience with God had I which qualified me to tell others the priceless truths of the Realm of the Great Spirit—God. What did I know about God? I knew that some day I should lead a religious movement of importance, but had that day come yet? Was this the time? I had known many Baptist preachers, to my sorrow, and if all ahead of me was what they had, I did not want any of it. The future—the idea of livelihood did not enter into my meditations on this amazing offer of Doctor Elmore Harris. I wanted to do the right thing, but I certainly was skeptical of anything that looked like a Baptist preacher.

I thought of my father—how much of the Spirit of God was in him? How much of the Spirit of the Infinite God was in him the night in Elton's cellar when he was putting the bung in a barrel of beer and squirting the beer all over the cellar? How much of the Spirit of God did he have when he threw me to the ground, shouting at me, "You cursed hound—would to God you had never been born"? How much of the Spirit of God was in that father the day I unexpectedly interrupted him on my way home from school by dropping into the Martha Hurley home? How much of the Spirit of God was in him when, to get rid of me, he forced me into the British Navy? You answer these questions.

Then the Reverend Muxworthy, a friend of my father. That pipe-smoking, beer-guzzling girl-raping Baptist preacher—how much of the Spirit of God was in him while he attended those famous "fraternals"? How much of the Spirit of God was in him the night they had to help him to bed in our home because of his complete intoxication? How much of the Spirit of God was in the Reverend Wallace when, that Sunday morning, he turned away from his door two friendless, penniless, hungry children because he was, on a Sunday morning, "too busy" to help them? How much of the Spirit of God was in the Reverend O. C. Elliott when he advised me to "go join the Salvation Army"? And how much of the Spirit of God was in that female Army officer when she said



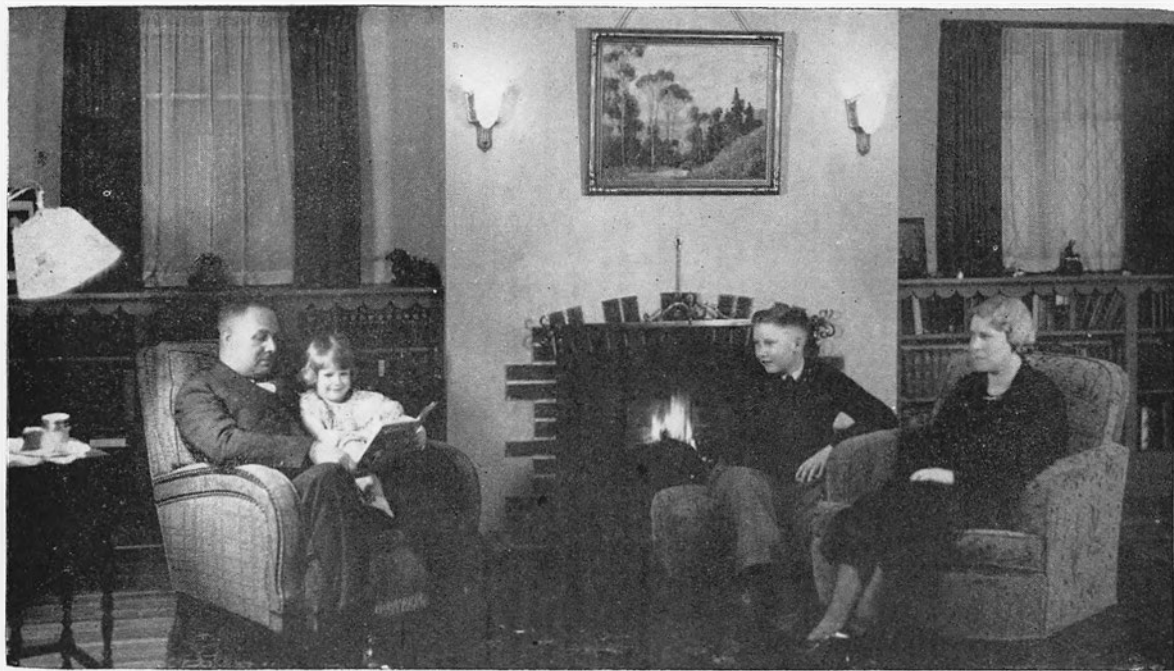
MRS. ROBINSON AND LITTLE FLORENCE

Who, when this photo was taken, was about two years of age. Evidently something had gone wrong here judging by the expression on Florence's face.

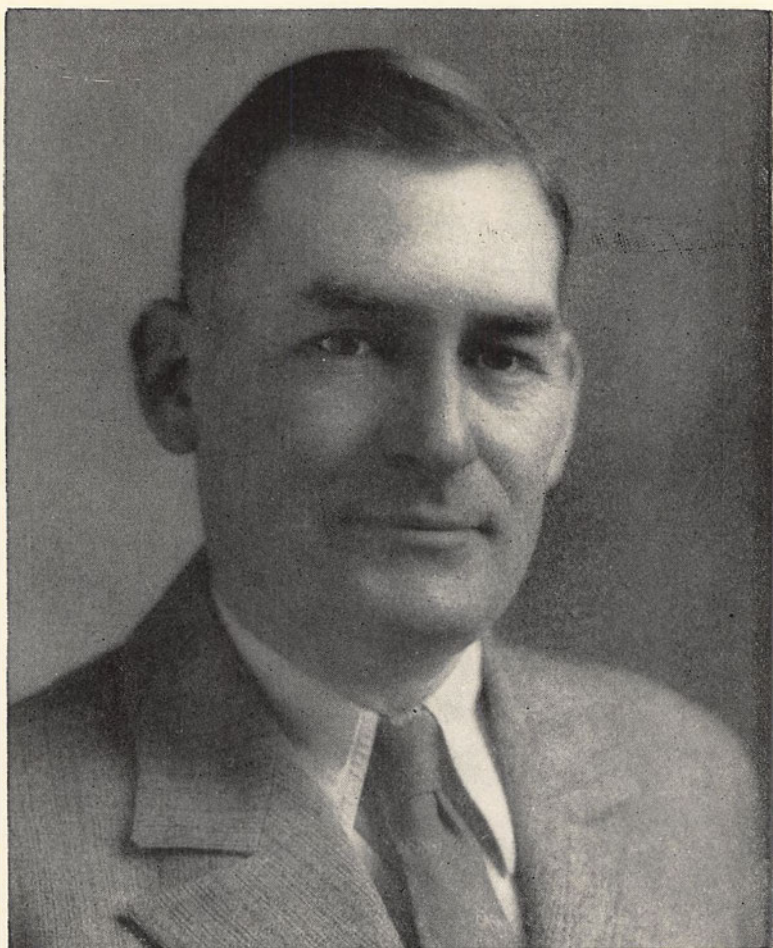


DR. ROBINSON'S FATHER, THE REV.
JOHN HENRY ROBINSON

Is a Congregational minister in the north of England. He is 80 years of age and still preaching. Picture of mother is not available.



The Robinson family at home at 122 South Howard Street, Moscow, Idaho. Florence, the girl, is now ten years old. Alfred, aged 17, is a student at the Oberlin Conservatory of Music, Oberlin, Ohio. His major is pipe-organ.



WILLIAM T. (BILL) MARINEAU

Managing Editor of the *Daily Idahonian* and close personal friend of Dr. Robinson. Mr. Marineau is a member of the American Legion, the V.F.W. and has served several terms in the Idaho Legislature. At this writing he is an officer of the Moscow Chamber of Commerce and the Kiwanis Club. He is a constant companion of Dr. Robinson on many of his trips throughout the west. A married man, "Bill" has two children, Arlen and Bill Jr. Mrs. Marineau is very active in community affairs.

to me in Doctor Dolan's house, "The Dolan's are away—let's lie on the floor?"

You see, all these things were very vivid in my memory. My life, to date, had been very hard. It had been pitiless. It had been merciless. Then I thought of my younger brother, Sydney—I remembered his terrible illness. I remembered the wire to the Baptist preacher man-of-God, my father—"Syd dangerously ill—not expected to live—double pneumonia," and I remember the heartless reply. No wonder I hesitated about going into the Baptist ministry. The week rolled round, and the time for my second appointment with Doctor Harris arrived. When I left Templeton's that night, my mind was made up to thank Doctor Harris very kindly for his offer of assistance and his interest in my future—but to refuse these offers.

That night Harris sent a rig down for me. On arriving at the house, I told him that I did not believe I chose to take up the ministry at that time. He argued with me and tried to convince me that the good I was doing by preaching now could be many times multiplied—"if you have the authority of the Baptist denomination behind you." That was it. If I had the authority of *any* denomination behind me today, I should be as useless as a flying-fish in the Sahara desert. As it is, I have made my own denomination and I control that. This work I am doing now could not be done under anyone or any denomination. It is bigger than all of them. I take orders from no bishop or moderator or pope. The only instructions I need I get direct from God, whose I am and whom I serve. It would be really funny some night to see me in some big Baptist church, giving the same sermons I give in the largest auditoriums in the country. I don't believe I'd be a Baptist very long.

This particular conference progressed far into the night. At about ten o'clock Doctor Harris rang for some beef sandwiches and some black tea. He invited me to stay all night, but as I had to be at Templeton's early the next morning, I

refused the offer. Perhaps some hop-head might be waiting there for some "morph" or some "coc," and if Mr. Templeton discovered that I had allowed any of his cherished "hop-heads" to wait when the store should have been "open for business," I might have lost my job; for Elder Templeton was a very hard business man. I shall never forget his ringing up his broker, one Beatty, every morning after he came to work. "Buy one thousand Nip. Sell five hundred Cobalt," etc. "Nip" was the Nipissing mine which made lots of money for its shareholders.

When pressed for a definite reason why I should not take up the ministry, I came right out and told Doctor Harris that I did not believe either the Baptist denomination or any other denomination knew very much about God. The subject of Jesus Christ was brought up, and it did not take me very long to inform Doctor Harris that I never had considered Jesus Christ to be God, for the simple reason that God existed before there was any world, while Jesus Christ, if he ever existed at all, died two thousand years ago and had never been heard of since. I think this shocked Doctor Harris. It would shock any good Baptist. But it was the way I felt. Instead of this statement driving Doctor Harris away from me, it seemed to make him all the more insistent that I do as he wished me to and enter the Bible Training School. Said he, "I am more than ever convinced now that God Almighty has a work for you to do."

When pressed for an answer to the question of Jesus and his divinity, Doctor Harris replied that most certainly Jesus was God in human form. I disagreed. I still disagree as you will find out later. Later, however, I agreed to enter the Bible Training School if Doctor Harris would permit me to leave any time I cared to. This was agreed upon, so one day I entered the Bible Training School in Toronto, Canada, with all expenses paid by Doctor Elmore Harris. I recall one statement the good doctor made to me in his efforts to have me go through the school. "Now here is the Mississippi

River—you want to get to the other side. Here is a boat going to cross that river. Don't you see, you must get on the boat if you ever get across. Do you see that?" he asked me. I saw that. I was not so sure of the boat as I might have been.

When I informed Mr. Templeton that I was about to become a preacher and enter the Bible Training School, Elder Templeton said to me, "Frank, you never appeared to me to be too much of a damned fool, but you're certainly making one out of yourself now." For a gentleman who told me that he was "saved and sanctified" that was a strange statement.

One would think that a "man of God" such as J. G. Templeton would be only too happy to see a man enter the ministry, but that was not the effect my announcement had on him, so a man by the name of Maxon took my place there the next week.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: Remember, Mr. Templeton is a good friend of mine. He is still alive. What I am saying here is true. No doubt he will get fighting mad at what I have written, but if this autobiography is to be of real value, it must, first and last, be true. Before this book is ended, you will see just what picture I am attempting to draw, and just what bearing that picture has on the whole "*Psychiana*" Movement. Whenever a personal reference to a living person is made in this book, it will be made in the interests of truth and the general public.

CHAPTER SIX

The Bible Training School

IN DUE TIME AND WITH MIXED FEELINGS, I ENTERED THE Bible Training School. A check for \$75.00 a month was received from Doctor Harris, and in addition to this, my fees were taken care of. This school, as I remember, was located on Gerrard Street—perhaps it was College Street. The location makes no difference. It is an interdenominational school, operated under the Baptist denomination. I remember well the consternation which reigned supreme when a Christian Science church was built right next door. They were damned time and time again, but there was nothing the Bible School could do about it.

The classes there consisted of several hundred students from all Protestant denominations. The Salvation Army was represented there and the Mennonites with their funny little black bonnets. The "Holy Rollers" were there with two of these in the school when I attended it. The resident instructor was a Presbyterian named McNicol. Doctor McNicol was a wonderful chap—quiet, reserved, plain, and he took his religion very seriously. I don't care what a person believes about religion if that person actually believes it. What makes me boil is to hear some radio or regular preacher whose only motive is the dollar, get up over the air and rant about something he himself does not believe.

I know a radio preacher who goes on many stations. To hear that man preach, you would think butter would not melt in his mouth. Let me tell you a little true story. A few years ago, I was giving a series of Sunday addresses in person over KNX in Hollywood. This chap, hearing that I was in the studio, asked the technician if he would be so kind as to

introduce me to him. His program followed mine. The technician agreed and, calling me into the front studio, said, "Doctor Robinson, I'd like to present the Reverend — who has asked to meet you." I shook hands with the man and, not liking his looks, decided to play with him a bit to find out whether the fellow really was in earnest or not. "You certainly have done a mighty fine job with "*Psychedelica*," the Reverend said. "Yes," I replied. "How's your racket—getting lots of money out of it?" "Not too bad—not too bad at all. I'm making about \$1500 a month." Then he asked me what I was making, and I turned from the man in disgust. I cannot tolerate a hypocrite, especially in the realm of religion. This Realm of God is a very real Realm. No one who does not know whereof he speaks should fool with it. There is too much at stake for that. Yet there are tens of thousands of preachers and priests in this fair America today who, every Sunday, will get up in their pulpits and teach something which they cannot prove and which they do not believe themselves. I have no use for that sort of thing. That is what my father was doing. It nearly ruined me.

* * *

The other instructors in the Bible School were Doctor Stewart, a wonderful old man—hair snowy white, eye keen, jovial disposition. Then there was Doctor Imrie, a tall, thin, lanky kind of individual of the intellectual type. Doctor Harris himself also taught a subject. What it was I forget. Every month, prominent speakers were brought in to speak to the students, and the atmosphere of that school was good. I liked it. I remember we had a blind boy there by the name of Clark. He used to punch out his exercises on a Braille book. I felt sorry for poor Clark, and whatever became of him, I do not know.

On one of the special attraction occasions, an old colored lady, Mrs. Amanda Smith, came to talk to us. I think that old colored lady had more real religion than any speaker I have ever heard. She told a story that made me split my sides

with laughter, although one could not laugh in the Bible Training School. Whether the old colored lady believed the story or not, I do not know; but here is what she told to us as the truth. Maybe she was joking—who knows? She said that one winter several years ago, things were in a very bad way financially with her. The going was awfully tough. She lived in a little cabin somewhere in the South, and on this particular evening she was very hungry. Mrs. Smith did not explain how she came to be so hungry, nor did she explain why she did not make her condition known to the neighbors. Surely they would not have let her starve to death. Well—here she was—this old colored lady—all alone in her cabin and very hungry. I'll let the story be told in her own words from this point: "So, knowing that de Lawd would provide fo' a poor ol' colored woman, ah drops to mah knees, shet mah eyes, and said to de Lawd, 'Oh, Lawd—you all knows all about dis ol' colored woman in dis yere cabin. Ah's a child ob yose, an ah's powerful hungry. Maybe ah can wait till mawnin' for somethin' to eat, Lawd, but ah knows ah'll have to have lots to eat in de mawnin'."

Then, after praying that prayer to "de Lawd," she said she got up, bolted the door of her one-room cabin and went to sleep. Remember—she bolted "de do'." Imagine her amazement when she awakened in the "mawnin'" to find, right in the middle of "de flo'" a half a dozen eggs and no hen. I shall never forget trying to keep from laughing right out loud when Mrs. Amanda Smith told us that story. On the same program was the Bishop of Kingston, and it almost seemed like going from the ridiculous to the sublime. This Kingston bishop walked out on the platform with his gaitered legs and, in the most serious of manners, said, "Brethren, let us pray, but not for eggs." Just what the bishop was trying to get at, I never could quite figure out. Perhaps you can.

I seemed to be quite well liked among the students, and it wasn't very long before I had a host of friends there. I

became known in that school as "another Spurgeon." On one occasion, while speaking with a group of "missioners" from the Bible School, I was introduced as "the man who walks and talks with God." Where they got that impression, I do not know, for I was very careful never to give out any such impression. I tried to be quite normal and, while friendly with all, and quite in earnest, I kept everyone there at arm's length. I have a habit of doing that. Not consciously, perhaps but I do it, nevertheless. I shall not burden you with the routine of the school because you are not interested in that. I'd like to tell you of one incident that happened which might give you who may never see me, an insight into my character and general make-up.

A call had come into the Bible School from the Christian Missionary Alliance church in Owens Sound for "someone who could drive the devil out of Owens Sound," and the job fell to me. On the Saturday before the "devil-driving" was to begin, I left by train for Owens Sound, some few hundred miles from Toronto. What I was running into, I did not know. My instructions were to stay there until the "Spirit of God had complete control of the city." That was some order, and it could have been done had there been anyone in that church who knew the first thing about the Spirit of God. Unfortunately there wasn't such a man or woman in the entire church. I had been informed that someone would meet me at the depot. On the train, I mulled over a statement Doctor McNicol had made to me just before I left. "Frank—you're going to a hard church. If you can crack this one, you're a good man."

It must be remembered at this point that I had been in the Bible School only a few months and others had been there for years. I had not learned much about theology yet, and why I was handed this Owens Sound job, if it was such a "tough nut," was a bit beyond me. Of course, my reputation was "a mighty powerful man," although I personally felt about the weakest person in the whole Bible School. If others

thought me powerful, I was not responsible for that. I was, in any event, very much in earnest about everything I did.

I arrived at the Sound late on Saturday afternoon. Taking an old battered suitcase with me, I walked up the station platform looking for the one who was to escort me to my room. Finally I spotted an old fellow who, on approaching me, said, "Be you the preacher?" I replied that I was. "Is your name Frank Robinson?" he asked. I assured him that it was. "Well, give me your grip, Mr. Robinson, and you jump up thar in the seat of the buckboard. I'll tuck your baggage in the back." This old chap made little impression on me, and I wondered more and more just what was ahead of me. Somehow or other, I seemed to sense danger.

"I hear you're a stem-winder of a preacher," he began, and when I assured him that I was nothing of the sort, he said, "That ain't what we heared up here." On the way from the depot to the house where I was to stay, we passed a blacksmith's shop. Pointing his finger to the blacksmith who was standing in the door of the shop, my escort, a grizzly old farmer, said, "See that feller standing there—that blacksmith?" "Yes, I see him," I replied. "What's wrong with him?" "Wall, sir, that guy ain't got no more religion than a polecat. He sits in the second seat down the front on the left-hand side of the church. You better get after him and git him saved. He shore needs it. He's a deacon in our church, but that scoundrel ain't got no more religion than a polecat—no siree."

Now I knew there was danger ahead. I knew someone was going to have some fun. A little further down the country road, my driver again called my attention to a little farm house—this time on the other side of the road. "Wait till I tell you about that old scoundrel who lives in thar," he began, and then followed a long discourse on how little religion that "thar feller" had. He too was a deacon. I had my own personal opinion about the religion of the driver, but not wishing to hurt his feelings, I let him drivell on, as

long as I could stand it. When he began to point out another "old scoundrel" who belonged to his church, I took the conversation away from him by asking him where the regular minister of the church was. He informed me that he was "holding evangelistic services" in the next town. When I asked him why the pastor did not hold evangelistic services in his own church, he replied, "Well, you see, Mr. Robinson, the roof on the parsonage wants a bit of fixin' and we ain't had money enough to fix it—it ain't hardly fit to live in, so the preacher thought he mought make a little extra money holdin' evangelistic services over there. Then he mought bring back enough money to fix the parsonage hisself."

"How much do you pay him?" I asked. "Waal, he ain't worth much. We been a-hopin' he'd git another church some place," the old fellow replied. I pressed him for the amount the minister had been promised and was informed that there was no stated salary—just whatever the "brethren" felt like giving to him. When I asked how many children their pastor had, I was told five. I did some more "fishing" with that old chap, and before we reached the home in which I was to stay, I had a pretty good idea of the type of congregation I had to deal with. This was my first try at "driving the devil out" of anywhere. Being a natural born fighter, I felt in my bones that the fur would fly before I left Owens Sound. It did.

Two services were to be held the next day, one at eleven o'clock in the morning and the other at seven-thirty in the evening. The Christian Missionary Alliance denomination was, if I remember correctly, headed by one Reverend A. B. Simpson who broke away from the Baptist denomination and, like Paul, started a church of his own. The church itself held about two hundred people, and when I arrived there for the morning service, the people were standing outside—not a seat was vacant. This had not happened there for years, if ever. Well, I didn't do much preaching that Sunday morn-

ing, just fooled away the time. I was waiting for the evening meeting. I always do my best work in the evening.

I played around with that congregation, and more time was spent in sizing it up than in doing anything else. Perhaps my unusually quiet demeanor that morning gave the impression that I was loaded with dynamite, for at six-thirty in the evening, one hour before the service was scheduled to begin, the place was packed. In the little corner home where I stayed, I came in for some more advice. These good folks were very useful to me in giving me the low-down on the congregation. They tried hard to pump me about the evening sermon, but I wasn't talking. I was listening and making them talk.

Arriving at the church, I asked for the caretaker. When he came, I said to him, "Have you got the key to this building?" He replied that he had. "Then give it to me," I said. He rather hesitated and, wanting that key in the worst way, I took it out of his hand and put it in my pocket. Then locking the door from the inside, I went into the pulpit. There was a very tense atmosphere in that church that night. You could have heard a pin drop, although I had not given anyone the faintest inkling of what I might do or say. I did not know myself. (I have never yet walked out before an audience knowing what I was going to say or do. I invariably allow the Spirit of God to lead me in every detail.)

Standing there quietly for a few moments, during which the tenseness increased so that you could cut it with a knife, I pulled the key from my pocket and, holding it in plain sight, I said, "You folks are locked in—and here you're going to stay until I get through with you. Don't anyone attempt to leave." That was dynamite. Usually the service would have commenced with a hymn. This service had no hymns nor prayers in it. I won't burden you with that sermon. It was not a sermon. It was the most withering "bawling out" any congregation ever had. I recalled to them their telegram about "driving the devil out of Owens Sound"

and proceeded to inform them that instead of driving His Satanic Majesty out of Owens Sound, I had pulled a fast one on him—I had locked him in a church and had the key in my pocket. Then I let go. At ten thirty that same evening, the key was still in my pocket and I was still working over that crowd of false religionists, for that is what they were. There wasn't a single one of them that knew the first thing about God, and they knew it before I was through. Then, at exactly ten thirty, I took the key from my pocket and announced that I was taking the night train back to Toronto. I told them that when they really wanted to know something of the Power of God, to get their own preacher's back salary paid and have his home renovated. Then, from the back of the church, I threw the key up on the platform and (this was my strategy) I walked back to the platform again. Before eleven o'clock, I had raised seven hundred dollars in cash and checks. After taking out one hundred dollars for my own expenses, I told them I would mail the balance to their regular preacher. This was done except, instead of mailing it and instead of leaving for Toronto that night, I drove to the next city where their regular minister was "holding evangelistic services." The next morning, I went into a huddle with him. The next week, he was back in his old charge. Where he is now, I do not know—probably dead, for he was fifty-four years old then. Thus closed my first attempt to "drive the devil" out of anywhere.

* * *

THERE IS ONE THING THAT BIBLE SCHOOL DID FOR ME, AND I am very grateful to it for that. Somehow or other, I felt that I had been on the wrong track in my search for the actual truths of God. I had heard the theory that the Great Creator of this universe came down from "heaven" in the form of man, only to be met with crucifixion on a cross. Somehow or other, that story did not appeal to me. It just didn't make sense. It was not logical, and it never entered into my search for the true Spirit which is God. I had heard

the story preached from childhood. I had lived with those who said they were "saved." I knew to my sorrow just how that "salvation" worked. I made up my mind that if those with whom I had come in contact were "saved," I would rather take my chances on being damned. However, I never took the story seriously. In attempting to find the truths of God in that story, I had been on the wrong track. The Toronto Bible Training School teachers put my feet on the right track, not by what they taught, but by what they did not teach.

Let me summarize some staggering facts which will put your feet on the right track as they did mine. I am well aware of the fact that if what I am saying here is true, the major part of the Christian religion is gone over the dam. The best part of it has not gone, however—only that part of it which is not true. When that untrue part has gone, what is left will be of God—if there is anything left, and I think there is. Up to this time, my father had religiously preached that "there is none other name given under heaven whereby men might be saved." I had heard that story so many times that I knew it by heart; yet the more I heard that story, the farther I got away from God. That, at least, is how it appeared to me.

I had always been taught that the bible of this religion of the Baptist denomination was, to quote, "the divinely inspired Word of God, absolutely true from cover to cover." Every word in the book was given by direct inspiration of God, and in this bible alone, I was told, was the answer to how to find God. Naturally, until now, I had believed that statement. I had not been able to find God, however, through it, nor had I as yet met anyone who gave the slightest evidence that he had either. The more I heard that God Almighty, the Infinite Creative Invisible Spirit which must have created this wonderful scheme of things, was brutally murdered by a handful of Roman soldiers, helpless on a cross, the less faith I had in the story. Before I left this Bible

School, I had no faith in that story at all, for that school gave me inside facts which I longed to know, for these many years. Yet it was not so much what the school *did* tell me as what it did *not* tell me. I shall not burden you by relating the curriculum; I shall merely give you what I discovered there. Thirty-five years of intense study of all systems of religion since that time have proved to me that there is a vast difference between the things of the Great Spirit, God, and the teachings of any theological seminary.

One day, shortly before I left the school, I called for an appointment with Doctor Harris. He took me to New York City with him, and we stayed at the old Waldorf-Astoria. An interesting side-light on the great character of that man was evidenced one day when we were eating dinner. The waiter handed us the menu and, looking at it, Harris said to me, "Frank, choose anything you wish. I'm going to take a nice dish of fish. You know, Frank—I'm a millionaire, but I don't believe the Lord will blame me too much if you and I have a dinner which costs \$1.50, do you?" I assured him that if I were a millionaire, I should probably be eating dinners that cost \$5.00.

After dinner, we went up to our room, and I pinned the good doctor down where I wanted him. He admitted to me before we were through that the entire story of God crucified on a cross was absolutely without proof and, so far as legal evidence is concerned, might not be true at all. He admitted to me that the Bible Training School and MacMaster University existed, *only to teach the truths of God as the Baptist denomination believed those truths to exist*. At the same time, he admitted that the entire Christian structure, insofar as Jesus Christ is concerned, is only a matter of conjecture, not fact. That was what I wanted to hear him say, for it was the conclusion I had come to long ago. This Bible Training School provided me with the proof. Here is a summary of what I have discovered through that bible school, and since, regarding the religion of the Baptist denomination.

If the whole Christian structure believes these things, let it note what I write. If it reads the handwriting on the wall aright, it will see the Light and, throwing away its unprovable and untenable theories of God, it will, I sincerely trust, join with me in bringing to this world, not Christian *beliefs* about God, *but the actual Power of the Spirit of God.*

* * *

The following were proved by me to be facts. Anyone can prove them to be facts with little research:

First—No book in the Christian bible can prove its authenticity.

They are all anonymous. The Mosiac Law is a copy of the far older Hamurabi code, which, in turn, goes back twenty thousand years to the Osirian religion. Whole passages, chapters, appear word for word as they did in the Osirian religion—this long before Christ was ever heard of. *Not one book in the entire Christian bible can produce evidence of its truth—not a single original manuscript exists, or has ever been known to exist.*

*Second—*The only reference anywhere to God Almighty, the Supreme Ruler of the universe, being crucified on a cross is in the four gospels of the Christian religion. History never heard of this stupendous happening. These four gospels are positively anonymous writings. Who wrote them is not known. The titles they bear were added by the Roman Catholic priests in whose hands these anonymous documents first appeared. Where they came from and who wrote them is not known. Not until the year 1545 A.D. were they placed in the canon of New Testament scripture, and then, it was not by "divine inspiration of God," but by vote of 180 Catholic priests who voted, after a fist fight at the Council of Trent, to admit these four gospels as the "Word of God." In these four gospels, all completely anonymous, is to be found the only reference to God Almighty being killed on a cross, and the originals of these four gospels "are all lost." In other words, we have only the vote of 180 Catholic priests to thank for the entire story of God being crucified on a cross as Jesus Christ.

*Third—*One of the reasons we have only four gospels is because animals have four legs. Irenaeus, Bishop of Lyons in 1545, A.D., presided at the Council of Trent. The argument he used for having four gospels is this—"The earth has four corners (which it has not), there are four great winds (which there are not), *animals have four legs, so we must have four gospels—no more and no less.*"

*Fourth—*Outside of these four gospels, there is no known reference

to Jesus Christ anywhere. Historians, living almost on the exact spot where these amazing things were supposed to have happened, and writing in detail the religious history of that day and age, *never heard of Jesus Christ or of any of the miraculous things we are asked to believe about his birth, death, and crucifixion.*

Fifth—The story of Jesus Christ crucified as Almighty God is about the thirty-second time a similar story had been told. It is the most recent of all such stories. It is very interesting to note in passing that this world has rejected every story of God Almighty being crucified as a man ever been offered it. The story of Jesus Christ as God Almighty crucified has also been rejected. The "powers that be" in the Christian religion admit that themselves.

Sixth—Every fundamental doctrine, creed, and dogma of the Christian church existed hundreds and thousands of years before this church was ever heard of, in religions which the Christian church now calls "pagan" and "heathen." The immaculate conception of a god by a god, the virgin birth, the crucifixion, the resurrection, the communion of saints, the forgiveness of sins, the atonement, the eucharist, baptism, the trinity—every single one of these doctrines existed, and therefore, must have come from older systems of religion. As an example of this, let me give you one outstanding system of religion larger than the Christian religion and existing fifteen hundred years before, if not longer than that. I refer to the old religion of India.

The Christian bible recounts the story of the creation, and the creation of the first man and woman whose names were Adam and Eve. But fifteen hundred years before, the bibles of the Hindoo gave a similar story, only the first man and woman there were called Adimo and Heva. There was a similar flood story, and a similar "talking snake" story. The only man found "righteous in the sight of the Lord" in the Christian story was Noah. In the Hindoo story, fifteen hundred years before, his name was Noe. The Christian Noah had three sons, Shem, Ham, and Japheth. The Hindoo Noe also had three sons, fifteen hundred years before, and these sons were named Sherma, Hama, and Jiapheta.

We all know how one day nineteen hundred years ago, a star appeared over the Bethlehem plains. We have been told how the wise men from "the East" (which means something) came bringing their gifts to an infant who was born in a manger. This infant was Almighty God. The angels sang "Glory to God in the highest, on earth Peace—Good-will to men." (If that was the object of this birth, it failed). All know how the life of the young child was sought by the ruling King Herod. What we

do not know, and what the Bible Training School did *not* tell me was that fifteen hundred years before, to the very same day, December 25th, another star appeared over other plains, heralding the birth of Almighty God in the manger. Wise men from "the East" came bringing their gifts. Angels sang songs in the night. Their song was "Glory to God in the highest, on earth Peace, Good-will to men." The life of this other God-child was sought early by the ruling King Cansa. The name of the "god" who was born in a manger nineteen hundred years ago was Jesus Christ. The name of the God born in another manger four thousand years ago was Jeseus Chrishna.

If the reader cares to have full and authentic information about these other "crucified gods," secure *Gleams Over the Horizon* by this author. In that book is material which I should very much like to introduce here. If I did, this volume would be too bulky and besides, that subject calls for a volume in itself. So, with these six points made clear, I shall trot along with this autobiography. It is *not* an attempt to destroy the Christian religion. At the same time, if the Christian religion is based on false information, if it is based on theory and not fact, if its complete structure was copied from another—a heathen system of religion—it will destroy itself.

We are living in perilous days. No false system of theology can meet the conditions of our time. Too many dangerous elements are running wild. What will have happened before this book sees the light of day, I cannot predict. Perhaps the "might makes right" forces will have scored a temporary victory. The point is: No false story of God, no unsafe and untrue system of religion, is capable of coping with the opposite forces which are abroad on the earth today. Let the Christian not be alarmed at what I write—he should be used to that by now. Rather let him take hope, for if his religion does *not* contain the truths of God, those truths are to be found elsewhere. If the Christian thinks more of God than he does of his religion, he will find God, letting his religion, if proven false, fall by the wayside.

If my personal opinion means anything to you, let me say

to you that in other writings, I have proved, beyond peradventure of contradiction, that what, under the guise of Christianity, masquerades as being of God is nothing more nor less than the same old religious tradition the "heathen" have, told again. That statement is either true or false. Material proving that statement has been published from this office. It has gone all over the civilized world. *It has never been challenged by priest, preacher, or theologian.* Yet I am an uneducated man. If my statements are untrue, why do not these brilliant theologians, Protestant or Catholic, show the world where I am wrong? If I am wrong, it will be very easy to prove me wrong. That, I repeat, has never yet been done. Nor can it be done, for before I write, I *know*. I would much rather have had some church challenge me to an open debate on this subject. That, however, was not done. Instead, criminal trials, deportation proceedings, were the order of the day. I am not saying that any church had anything to do with those trials—in fact, I am not saying anything either way. I could talk, if I cared to, and what I could say would make very interesting reading; but it's all over now. The dog is dead. Why try to revive him again; he was a bad dog; let him rest.

I do not believe there has ever been a spiritual pioneer who has not suffered persecution during his life. I do not believe there has ever been a time when a true spiritual prophet and pioneer was needed as much as one is needed now. Such a man *will* have to rise. Such a one will *have to bring to this earth the actual truths of God*. Nothing less can stop these war-mad dictators. These days are serious. Let none think that because we in America are safe today we shall always be safe. We may be in that war, or in another one, before this book goes to the publisher. Let us suppose that Hitler and his forces win. In war, none can predict, but suppose they do. What then? He would have the world in the hollow of his hand. The name of God would be completely eliminated, and the name of Hitler would take its

place. That day will never come, but there will be hell on earth before peace is restored. Let me ask you a question, my friend, whoever you may be. What religious organization is there on the face of the earth today which knows enough of the Power of the Spirit of God to give Spiritual battle to Hitler?

You know the answer as well as I do. Such an organization does not exist. The reason such an organization does not exist is because no organization on the face of the earth is teaching the truths of God. All are teaching the traditions of their own church—nothing more. These traditions may be precious, but if they are not true, regardless of how precious they may be, they are valueless. They can have no spiritual truth or Power in them, and nothing short of Spiritual Truths and the Power of the Spirit of God will bring peace to this earth now. What we are witnessing is the Great Armageddon so many have looked for. Well, it's here, and something will have to be done about it. It is quite useless to look "above the skies" for the "god" of any religion to come back and take a hand in world affairs. That cannot happen because the stories of those "gods" are not true. Let me tell you what will happen. Then perhaps you will understand the full significance of this Movement here in Moscow, Idaho.

The Christian Church today knows it is licked. It knows as well as anyone knows that it is not competent to do one thing to stop such men as Hitler, Stalin, and Mussolini. Even the Italian system of religion which is spreading so much propaganda in this country, the Roman Catholic Church, knows that it is as impotent as a dead man to do one thing to either stop this war or to demonstrate the Power of God on this earth, and *nothing short of the actual demonstration of the Power of God will bring peace*. The Christian church, driven to desperation as it is, will do one of two things—it will either die in its tracks, in which case another religion ("Psychiana") will step into the picture; or it will discard

absolutely the foolish and false theory that God Almighty, the Infinite Spirit whom no man has ever seen nor ever can see, *was crucified on a cross* under the alias of Jesus Christ. That insane theory of God will have to go. The only thing that story is good for is to cater to the ignorant and superstitious and build up a church organization. It can mean nothing to anyone who *knows that God must exist, in all Power, here and now.*

It is not my intention to deal with the possibilities of the church throwing away its pagan philosophy of a "crucified god." Whether it does or not is its own business. If it does not, it will die, if something already dead can die again. There is one faint spark of hope left. *The Christian church is not quite dead. The foolish story of God Almighty being crucified on a cross is killing it—but it is not quite dead yet. If this church will arise to a new life—if it will throw away traditions which can very easily be proven to be the same old traditions the Pagans had—it can live. If it does not do that, the "Psychiana" Movement will grow and grow until the world of peace-loving people, seeing the fallacy of what the church teaches—will turn to the movement through which the Spirit of God is being manifested on this earth.*

God is *right*. God is everything that is Good. God is everything that is just. God is the Infinite Spirit of Life. God is that Intelligence—the soul of the universe, through which Life, Love, Peace, all of these eternal—came to this earth. *That Spirit cannot die, nor can Hitler or Stalin or Mussolini kill it.* The crying shame of the world today is that those religious organizations who say they know and teach God are, instead of teaching God, *bringing to the earth, in a vain attempt to save it, theories of God which are as false as hell itself is false.* Think of it. Less than four hundred years ago the entire story of Jesus Christ was put into the Christian bible because "animals have four legs." And the Christian church expects to bring this world to God by such a cock-and-bull story. What think you of that story?

I believe the Protestant church is absolutely honest in what it thinks it believes. I think it believes the delusion under which it labors. It believes a lie. I cannot say as much for the Roman Catholic church. I love everyone, Catholic or Protestant. But I hate the organization which, while telling the world that it represents God, and is "the only one authorized to act and teach for God," and still is about as much use against world conditions today as a bump on a log. The Roman Catholic church tells us that Jesus Christ founded that church. I believe that. Certainly God never founded it, and there is a great possibility that Jesus Christ never even lived. If he did live, it was as a *man*, and *not a god*. Therefore, this makes the Roman Catholic church a man-made and church-made organization. It never was anything else. The Protestant church, being a "branch" of the Catholic church, is of the same material. This material cannot save the world. It is of *Man—not of God*. And it will take the Power of God to save this world—believe it or not.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Go Out West

I LEFT THE BIBLE TRAINING SCHOOL BEFORE THE TERM WAS over. I left it in disgust, for what I had begun to suspect was true. When I entered that school, I expected it to be able to give me absolute proof of the story with which it was coming to the world. There was no hesitance about telling the world that it was hopelessly lost unless it believed that story. Never did the Baptists leave the slightest loophole for escape—you either believe this or you'll be damned—God said so. I did not believe that, and very frankly said so.

I must tell you how I came to leave so unexpectedly. One morning a call came into the classroom for me. I was wanted in the front office. Entering, I saw Doctors Harris, McNicol, Imrie, and Stewart who, evidently, had been in conference. Entering the room, I was invited to have a seat, and after that Doctor Harris opened the conversation. "Frank, we want you to keep very humble before God; we want you to realize your Spiritual Power; we believe God has a great work for you to do; and we don't want you to spoil it. You haven't been up-to-snuff lately, and we want to pray with you." You could have knocked me down. I often think of that conference. It was a fact that there was a big work for me to do in the name and interest of God, and that work is just now, thirty-five years later, coming into fruition. However, it is not the work those good men thought I should do.

Their ideas were to have a big evangelist who could, by the power of his personality, bring men and women to the "altar" by the tens of thousands. That was not my idea, nor was it God's idea, for instead of bringing men and women to the "altar" by the tens of thousands, I am doing something

very much better. *I am bringing to them the truths of God,* and no "altar" is necessary for that.

Instead of telling men and women that "there is none other name given under heaven whereby we may be saved," I am telling them that the Great Spirit, God, is instantly available to them, in all its Power, and that, without believing one single thing any church asks them to believe. The world is believing me. The world, so hungry for God, so disappointed at not being able to find God in the church, is turning to us here in Moscow, and *finding God through the humble, though simple, message your humble and simple writer is giving.*

I will tell you the amazing story of the birth and growth of this Movement later on. Let me say here that thirteen years ago this Movement was unknown. Today, numerically, it is the eighth largest religion in America, and this has been done by mail alone. We have no churches, no ministers, no priests. We operate exclusively by mail, and we advertise the religion. Don't you think the hand of God is behind us? However, I must not anticipate, but get on with the life story. (A real writer could have made a good book out of this).

Looking that group of good men straight in the eyes, I astounded them by saying, "Gentlemen: I appreciate your interest and your kindness. I am, however, afraid that I shall have to disappoint you; I shall never preach another sermon until I am convinced of the truth of the story." That threw consternation into the camp with a vengeance. They were staggered. "Do you mean to tell us that you do not believe the story of Jesus Christ?" Doctor Harris asked me. I replied that I had not been shown either proof or evidence that the story of Jesus Christ was true.

Then, I informed these good men that I came to that school to learn the *truth*, and instead of having the proof of the story given to me, I had been utterly convinced that the whole story was only "a belief" of the Baptist denomination, and of the whole Christian church. This they admitted, and

the only encouraging word I got was to be told that I must "take the whole story on faith." Doctor McNicol said: "Frank, we very freely admit that we cannot produce evidence of the truth of this story (now listen, reader) *but religion does not consist of proof—only belief.*" I shot back at Doctor McNicol this statement: "Then, Doctor McNicol, without the proof, is there not a possibility that your story may not be true at all?" This floored him, for he did not want to admit that. At this point, old Doctor Stewart entered the argument. "Of course, in the absence of proof of the truth of the story, we depend upon the leadings of the Spirit of God, and that Spirit tells us that the story is true." "Well, that Spirit tells me something entirely different," I replied.

It was suggested then that an immediate "prayer-meeting" be held, but I stopped that. I did not want to pray, nor did I want them praying for me. *I wanted to know the actual truths of God. I did not care one whoop what the Baptist church believed, or what any other church believed. If what they believed was true, they should be able to produce the evidence, especially when the souls of millions were at stake. This evidence, the Bible School could not produce. I, on the other hand, could and did produce evidence that the story is not true, and never was true.* While studying the regular curriculum, I had also been studying other religions. In those studies, I found several amazing things which I have already gone into, and into which I shall go into again later on.

I saw then, in that conference, and very clearly too, that the whole story of Jesus Christ as God *is only the belief, without proof, of the Christian church.* When I use the term "Christian church," I include both Catholic and Protestant and the four hundred sects which comprise the Christian church. On the other side of the ledger, there were ten other major systems of religion on the earth, some of them larger than the Christian religion, although size is irrelevant. What about all of them? Were they wrong? Were they going to hell because they did not believe what the Christian said he

believed. I did not hear the name of Jesus Christ mentioned in these other systems of religion, but if Jesus Christ was God Almighty, why didn't I?

I gave much thought to these other religions. They consisted of human beings, different color, perhaps, different countries, perhaps, but *all* creations of the *one great God*. I did not believe that only those who believed the Christian theology were to be saved. I might have believed it, and would have been glad to believe it, had the slightest iota of proof been submitted to me. Such proof was not available. When I really understood that the only reference in the world to Jesus Christ was in the four gospels; when I realized that no one knows who wrote them; when I recalled that one of the reasons they are in the Christian bible at all was because "animals have four legs," well, somehow or other, I demanded more evidence than that. Other religions had their bibles too. They had a different "crucified god." Some of these "crucified gods" were so similar to the Christian's "crucified god" that logic and reason must admit that the story of the later "god" was either stolen or copied from the older "god." I did not want the Christian "god." *I wanted the God of the entire universe, and, by throwing away the teachings of the Bible Institute, I found the right track, and, at the proper time, found God.*

A lot of water went over the dam after I walked out of that conference, for that is what I did. Those folks have never seen me from that day to this. The next day I left for the West, joined up with the Royal Northwest Mounted Police.

* * *

I have never been able to understand the years which immediately followed my leaving the Bible School. Naturally, when I discovered the truth about the Christian religion, away went all my hopes and the bottom fell out of everything. I was disconsolate, sad, and discouraged. I had proved beyond any shadow of doubt that the whole Christian structure was made out of thin air. There was no chance that I

was wrong. Of course, I could have gone "down the stream" with the rest, and there is no question but that the future would have been bright, insofar as my own future was concerned. Undoubtedly I had power on the platform and in the pulpit. Without any question there was a dynamic in my personality which would have carried me to great heights, but I could not bring myself to preach something I knew was not true. "Faith" and "belief" were not enough. Anyway, it was impossible for me to believe when I had so much evidence against the truth of the story.

Take the Hindoo "savior," Jeseus Chrishna, for instance. It is more than coincidence that fifteen hundred years before Christ was ever heard of, the whole and complete story of God, as Chrishna, was known. The virgin-born mother of Chrishna was Maia, and the virgin-born mother of Christ was Mary, which means the same. Then the rest of the stories told in the religion of the Hindoo—it just was impossible for the later edition, Christian, of that story to be true, the earlier edition being false. Yet that was what I was asked to believe. In the infinite wisdom of God, I could not imagine anyone, of any religion, or without any religion, being cast into hell-fire. Yet that was, and still is, a fundamental teaching of the Christian religion.

I weighed the whole matter very carefully and decided that rather than preach something I could not believe, and which could not be proven true, I would get as far away from it all as I could.

That night, wandering round the streets of Toronto alone and disconsolate, I did something I had never done before in my life. I went into a saloon and drank one glass of beer after another. Why, I do not know. Perhaps the shock of what I had discovered about the story of God as told me in that Baptist Bible School. I never should have taken the first glass of beer, for, as the days rolled by, more and more beer was drunk by me, and the first thing I knew, I was down and out. This, I say, had never happened before. On three

different occasions, I had bought a "shanty," which was a glass of half beer and half ginger-beer, but until that night, I had never entered a saloon. However, it is more than thirty years now since any kind of liquor has touched my lips, and about all I ever drank was beer. The stuff got a hold of me, and I liked it. Anyway, what difference did it make? The future held nothing for me, and the one institution in which I had trusted for the truths of God had given me a stone when I asked for an egg. I asked it for a fish and had been given a scorpion. Why care, for I had no one dependent upon me. Why not have a "good time."

Let me repeat here that I do not want to write about the next few years. It is taking a lot of courage. I could keep quiet about it, and no one would be the wiser, but this book must be written truthfully. I must tell all. There are people who, when they read what I am about to write, will say, "I told you so; I knew there was something wrong with that fellow." Undoubtedly the *Sunday School Times*, which "Christian" paper has been so bitter in its attacks on me, will come out with another article, and what it will call me, the Lord only knows. It will not upset me too much, however, for this Movement is now large enough to stand on its own feet, even with me out of the picture.

Soon, what little money I had was gone. I found myself on the streets of Toronto without a dime—no food, no home. I cared about nothing except getting money together to buy some more beer. I sold my watch to a pawnbroker, and when the money from that was gone, I sold my clothes, excepting those I wore. Every friend and acquaintance in Toronto was begged by me for money, and when they gave it to me, I made a bee-line for the nearest saloon and did not leave there until the money was gone. The downward trail—the part of my life I regret—had begun.

In relating the events of the next few years, please understand that the only one I hurt was myself. I never knowingly hurt a fly. I never took what did not belong to me. I just

simply seemed to lose control of myself, so great had been the shock received in the Bible School. In this drinking business, I did it as I do everything else, with all the power I have. There were no halfway measures with me. I either went all the way or none. This time I went all the way.

One night I saw a sign that said that recruits were being enrolled for the R.N.W.M.P. Here, at last, was the chance I had been looking for—a chance to go out West and get away from everything. There, I could drink myself to death as fast as I could, for there was nothing left to live for. Inspector Fitzgerald was in charge of the recruiting. When I told him I wanted to join the Mounted Police, he told me to go home and sober up and come back the next morning. This I did, and that night I was a Constable in the Royal Northwest Mounted Police.

The trip out to Regina was a good one. Several scores of men were recruited in Toronto. All of them were not the best citizens, I assure you, but nothing mattered to me now. I wanted to get away from it all. I wanted to forget, and forget I did, just as long as I could drown my sorrows in drink. A poor way, to be sure, but I had to find that out. A couple of days later, we arrived in Regina, and were sent to Post Headquarters. Within a week, we were fitted with uniforms, and our first instructions in riding began. I had some trying times with that riding. Never having been on a horse in my life, I had a new and very "sore" experience. They gave me a horse named "Big Bill," which stood eighteen hands, and when I came off of "Big Bill," I knew I had received a fall. In those days, I was about six feet tall and weighed one hundred and fifty pounds. On one occasion, Sergeant Dann, who was riding instructor, tied into me. It was autumn, and our riding was done in the gymnasium. Round and round we went. First we walked, then we trotted, and then we ran. For some reason or other, I experienced considerable difficulty in keeping my arms close to my side while riding. They had a habit of flapping round like wings

on a crow. Stopping the parade, Sergeant Dann called me to center of the gymnasium and said to Corporal Meakin, "Will you please open the window; this damned fool wants to fly out."

That night was pay-day. On the Post grounds was a restaurant where they sold beer. Getting loaded up, I spotted Sergeant Dann drinking a glass of beer at the other end of the bar. Walking up to him, I said, "So you're the famous Dann, eh? You thought you were having a lot of fun with me today in the gym, didn't you? Well, you take 'that'." "That" was a poke in the jaw which Sergeant Dann knew he had received. A bit later, just a few seconds, I discovered Sergeant Dann could "poke" harder than I could, and I went to sleep. Dann never forgot that. The next day he called me to one side and said, "Robinson, let me give you a little friendly tip. Lay off that booze or out you'll go on your ear." I replied that I was drunk when the outfit hired me, and I'd get drunk every time I had a chance. The R.N.W.M. police had other ideas, and inside of sixty days they handed me my release which was marked "Chronic Alcoholic."

This was the same Frank B. Robinson that Doctor Elmore Harris had told would "draw this world closer to the cross than it had ever been before." It began to look as if Doctor Harris had been mistaken. As for me, little cared I in those days. After every "bender," I would suffer a period of remorse, but the very next day, or as soon as I could get a dollar, into the saloon I would go and never leave there unless carried out, or thrown out. Being able to play the piano, I was usually welcome and made enough money to keep me pretty well filled up with beer most of the time. I never drank whiskey, except on a few occasions.

Taking what money I had coming from the Police, I made a bee-line for the Kings Hotel in Regina, Saskatchewan, and stayed there until every penny was gone. A few days later, I was standing outside of a drug store in Regina when the proprietor came and stood in the doorway. He passed the

time of day with me, and I said, "Don't know where a feller can get a job, do you?" He asked me what sort of work I did, and I told him I was a druggist. "Well, I'm looking for a man right now, come in," he said. In I went, and was hired. When he remarked about my appearance, I told him that I had been on the Police but didn't like it so was let out. He took me to a clothing store, O.k.'d a suit of clothes, a few collars, etc., and the next day I went to work for Doctor Whitmore in his drug store in Regina.

Willie Hayes, a fine chap and a singer, was working there. I don't know where Willie is now, as what I am relating happened a long time ago. Willie Hayes made arrangements at his boarding house for me, and I felt pretty good. It was nice to have a clean suit on and a good job again. I swore I never would take another drink as long as I lived. Religion?—I completely forgot that. I wanted nothing to do with it. It was a fake—a sham—it was not true, I told myself, and that was true when applied to the denominations which profess religion. Rather should I say theology—for religion and theology are different things.

Everything went swimmingly at the drug store, and I made a host of friends. Then, one day out of a clear sky, I walked into the Kings Hotel bar—and I was off again. That time I stayed drunk several weeks. When it was not possible to beg any more money, I jumped on a freight train and rode that train to the next town which was Moose Jaw. How I got another drug job in Moose Jaw, I do not know, but I did. Ed Colling was the name of the man I worked for. He liked booze as well as I did, and we would get together after the day's business was over and both get drunk in the back of the drug store. Ed drank whiskey. I drank beer, and we kept it up for many months. As a result of this, the store had to close.

I caught a freight train away out to Vancouver, B. C., and arrived there, after several weeks of tramping around and sleeping wherever I could find a place. I finally got a job with the J. A. Teepoorten Company who were wholesale

druggists. "Are you a manufacturing chemist?" they asked when I applied for the job. "Oh, sure," I was a manufacturing chemist—I was anything to get a job so I could earn some more money with which to buy some more beer. That was what I was interested in, for I could drown all thoughts of God in beer. I could even drown my conscience in beer. Everything was sold—not for a mess of pottage—but for a glass of beer. Fortunately it was only beer—not anything stronger.

The first job I was given was to match a batch of lead plaster. If there is a druggist reading this book, and I imagine many druggists will read it, he will know just how hard a job making lead plaster is. You mix lead oxide with glycerine and, I believe, olive oil and then boil it in a huge boiler. You have to be careful to add the ingredients in just the proper proportion and at the proper time or the mixture will explode. That is exactly what happened to the mixture I was making. It blew up like a bomb detonating. Fortunately, or unfortunately, I had gone to my coat to get a drink, for I had come to work that morning with three bottles of beer under my coat, and I was in the cloakroom when the lead plaster went skyward. The J. A. Teepoorten Company has not seen me from that day to this. I got out, and I stayed out.

One Sunday evening I was in a saloon in Vancouver when the band of the Salvation Army struck up outside. That sort of awakened memories in me, and I went outside to listen to the music. On that particular night I had about all the beer I could drink. I never got foolish, nor did I ever make a nuisance out of myself. What I did get from drinking was a temporary respite from the remorse I could not get away from. Such a brilliant future might have been mine—"A famous preacher," they said. Then, at the very moment when the "proof of the pudding" was to be forthcoming, I was disappointed. The remorse, and the shock of this discovery nearly ruined me, for there were no limitations with me now. I didn't care what happened to me. I had looked to the

church for God, and had found out God was not there.

As I stood listening to the music, tears began to well up in my eyes, and a young Salvation Army worker by the name of Delbert Box left the ring and, coming up to me, said "What's the matter, brother? Do you want to be saved?" I informed him that I could probably tell him a few things about salvation. Then, impulsively, I said, "I'm going to end the whole damned business—I'm going lower and lower, and I don't give a damn what happens to me. Your religion is as false as hell, and I can prove it." This young Box was a far smarter boy than he looked, for he did not argue with me. What he did say nearly knocked me off my feet. "Let's go in and get another drink," said Box.

Looking at him, I said, "What do you mean—let's go in and get another drink?" "Well, if booze is good for you, why is it not good for me, too? You're a pretty good-looking boy, you know something, come on in. I'll buy you a drink." I believe that man showed remarkable judgment, for instead of going back in the saloon and having some more beer, I said to him, "You're nobody's fool yourself. If you were willing to go in that saloon with me and buy me a drink, I'll go you one better—I'll go up to your hall with you and preach you the best sermon you've ever listened to." Box took me up, and I went with him to the hall, but I did not preach that night. After the meeting Box took me home, and I stayed there with him a week.

The memories of all these happenings, long ago as they were, are stamped on my mind and will be as long as I live. My vivid life must have a meaning. What this life was meant for is just becoming known. When the fullness of the work I am doing is complete, I probably shall not be here. In any event, those who read this book will understand why I am writing it so plainly. I want there to be no undue credit given to me. I want you to know that I am a human being, subject to the same temptations you are, and just as fallible. If it were not for the consciousness of the Power of the Spirit of

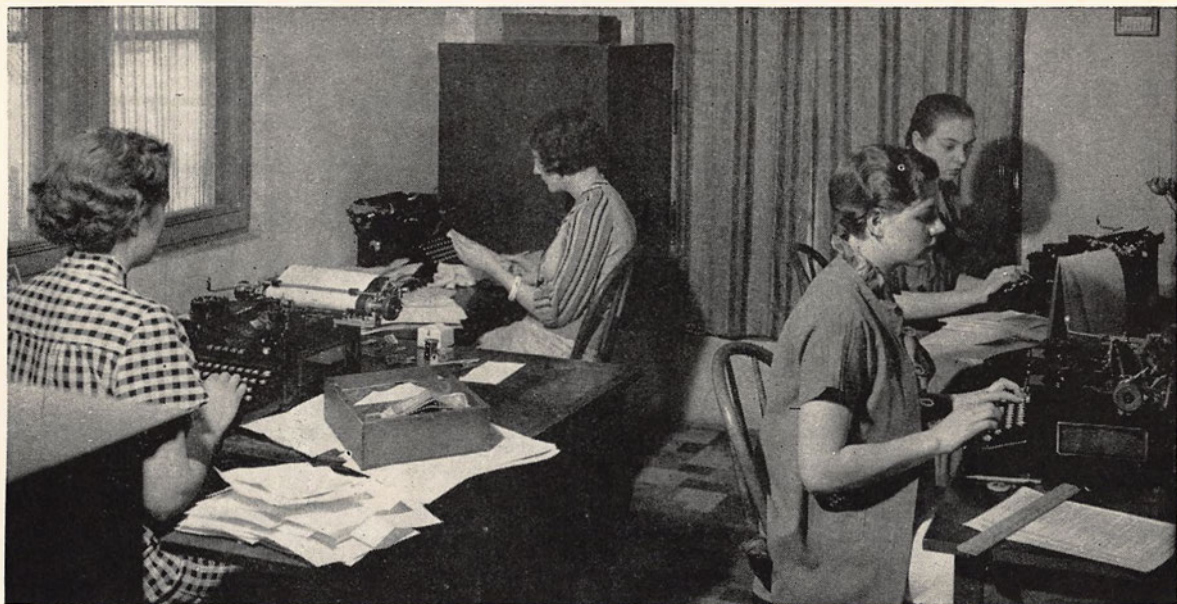
God in me now, in all probability I should be back in those saloons—if I were still alive.

I agreed with Delbert Box to go to Army meetings with him on condition that he did not try to get me "saved." That was repulsive to me, knowing what I knew about the Christian structure. Box was very clever. He told me in confidence one day that he "didn't believe that salvation stuff" any more than I did, but he did like to be in the Army. "I have a future to look out for," he said. Then I understood.

Deciding to leave Vancouver, B. C., shortly after the incidents related here, I took a steamer to Victoria, a beautiful little spot on Vancouver Island. I was a good boy for quite a while, first getting a job as a lather, and later driving a Ford for the Pantorium Cleaners, which was owned then by two young fellows from Nampa, Idaho, Roy and Herschel Brown. I had good times on that job. I stayed at the Y.M.C.A. and officiated at the piano every Sunday afternoon during the meeting and the "lunch" which followed, for the Y.M.C.A. was not above having a feed every Sunday afternoon and charging for it.

The secretary of the Victoria Y.M.C.A. was Fred Witham. I called upon him at his home in Portland, Oregon, just a few months ago. We discussed old times, and Fred reminded me that in his basement he had a lathing hammer I had "soaked" with him for \$1.50 while on one of my drinking spells. He promised to give me the hatchet before I left, but he either forgot, or I forgot to repay him the \$1.50 with interest. Mrs. Witham is organist in a Portland, Oregon, church at this writing.

It was in Victoria where I became quite active in the church again. I joined the First Baptist church. The pastor, and he was a humdinger of a Baptist preacher if I ever saw one, was the Reverend A. B. Warnicker. Later he left the ministry and went into the real estate business. That is where he belonged. He certainly never should have been a Baptist preacher, for he did not believe any more of the stories he



STUDENT CORRESPONDENCE DEPT.

Student correspondence is a very important part of the "*Psychiana*" Movement. Every student letter is personally answered either by Dr. Robinson, Rev. DeBolt, or one of their many assistants. Dictaphone machines are used for the dictating of all letters to Students and the girls in this picture are kept busy. In the neighborhood of 15,000 letters and post-cards are received on an average every month,



DR. ROBINSON AND THOS. E. DEWEY

The gentleman in the center is Irving S. Hart, publisher of the Boise, Ida., *Statesman*. Dr. Robinson is a dyed-in-the-wool Republican. This picture was taken in Mr. Dewey's room in the Owyhee Hotel in Boise on a speaking engagement in his campaign for the Republican nomination for President of the United States.



ELMER F. ANDERSON

Accountant of "*Psychiana*."

Mr. Anderson has been in his present position practically from the inception of the Movement. He is one of the Moscow men who invested a few hundred dollars in it in 1928. Before coming to "*Psychiana*" he was employed as cashier of The First Trust and Savings Bank of Moscow.



DR. ROBINSON IN 1928

This is the first photo of Dr. Robinson to appear in his national advertising. The first ad. using this photo created a sensation in national advertising circles. The photo is not used any more.

preached than I did, and he very frankly told me so. Reverend Warnicker had a wooden leg, but had it so carefully disguised that it was not too noticeable. I went quite a long time in Victoria without a "blow-up." I was elected president of the B.Y.P.U. and vice-president of the Brotherhood. I remember them carrying me around the church on their shoulders when I was re-elected to office. Here again, my reputation for speaking ability and power became noticeable. True, I had not yet found God, but what difference did that make? The rest of the Baptists were having a good time in the church, not believing any more about it than I did, so why shouldn't I?

I called on the Reverend Warnicker one day, the same Sunday on which he preached a sermon entitled "*Should a Young Stenographer Take Gifts of Jewelry from Her Employer?*" That actually was the topic of his sermon that Sunday morning. What that had to do with finding the Power of God, I know not. Neither did he, for we made a dinner appointment after the sermon. We ate in a little restaurant, and I began to dig into him, asking questions as to how much he believed of what he was preaching. I told him of my experience with the Bible Training School, and then and there I discovered that the Reverend Warnicker could be placed in the same class with Robinson, Sr., Muxworthy, Wallace, Elliott, and practically every other Baptist, or any other kind of preacher I had met up with at that time. I have met good men and earnest men in the ministry, but I have met far more of the other kind.

I spoke very plainly to Warnicker. What should I do? Should I continue my search for God, or was there anything to this God proposition? Imagine my surprise when he replied directly to the above question, "Not a hell of a lot to it, Frank." Then he went on to explain that these old bible manuscripts were of questionable authority, and quite valueless historically. "There is no historicity to the Christian religion—there isn't supposed to be," he said. "The church

is a good thing—it keeps people from going to worse places—but as far as finding God goes, you had better forget it, for you and I will never know anything about God this side of the tomb, and probably not much more on the other side. You keep on as you're going. You're doing all right," War-nicker told me as I closed the interview.

It was in Victoria that I became acquainted with a fellow called Scott, a plasterer. He gave me a job mixing plaster and carrying it up a ladder to him as he plastered houses. That was a tough assignment, yet I did not mind it too much, and besides, I needed the money. I knew that full well one of these days I should cut loose and go on another of those now horrible drinking spells. Scott was a member of the Victoria Salvation Army. I had about \$64.00 coming from him when I decided to quit. He had quite a large check, and showing the check to me, he said, "Let's go down to the bank and get this cashed, and then I'll give you the money that is coming to you." At the bank he told me that I need not go in with him, and I, like a "simp," stayed outside. I waited a long time for Mr. Scott. I probably could be still waiting, for Scott slipped out of the side door of the bank, and I have not seen him from that day to this. Yet this man would stand on the street corner and tell the people of Victoria how he had been "saved by the blood of Jesus." Perhaps if he had not had so much salvation, I might have had my \$64.00.

One evening a couple of us young fellows were feeling pretty good. We were sitting in the lobby of the Y.M.C.A. The Catholic church was across the street. My companion, one Coleman, now in Portland, Oregon, said to me, "Frank, let's go in and see what's going on." So across the street we went and into the Catholic church. There were a few people standing around about forty-eight lighted candles. There were also two money boxes and a sign on the table on which they stood told "the faithful" to put their contribution in the box, and then light some candles. How many candles could be lighted depended upon how much money they put in the

box. The candles were supposed to burn up their sins or something equally ridiculous. Not having any money to put in the box, and not desiring to have our "sins" burned up with candles, Coleman suggested that we blow out the candles which were already lit. We did, and then we ran. Three priests took up the chase after us, but being "fat and forty," they never did catch us.

I remember going to Portland, Oregon, but I do not remember the boat trip back to Vancouver. However, a couple of days later, I found myself in Portland, Oregon. That was about thirty-four years ago, I imagine. What I was doing there, I do not know. I remember sitting in the lobby of the Y.M.C.A. playing the piano. One of the secretaries, Jim Palmer, got acquainted with me. He used to love to hear me pound the hymns out of that piano. By the way, Jim Palmer is still secretary of that same Y.M.C.A. I visit him nearly every time I go to Portland. During the trial, he came to Moscow as a witness for me, to swear what registration of birth I had given him about thirty-four years before. I am not sure as to these dates, but I know it was more than thirty-two years ago at the time of the trial. Incidentally, the place of my birth was always given where I was told it had occurred—New York. This is corroborated by the entry in the Long Crendon Church book to which I have referred.

The drinking spells were still the order of the day, and the Y.M.C.A. did everything it could do to straighten me up. Jim Palmer was a prince. He gave me money, saw that I had room and board at the "Y" and really did everything in his power to bring me to my senses. Jim Palmer is one man who really believes in his religion. He really believes what he preaches, and he really believes the Christian story to be both original and true. It can very easily be proved to be neither, but even if you proved that to Jim, he still would choose to believe it. If he were any other way, I wouldn't waste my time calling on him.

As far as I am concerned, he is welcome to believe it. It won't do him any harm. The only thing that Jim is missing by believing in the story of Jesus Christ is the Power of the Great Spirit—God—in his life. Jesus, having died some two thousand years ago, cannot possibly have any power in the life of anyone. But, if Jim believes hard enough, he will get some good out of it. Did not the old promoter, Paul, say that it was perfectly all right to tell lies and to believe lies for "The Kingdom of Heaven's sake?" If it was O.K. for Paul, it certainly should be O.K. for anyone else who chooses to believe the story.

Not long ago, Jim and I were talking in his office in the "Y." The conversation turned to religion. "You'll never get me to give up my faith in Jesus Christ," said Jim. "Who is trying to?" I asked. "Your believing a story has no bearing on the truth or the falsity of the story. You can believe that the moon is made of black cats if you care to, Jim, and you can believe that with all your heart and soul," I told him, adding, "but that won't make the moon full of black cats." I tried to explain to Jim, as I try to explain to hundreds of thousands of others that religion is not a case of what one "believes." It is a case of what are the facts.

It is well to remember here that no true system of religion can be founded on untruths, and the story of God Almighty crucified on a cross as Jesus Christ is an untruth. There may have been a *man* called Jesus Christ. He may have been crucified on a cross, for they still crucify men in Mexico every Christmas. But if there was such a man, and if he was crucified, it was *as a man and not as a God*. God Almighty, the Infinite Soul of everyone, was never seen by mortal eye. God, being Spirit, never could have been crucified, for the spiritual and the material are two different things. They are two different creations. They have nothing in common.

One evening in Portland, I was standing on the docks just outside the building then occupied by the Port of Portland. Seeing a good-looking fat man coming out of the office, I

said to him, "Could you help me get something to eat?" Sizing me up, he said, "You're too good-looking a man to be on the bum like this; what's the matter? Can't you get a job?" I told him that was the trouble. I did not tell him that if I had a job I would work only long enough to save a few dollars and then I would get drunk. His name was Billy Eshenbaugh. He is dead now. That night he took me to his apartment in the San Marco Apartments, East 8th and Couch, in Portland. A young fellow by the name of Art Conway lived with him, and they made room for me to sleep. I slept with Art. I had dinner at the Multnomah with Art a few weeks ago. He lives in Portland and has a fine position. Art was always a good boy; he'll never set the world on fire, but neither will he do it any harm.

Over our coffee at the Multnomah, on the occasion alluded to, Art asked me if I remembered the time he and I rode home on a street car with a cat. I remembered it clearly. It seems that I was feeling particularly good that day, and from somewhere had rescued a small grey cat. I had a habit of picking up and feeding every stray cat I could find. I still do that whenever I have the time, for I don't like to see animals suffer. On this particular night, Art and I were riding across the Burnside bridge. Sitting next to me was a stout dignified lady, and Art was sitting on the other side of me. "Lady, would you like a cat?" I inquired, pulling this cat out of my pocket and placing it on the lady's lap. This lady informed me that she certainly did not want a cat and knocked pussy to the floor. "Then perhaps you would like some fish to eat," I said, pulling out of the other pocket the contents of a can of sardines which I also deposited on the lap of the lady.

About that time, we had arrived at Couch, and Art figured he had better get me off the street-car. Shortly after, I got straightened away, at least temporarily, and Billy Eshenbaugh got me a job at the Frank Nau all-night pharmacy. At that time, Nau had moved from the Portland Hotel and

was occupying temporary quarters on Morrison Street. Later he moved into the Selling Building. I filled the first prescription filled in that building. During the next year, I studied hard and took the Oregon Board of Pharmacy examination, and I passed with good grades. Working with me then were Winn Ward who now owns the Irvington Pharmacy, Joe Woods who was boxing commissioner before his death a few years ago, and a very funny guy called Charlie Redmond. I do not know where Charlie is or if he is alive. John Brockman was the night clerk and Harry Stryker was a relief man. I understand both Brockman and Stryker are dead.

One day Frank Nau, Sr. came bouncing up into the prescription room with a bottle, a letter, and a very upset look on his face. Handing me the empty prescription bottle, he said, "Look up that number and see who filled that prescription." Each prescription bore the initials of the man who filled it. In that particular case, it happened to be me. Raging, Nau said, "Read that letter and then go to the office and get your pay-check and get out." I read the letter which went something like this:

Dear Mr. Nau:

I have been patronizing your store for many years. A few days ago I had the enclosed prescription filled. When I got home, I poured out a spoonful and a big blow-fly came out into the spoon. We have all the blow-flies we need out here in the country without paying you \$1.50 a bottle for them.

Please return my \$1.50 or refill this prescription leaving the flies out of it.

I had no way of knowing how the fly got into the bottle. Certainly I did not deliberately put it there. The prescription was a thick, syrupy liquid, and the presumption is that the fly got into the syrup, thence into the prescription bottle unseen by me, but I lost my job just the same.

Drawing my pay, I went down to the very toughest saloon in the United States at that time. It's gone now. Liquor is

sold in much nicer surroundings now, but it is sold just the same. States are in the damnable liquor business now, to their shame. I would like to see the day when the manufacture of liquor is barred by law. When the New Day dawns, and when the fullness of the Power of God is known among men, there will be no liquor, for the desire to drink liquor will not be there. The Spirit which is God will be such a wonderfully satisfying Presence that everything aside from that Spirit will go. May God hasten that day. What beer I drank hurt no one but myself, and it did no permanent damage. I imagine this drinking period occupied about six years. Why it had to be, I do not know. You may depend upon it though, it was for a purpose. I wish these things did not have to be related, but I believe they should be, so regardless of the cost, they will be. I could sit here by the hour and tell you of experiences in Portland, but I won't. I must leave them out or this autobiography will grow too large.

It was immediately after losing my job at Nau's that I really started drinking. It was always periodical, but the periods became closer and closer together. There would be moments when I would recognize the foolishness of it all, but there did not seem to come a moment when the shock of knowing the facts of the Christian religion as I had discovered those facts was alleviated. The shock went deeper than anyone will ever know. It was like a knife wound. I was too honest and so earnest in my efforts to find and know God that to be disappointed as I was, well, it hurt and it hurt plenty.

I am happy to state here though that years later I came back to Portland, and it was in this city the foundation of "*Psychiana*" was laid.

CHAPTER EIGHT

In Portland, Oregon

THERE WERE MANY BAPTIST CHURCHES IN PORTLAND, OREGON. The two which I wish to mention briefly are the White Temple Baptist church on the west side and the Hinson Memorial Baptist church on the east side. At the time of which I write, there was no Hinson Memorial church on the East side. The White Temple was there where it is now, and the pastor was the Reverend Walter Benwell Hinson. Running true to Baptist traditions, and in spite of their "salvation" and "sanctification," these Baptists began to fight amongst themselves. The history of the Baptist church, and of every other church for that matter, is a history replete with fights, arguments, splits, etc., and, as a result, we have the Christian Church—(The Campbellites) and several other smaller fry too numerous to mention.

It seems strange that wherever we have a system of religion founded on the story of "god crucified," there we have bloodshed, wars, strifes, and the many other things which should not go with true religion. This present war is a religious war. The recent war in Spain was a religious war. Hitler claims that he is an "agent of God, sent to bring permanent peace" to this earth, and the allies claim they are agents of God, sent to crush Hitler. While each side fights and brutally murders other human beings in the name of God, the Roman Catholic church says that neither side knows God, as *it* is the only church, and its head is the only man authorized to "act and teach for God." The Protestants deny this, and they, the Baptists included, tell the world that *they* have the only true religion. You cannot know God unless you know Him by way of the Protestant church.

How we are up against it—for there are ten other major systems of religion operating on this earth, and each tell us the same thing—*they* and *they alone* have the true religion. *They*, and *they alone*, have the true conception of God. It is a pretty safe bet in the face of conditions like these to question the claims of all. We cannot admit the existence of more than one God. Nor can we decide which of the varying claims to truth and divinity is true. Therefore, we have but one thing left, and that is to deny that any of the “fighting salvationists” know anything about God. That is the stand I take. That is the stand I shall justify before this book is closed. Let me interpolate here for a moment, before I forget something which I read yesterday and which is very pertinent to this autobiography. The main, and the earliest Christian “bible” is the Latin Vulgate. It is from this edition (one of sixteen) that the present volume has been derived. Let me say that the history of the Christian bible is a history of change after change. Every system of religion that cared to change the book, added to it, took away from it to its heart’s content. Just recently the Yale Divinity School took the name *Jehovah* completely out of it. If this school can take away, it can also add.

The Vulgate edition comes from the hands of a Catholic Pope called Jerome. Here is his statement as to how the “inspiration” came to him. He states that when he got ready to do some “translating” he would pull a bell, and the “Holy Ghost” in the form of a dove would fly into the room, fasten its claws into his hair. Then, with feet firmly anchored, this Holy Ghost would bend over and stick his bill in Pope Jerome’s mouth, and thus would transmit to Brother Jerome the “sacred interpretation” of the Scriptures. Personally I don’t believe that, but you may if you choose to. In any event, the Christian bible is founded on that fact. At least the edition we have today is. And don’t forget the “four legs.”

All right, we come back to the two Baptist churches in

Portland, Oregon. One Sunday I was sitting playing the piano at the "Y" when Jim Palmer came along and, tapping me on the shoulder, said, "Frank, I'm taking you to the White Temple tonight." I thanked Jim, and that evening we went to the White Temple where he held membership. I went several times after that, and was very much impressed by Doctor Hinson. Tall, gaunt, eloquent, earnest—surely, I thought, here is a man who knows God and here is a "different" man. Then and there I made up my mind to have a personal talk with Doctor Hinson. During that week, I went up to his study and was invited in. We had a long talk, but it brought me no more satisfaction—it brought me no closer to finding God than the many other talks with preachers I had had. I explained in detail to Doctor Hinson that I wanted to find the Power of the Great Spirit—God. "You mean you want to be a Christian," said the good doctor. I told him that I did not care whether I was a Christian, Mohammedan, Confucianist, Brahmin, Buddhist, or what have you, *I wanted to know the Power of God in my life*. That was all I was asking, and was I asking too much? Doctor Hinson looked at me rather skeptically, and finally said, "I think what is necessary here is that you follow the Lord in Baptism." I carefully explained that I had followed the Lord in baptism several times already, but still had not found out anything about God. The suggestion was made that I try again and so, being willing to do anything to find God in my life, I "followed the Lord in baptism" once more.

The baptismal service was conducted in the evening, and the church was full. After coming up out of the water, Doctor Hinson—earnest, good old soul—said to me, "Frank, you'll never know how you have repaid me." What he meant, I do not know, for certainly I felt no different after coming out of the water. I was wet, and we went into a little back room to change clothes, but as far as knowing God through that experience, I never did. It brought me just absolutely nothing, and I was in the same seeking frame of mind after the cere-

mony as I was before. I went into that pool. Before I met organized religion, I knew God. But organized religion almost drove God permanently out of my life.

The good Baptists who read this (if any of them ever do) will tell me here that I certainly did not "believe." No, I certainly did not "believe," if by that you mean "believe" the theory you hold that Almighty God, the Infinite Builder and Creator of this universe, came down to earth to die on a cross to save one he had never heard of, from sin. I never did believe that and I never shall believe that. Moreover, neither do you. For to ask one to believe something that one's reason cannot grasp is asking one to do the impossible. Unless your reason is most deplorably warped, you cannot believe in the death of a "just God" for an "unjust sinner." The whole story does not belong in the realm of the True Spirit—God. It belongs in the realm of religious tradition and superstition. *It is not of God.*

After the ceremony, the congregation started singing:

"Jerusalem the golden, with milk and honey blest;
Beneath thy contemplation, sink heart and voice oprest."

and as they sang, there in the little back room changing my wet clothes for dry ones, I wondered. Here I was with another baptism, member of the White Temple Baptist church now, but did I know God? Had the Power of the Great Spirit—God—been manifested in my life? What was that hymn they were singing out there—Jerusalem the golden? What had that to do with my finding the Power which is God? Little cared I about Jerusalem, and I cared not whether that city was blest with milk and honey, or whether it was cursed with thistles and wild mustard. What I wanted was *God in my life*, and I knew, the very moment I came out of that pool, that another attempt to find God was a failure.

What I wanted, and all I had asked Hinson for, was that the Spirit of God, about which he did so much talking, be made known to me. Now perhaps I am different from all

others. Perhaps every other church member except me does not have the same trouble I had. Perhaps the fullness of the Power of the Great Spirit—God—does actually exist in other lives, maybe I'm the one who is wrong. Can that be it? Could that be it? That suspicion was gone a few days later, when once more, I was in Doctor Hinson's study talking about God again. I told Doctor Hinson that what I had gone through hadn't meant one thing to me insofar as finding God went. Then, *I knew all that the whole Baptist denomination had to offer me was pagan tradition and religious myths, for Doctor Hinson said to me, "Frank, we never shall really know whether what we are believing is true until we pass on to the Great Beyond."*

That was the worst thing Doctor Hinson could have said to me. By that admission, he told me as plain as words could tell it that all the Baptist denomination, and all the Christian churches for that matter, really have is an old *traditional theory of God, the truth or falsity of which cannot be known until after death*. That was what I had suspected for a long time. Now, it came to me from the one man I really thought knew God. What was the use? I am perfectly willing to grant the Baptist or any other church the right to believe anything it wants to believe. (They should pay taxes, though.) It is not my business, what they believe. They can even believe a lie and know or suspect it is a lie as far as I am concerned. They can know, or suspect that their religion is only a "belief" of unproven worth, and they can choose to believe it so far as I am concerned. That is their business—not mine. They can be the biggest bunch of hypocrites on the face of the earth if they choose to. None of those things is my business.

It is my business, however, when and if I discover that the story they bring to the world is *not true*, to tell the world what I have discovered. *That is my business*. I shall work hard at that business. Not that I care very much what happens to the organization which attempts to bring these unproven and untrue stories of God to the public—that is not it

—for if they are untrue, they cannot last, and the condition of the Christian church today gives little sign of lasting. According to its own heads, "*Ichabod*" is written over the door. These differing religious organizations have been cluttering up the earth with their pagan theories of God, and in the name of God, they are given their properties tax-free. They say they will not fight to defend America if it is attacked. The Lutherans went on record as saying that the other day, and last night over the radio, the Methodist church went on record as saying the same thing. *This being the case, these religionists should be made by law to prove the truth of the story by which they hold their property tax-free, and if they cannot prove the truth of their story, they should not be allowed to preach it, for it might very easily be, if their story of God is not true, that the church instead of being an "agent of God" on the earth, is an agent of the very opposite power.*

That is logic which cannot be overthrown. In any event, whether the story is true or not, it has been told in detail by other systems of religion, far longer than the Christian religion, and still the world has not yet had the Power of the great Spirit, God, brought to it. All it has had brought to it is a conglomeration of religions, and it is my opinion, based on my own experience, that had it not been for all these systems of religion, *this world would have found God a long time ago.* This world will never find—it *can* never find the truths of God through anything any system of religion on the face of the earth teaches, just so long as that system of religion is based upon the theory of God Almighty being crucified on a cross. That story was hoary with age and was known to millions, thousands of years before the Christian religion, and its Jesus Christ were ever heard of. The Hindoo "god" who was crucified on a cross was Jeseus Chrishna which is not much different from Jesus Christ.

You will begin to see at this point in this book, just what we of "*Psychiana*" are driving at. I know and you know too that this world is impossible of salvation through any church

organization in it. You also know, or strongly suspect that God still exists, in spite of the efforts of the church to legislate God away off into space. You know that the Creator *still lives in the creation*. This being true—the Creator can be found. It took much suffering, it took a devious trail before the Truths of God as they exist were made known to me—but it was worth it, for it brought to this world the *true conception of God*, and that conception is proving its worth by its effects in human lives. *It is doing something no church has been able to do—it is making God real to all men, in spite of, and without church theology*. As a matter of fact, God is being found by men and women today, not by believing what the churches teach, *but by denying it*.

* * *

Disappointment again—stark, gaunt, soul-searing disappointment, with God farther away than he ever was. Surely I was giving the Christian church every opportunity to prove its claim that it knew God and was teaching the truths of God. Many and many a time the suspicion began to form in my mind that the world might be better off without these churches and ministers if all they could offer seeking souls after God was “after you die.” I did not want God after I was dead. I wanted to know God now. I *knew*, beyond a shadow of a doubt that God lived and I also knew that sooner or later I should come into the experience which would make God a living reality to me. Had I not known from childhood that God had set me aside for His work? Was I not trying to find God as honestly as I possibly could try, and through the only organization which publicly professes to be “God-inspired”? What was wrong? Was the fault with the preachers and the churches, or was it with me? Did these churches actually know God, and were they really telling the truth about God, or was the whole thing just a form of godliness, just a system of religion, having no Power whatsoever in it? Were these good folks who attended these churches, and these good ministers who preached to them just doing it

because it was the custom to do it, or did they *know* beyond any shadow of doubt that God lived and was known to them? Gradually the suspicion became stronger that God was not to be found in anything these churches taught.

Then there must be another conception of God which is absolutely unknown to the church. Was that it? What was the Power which kept eternally urging me on in my search for the actual truths of God? For you could not fool me. No quasi-religious experience would satisfy me. No church dogmas or doctrines could fill the aching void in my life—for I wanted to know God, and I had made up my mind to find out what the literal truths of God are, or die in the attempt. I nearly died in the attempt, but I thank God now that I had the bull-dog tenacity to continue the search until I had found the answer. I did not care what any church in existence told me about God, unless they could prove to me that what they teach is true. This, none of them to date has been able to do. If I seek for God among the Christians, they tell me a story that God Almighty, two thousand years ago, came down from heaven, born of a virgin, and was crucified on a cross for the sins of the world. What sins, I have never been able to find out.

If I seek for God among the Hindoos, I am told that thirty-five hundred years ago God Almighty came down from heaven, was born of a virgin, and was crucified on a cross for the sins of the world. Not long ago a minister told me that this world had never heard of a "crucified god" outside of Jesus Christ, the only true God. If there should be others who think that, let me here give you a list of enough "gods" who, according to their own traditions, were God Almighty. Most of them were born of virgins, and they all came down from heaven to save this world from sin. It is interesting to note that none of these crucified "gods," the Christian "god" included, have ever been able to achieve their objective. *This world has rejected every crucified God ever offered to it, and the reason the world has rejected them*

all is because none of them was the true god, and the world knew it. I shall give you just a few. There are scores more, and incidentally, there is no more proof of the existence of the "crucified god" of the Christian religion than there is of the rest of these "gods." Not as much in some instances. Here they are: they really do not belong in this autobiography, but they are of such staggering import to the subject matter of this book, and they have such a profound bearing on the truth of what I later discovered that I shall, at the risk of turning this autobiography into a historical volume, insert them here. I believe the world should know these facts. I believe Christians should know them, too. They are taken from two of my other books, *Crucified Gods Galore* and *Gleams Over the Horizon*.

"It is claimed by the disciples of Jesus Christ, that he was of supernatural and divine origin; that he had a human being for a mother, and a God for his father; that, although he was woman-conceived, he was Deity-begotten, and molded in the human form, but comprehending in essence a full measure of the infinite Godhead, thus making him half human and half divine in his sublunary origin. It is claimed that he was full and perfect God, and perfect man; and while he was God, he was also the son of God, and as such was sent down by his father to save a fallen and guilty world; and that thus his mission pertained to the whole human race; and his inspired seers are made to declare that ultimately every nation, tongue, kindred, and people under heaven will acknowledge allegiance to his government, and concede his right to reign and rule the world; that 'every knee must bow, and every tongue confess that Jesus is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.'

"But we do not find that this prophecy has ever been or is likely to be fulfilled. We do not observe that this claim to the infinite deityship of Jesus Christ has been or is likely to be universally conceded. On the contrary, it is found that by a portion—and a *large* portion of the people of even those

nations now called Christian—this claim has been steadily and unswervingly controverted through the whole line of history stretching through the nearly two thousand years which have elapsed since his advent to earth.

“Even some of those who are represented to have been personally acquainted with him—aye! some of his own brethren in the flesh, children in the same household, children of the same mother—had the temerity to question the tenableness of his claim to a divine emanation. And when we extend our researches to other countries, we find this claim, so far from being conceded, is denied and contested by whole nations upon other grounds. It is met and confronted by rival claims.

“Upon this ground hundreds of millions of established believers in divine revelation—hundreds of millions of believers in the divine character and origin of religion—reject the pretensions set up for Jesus Christ. They admit both a God and a Savior, but do not accept Jesus of Nazareth as being either. They admit a Messiah, but not *the* Messiah; these nations contend that the title is misplaced which makes ‘the man Christ Jesus’ the Savior of the world. They claim to have been honored with the birth of the true Savior among them, and defend this claim upon the ground of priority of date. They aver that the advent of their Messiah was long prior to that of the Christians’ and that this circumstance adjudicates for them a superiority of claim as to having had the true Messiah born upon their soil.

“It is argued that, as the story of the incarnation of the Christians’ Savior is of more recent date than that of these oriental and ancient religions (as is conceded by Christians themselves), the origin of the former is thus indicated and foreshadowed as being an outgrowth from, if not a plagiarism upon the latter—a borrowed copy, of which the pagan stories furnish the original. Here, then, we observe a rivalry of claims as to which of the remarkable personages who have figured in the world as Saviors, Messiahs, and Sons of God

in different ages and different countries can be considered the true Savior and 'sent of God'; or whether all should be, or the claims of all, rejected.

"For researches into oriental history reveal the remarkable fact that stores of incarnate Gods answering to and resembling the miraculous character of Jesus Christ have been prevalent in most, if not all, the principal religious heathen nations of antiquity; and the accounts of narrations of some of these deific incarnations bear such a striking resemblance to that of the Christian Savior—not only in their general features, but in some cases in the most minute details, from the legend of the immaculate conception to that of the crucifixion and subsequent ascension into heaven—that one might almost be mistaken for the other.

"More than twenty claims of this kind—claims of beings invested with divine honor (deified)—have come forward and presented themselves at the bar of the world with their credentials to contest the verdict of Christendom in having proclaimed Jesus Christ 'the only son, and sent of God'; twenty Messiahs, Savors, and Sons of God, according to history or tradition, have in past times descended from heaven and taken upon themselves the form of men, clothing themselves with human flesh, and furnishing incontestable evidence of a divine origin, by various miracles, marvelous works, and superlative virtues; and finally these twenty Jesus Christs, accepting their character for the name, laid the foundation for the salvation of the world, and ascended back to heaven.

"1. Chrishna of Hindostan; 2. Buddha Sakya of India; 3. Salivahana of Bermuda; 4. Zulis, or Zhule, also Osiris and Orus, of Egypt; 5. Odin of the Scandinavians; 6. Crite of Chaldea; 7. Zoroaster and Mithra of Persia; 8. Baal and Taut, 'the only Begotten of God,' of Phenicia; 9. Indra of Thibet; 10. Bali of Afghanistan; 11. Jao of Nepal; 12. Wit-toba of the Bilingonese; 13. Thammuz of Syria; 14. Atys of Phrygia; 15. Xamolxis of Thrace; 16. Zoar of the Bonzes;

17. Adad of Assyria; 18. Deva Tat, and Sammonodadam of Siam; 19. Alcides of Thebes; 20. Mikado of the Sintoos; 21. Beddru of Japan; 22. Hesus of Eros, and Bremrillah, of the Druids; 23. Thor, son of Odin, of the Gauls; 24. Cadmus of Greece; 25. Hil and Feta of the Mandaïtes; 26. Gentaut and Quetzalcoatl of Mexico; 27. Universal Monarch of the Sibyls; 28. Ischy of the Island of Formosa; 29. Divine Teacher of Plato; 30. Holy One of Xaca; 31. Fohi and Tien of China; 32. Adonis, son of the virgin Io of Greece; 33. Ixion and Quirinus of Rome; 34. Prometheus of Caucasus; 35. Mohamud, or Mahomet, of Arabia.

"These have all received divine honors; nearly all have been worshiped as Gods or sons of God; were mostly incarnated as Christs, Saviors, Messiahs, or Mediators; not a few of them were reputedly born of virgins; some of them filling a character almost identical with that ascribed by the Christians' bible to Jesus Christ; many of them, like him, are reported to have been crucified; and all of them, taken together, furnish a prototype and parallel for nearly every important incident and wonder-inciting miracle, doctrine, and precept recorded in the New Testament, of the Christians' Savior. Surely, with so many Saviors the world can not, or should not, be lost."

CHAPTER NINE

I Join The Navy

ABOUT THIRTY YEARS AGO, THERE STOOD ON THE CORNER of Morrison and Seventh Streets in Portland, the old Mascot saloon. It was operated by a chap called Clayton Fallas. The names of the two bartenders were Harry McGoughey and Phil Nolte. Hy Everding, a now well-known Portland sportsman, used to drop in there early every morning, and he and Harry McGaughey would eat breakfast together in a little room off the bar. This was a "high-class" saloon so far as saloons can be "high-class." I remember Fallas had a beautiful English Coach dog, which later died. It was poisoned, I believe. After leaving the study of Doctor Hinson, I went to the "Y" and borrowed ten dollars from Jim Palmer. I had been "on the wagon" for over a year, and Jim did not hesitate to let me have the ten dollars which, by the way, I don't think I have ever returned. I shall ask Jim the next time I see him. Taking the ten dollars, I made a bee-line for the Mascot saloon and, throwing the ten dollars on the bar, said to the bar-tender, McGaughey, "Keep that in the till and just give me twenty glasses of beer a day until it has all gone." At five cents a glass, this ten dollars should have lasted ten days if I drank only twenty glasses of beer daily. Looking at me with a smile, McGaughey said, "Robbie, you had better keep that ten in your pocket, I'll have it before night, maybe before noon." He was right; he had it all before that night.

The only explanation I can give to this act, and to similar acts of beer-drinking, is that my mental state at that time was so upset over the disappointments I had experienced through my honest attempts to find God through the church,

that I took this way of finding a temporary suspension—a poor way. But you must remember that there was, down deep in me, the consciousness that I was to be used by God to bring to this earth a Spiritual awakening such as the world had never before seen. Even in those foolish years, and they were only foolish, that consciousness in me was never dead. I tried to kill it. I had been disappointed with everyone, minister and Bible School, in my search for God. Yet I knew that sooner or later, the Light would break. How, when, or where, I did not know. In those days, there were just two things to do. I could have stayed in the church, in which case I never would have been heard of; or I could do exactly as I did—*continue my search for the actual truths of God, come what may*. I chose the latter course, and I am glad that I did. No young man of my age should drink as I did, yet no young man under similar circumstances would have done anything else. This life of mine has been unusual. It is unusual today, and it *must* be unusual, for the work I am doing is unusual, and it takes an unusual man to accomplish the unusual. This world is full of “usual” men, both in and out of the ministry, but what this world needs today is a man who, inspired by a larger vision of God than the world has had to date, will fearlessly bring that vision to the world, and then, that being done, this world will quite naturally see the larger conception of God, and through that conception it will be everlastingly blessed.

God can never be higher than a human conception of God. If the sum total of the Christian religion is of its “god,” hanging on a cross, bleeding to death and slain by a handful of Roman soldiers, that church can bring to this world a picture no higher and no greater than that. A “crucified god” means a decadent, dying church, because there is nothing in such a conception of God which has the power to raise one’s thought above such a conception. This world, especially the religious world, if there is such a thing, is going through an evolutionary process. As the process goes on, the old “gods” which have cluttered up the garden will be pulled up. They

are but weeds. In their place will grow beautiful flowers, for the True God, or rather the true conception of the only God there can be, will come to the world through its present evolution. When the plain simple truths of God are known, there will not be one single crucified god in that picture, out of about fifty-two this world has heard of to date. Such stories originated in the dark and pagan past. They do not belong to this civilization, and this civilization will progress in the exact measure in which it comprehends the fullness of God. That fullness cannot either be known or comprehended through any "crucified god" regardless of what he may be called, and regardless of the system of theology which teaches him.

* * *

After leaving the Mascot saloon that night, I went home. I had been working for the past year at the E. P. Charlton store. The manager was a very "religious" man called Baldwin. I forget his initials, but his wife was prominent in Portland social activities, and he had a son named Lapeer. The next morning, I went up to draw my pay and quit the job. Gipsy Smith had been holding revival meetings in a huge specially built auditorium shortly before and, being a "good boy" prior to this last outbreak, I had been singing in his large choir. Baldwin, by the way, was a "holy-roller" member, a little bit too "holy" for me, but he belonged to that denomination.

One night, just as Gipsy began to preach, it started to rain as it can rain in Portland. The roof of the tabernacle was of sheet metal, and the rain made lots of noise as it came splattering down on the roof. Smith could not be heard so, lifting his hands in the air in front of him, he said, "Oh, Lord, this is your meeting, not mine, please stop this rain." Well, at once the rain stopped, and Smith continued with his preaching. The rain started again the moment the meeting was over. Although the Gipsy was preaching "Jesus Christ and Him

Crucified," that night, in stopping that rain, Smith never knew how close to the Power of the true God he was, for it was Smith's prayer that stopped that rain. It was not Jesus Christ who stopped it, but Smith *unconsciously complied with the law of God, and the rain stopped*. He, I suppose, attributed it to Jesus. He made a mistake. I saw in a Los Angeles newspaper recently where this same Gipsy, although eighty years of age, married a young girl of twenty-six. That's perfectly legal and perfectly all right. I have no comment to make on it. I merely mention it. Another branch of the Christian church won't let its "ministers" marry at all. Being human though, I believe I would rather throw in my lot with Smith than with the other crowd, at least as far as the marriage business is concerned.

I met Baldwin in the ten-cent store the next day, and I asked him if he had heard about Gipsy Smith stopping the rain. He replied that he had, but added "It was not Gipsy Smith's prayer that stopped the rain; it was mine." Maybe so, but the thought then occurred to me that it was rather a ridiculous statement to make. What difference did it make whose "prayer" stopped the rain? Might have been neither one of them. The point here is that here was a man, a holy man, jealous of another holy man because he had been able to stop the rain. At least he got the credit for it, and the *Portland Oregonian* next day plastered the front page with the incident.

Every sermon Smith preached throughout the whole meeting was published by the *Oregonian*. It would take a pretty good preacher to do that well anywhere today. The Christian Science religion publishes its sermons in full page articles, but it pays for them. I know, because my paper sometimes runs them.

That night, down and out again, I stood on the corner of Sixth and Alder listening to another group of religionists. They had a wagon and a team of horses, and on the wagon was a little foot organ. They played away and sang as I stood

there and listened to the "testimonies" of those who had been "saved" and drank in every word. When the meeting was over, I followed the crowd down to Burnside Street and into a hall which had a big sign over it that read, "Jesus—The Light of the World." In I went, and listened to what they had to say. More singing and more testimonies followed. Then the usual "call" for those who wanted to "know Jesus." I was not interested in knowing Jesus. I wanted to know *God*, and I knew from what I had already learned that there could be no possible connection between Jesus and God Almighty, so when the call came, I did not respond. Then the preacher asked everyone who did not want to pray to leave the room. I was rather intrigued and wanted to stay, so I sat there in the back seat. Soon, a young lady came up to me and said, "Brother, don't you want to be a Christian?" I remember my reply. It was this: "No, I don't particularly want to be a Christian, but I do want to know God."

That was the signal for action. "Hallelujah, Hallelujah," shouted this good sister at the top of her voice. "Here's a brother who wants to be a Christian." I had just specifically stated that I was not interested in being a Christian. I had told her that I wanted to know God, but in less than sixty seconds I found myself surrounded by a group of about twenty-five "missioners" who, pushing the chairs away from me, had me there sitting in the middle of them. They all went down on their knees and started to "pray." They all prayed at once, and how they "prayed!" They yelled and screamed and finally one or two of them who had "the gift of tongues" went raving off into another language which sounded like Swedish to me. Pandemonium raged. Several colored "brethren" were in the crowd and, to tell the truth, I was getting just a little sore. All should have been in a lunatic asylum. One of these colored men, seeing me rise to my feet preparatory to leaving, pushed me back to my seat again and said, "You-all ain't goin' to leave this yere house tonight until you has found de Lawd." That made me

rather peeved, for I don't like anyone pushing me round any place, and this colored man was quite insistent that I should not leave that mission until, as he put it, "You has found de Lawd." I had, in my hip pocket, half a bottle of beer which I had religiously saved until I got outside when I would drink it. Getting up to my feet a second time, and seeing the "colored brother" coming at me to push me back a second time, I looked him in the eye and pulled the beer bottle from my pocket, saying, "If you don't get out of the way and let me leave, I'll break this bottle over your head." That was exactly what I did, for his head did not break and the bottle went flying into pieces all over the place. Finally I got out, minus half a bottle of beer.

I do not particularly like to mention these instances, but here again was a group of people who "knew God." They hold their property tax-free, yet there was little of God Almighty in that house that night. There was a bunch of religious fanatics, and this was the sort of thing which was passing itself off as being of God. The whole subject in that mission that night was Jesus Christ, and I must insist once more that there is no relationship between the Great Spirit—God—and Jesus Christ of the Christian church.

After a few days of tramping around Portland and eating from the free-lunch counters in the saloons, I happened to drop in at another mission, not so far from the "Holy-Roller" mission where I had the exciting experience a few nights before. This was the Portland Commons Mission. It was run by the Reverend Maclaren, a little Scotchman, and I believe he is still there. I never could figure out what a Scotchman was doing in the "mission" business. There must have been some other income from some other place. Anyhow, on this particular night, the organist had not appeared. I kindly volunteered my services which were accepted. It did not take the preacher very long to find out that his organist was feeling very good, for the hymns rolled from that organ as they had never been played before. I love

an organ and can make an organ talk when it comes to playing sacred music, for that is the only kind of music I play on my pipe-organ now.

At the close of this service, a Mr. Brimson came up to me and said, "Brother, you are a diamond in the rough." After a few minutes' conversation, I told him I had no place to sleep that night, and he took me to his home. Asking me if I did not want to become a Christian, I said "No, I want to find God, if I can." He said he was going to pray for me, and I am sure he did. The next week, he was arrested, for he was living with another man's wife, illegally. Knowing all about that, I was more disgusted than ever, and the next day I joined the United States Navy at the recruiting office in Portland. Being a registered pharmacist, I was enlisted with the rank of Hospital Apprentice, First Class.

The recruiting officer in Portland gave me a ticket to Seattle, and I was instructed to report to the U.S.S. *Philadelphia*, a training-ship anchored in the Navy Yard at Bremerton. I reported for duty on the *Philadelphia*, during which time my uniform was issued and the details incidental to enlistment concluded. After two weeks on the "*Philly*," as we used to call the ship, I was transferred for duty to the Naval Hospital, also at Bremerton. This is a lovely hospital, situated on a sloping hill at the rear of the Navy Yard proper. It is one of the most completely equipped hospitals I have ever seen. The food was good, the doctors were good, and everything one could desire was there.

I made up my mind that here, in these wonderful surroundings, I would cut loose once and forever from the ties which bound me. I have never been able to tell where that diabolical craving for liquor came from. It may have its origin in some relative or parent of my father, but I do not know. It may have come from draining the beer bottles, in which pastime I had indulged after the "fraternals," held in our home. I would go down to the pantry where the beer was kept, and drain dry the bottles the "men of God" had

used in their celebration the night before. That is more likely to be the reason for these continued drinking spells, for, to my recollection, I never drank anything stronger than beer. Whatever the cause may have been, I wish it had never been there, and yet, who knows? Perhaps, had I not been through these experiences, bad as they were, I might not have been able to do as much for the spiritual uplift of humanity as I have been able to do. God knows what I have been able to do is little enough, but it is something. Moreover, the end is not yet in sight. It may be that this book itself will be the cause of hundreds of thousands of my fellow Americans finding God. If that be so, what does the suffering of one man amount to? If, by laying down my life, I could bring to this world the truths of the ever-living God, I would not hesitate one second. However, this will not be necessary, as this world will very shortly know, at last, the truths of God, and knowing those truths, it will be liberated from those things which today bind it down. If the experiences I am relating to you have any part in this great redemption of the human race, I am glad they happened.

My stay in the Navy was short, however, for my good intentions were destined to be upset. I do not believe I was in the Navy much over three months, if that long. One day, Doctor Rossiter, the Chief Surgeon of the hospital, sent me to Seattle to get twenty-four guinea pigs for laboratory experimental purposes. My instructions were to secure them from the city health officer whose name, if I remember correctly, was Doctor Hendricks. Leaving Bremerton with an order for these guinea pigs, I secured them as I was told. They were packed in two light boxes, twelve pigs in each. On my way down to catch the steamer the *H. B. Kennedy*, back to Bremerton, I met another hospital apprentice, first-class, by the name of Wells. "Fat" Wells we used to call him as his avoirdupois was considerably over two hundred pounds. After passing the time of day with me and asking my mission in Seattle, "Fat" Wells said, "Let's go in and

have a beer, Robbie." Robbie should not have gone in, but Robbie did.

The saloon we entered was the Alberta Cafe at the corner of First and Cherry Streets. It was owned and operated by a Mr. Spence Thompson. One beer led to two, two beers led to four, four led to eight, and so on. By that time, I did not care whether I ever saw Bremerton again or not, as I was having a "good time" playing piano in the saloon. While I was entertaining the crowd at the piano, Fat Wells decided he would have a look at those guinea-pigs which I had left at the end of the bar. Wells, by the way, had more "Old Nick" in him than anyone I had ever met, myself included possibly. Anyway, Wells had cut the string around the guinea-pig boxes, and these pigs ran up and down the bar, behind the bar, and all over the floor of the Alberta Cafe. Hearing the commotion, I left the piano and went over to the bar to see what the trouble was. Sizing the situation up at once and realizing that I had to rescue those pigs, I said, "For Heaven's sake, we've got to catch every one of those guinea pigs, for *they are all inoculated with diphtheria.*" I then described in detail just how the guinea-pigs were to be handled, and after about one hour's commotion, I finally got the guinea-pigs back into their boxes again. I felt quite a hero picking up those "inoculated" pigs, for needless to say, they were not inoculated with anything.

Then, Wells and I left the saloon and got a room across the street at the Rainier-Grand Hotel, taking the boat back to Bremerton in the morning. Wells had overnight leave. Being on a special mission, it made no particular difference when I got back. However, on arriving at the hospital, I was summoned before the O.C. and asked for a detailed explanation of the "inoculated guinea-pigs." The news of those pigs had travelled back to Bremerton before I got there. A severe lecture followed, and as usual, I promised to "never take another drink."

It was not very long, however, before I was found in the

pharmacy completely unconscious, lying on the floor between two rows of bottles. This was followed by another escapade which involved my getting drunk in Seattle and not having the fare back to the hospital. Uncle Sam very rightly will not stand for that sort of thing, and one morning I was handed my discharge across the front of which was written "chronic alcoholic." I was no use to myself, no use to Uncle Sam, and certainly no use to anyone else. 'Twas a far cry from those days when I would snuggle up on mother's seal-skin coat and talk to her about the new picture of God I was to bring to the world, a very far cry. However, there was an over-ruling Power which protected me, and which has been protecting me ever since. I make no excuse for any of these happenings. It was all my fault, and no one is to be blamed. Had I passed out of the picture then, no one would have missed me. Perhaps it would have been better, who knows? I leave you to be the judge of that after you have finished this book.

The next Sunday, without a cent in my pocket, I was sitting on a bench in Pioneer Square in Seattle. This Square is a block of "park" in the center of Seattle, and benches are placed there, or were placed there then, for the weary to rest. All the riff-raff, all the human derelicts, gathered there in Pioneer Square. That is the reason I was there, and I was where I belonged. On this particular Sunday we were watching the antics of the Salvation Army, the Volunteers of America, the Holy Rollers, and the Industrial Workers of the World. Each occupied a position on each of the four corners of the Square and competition was keen. As soon as the Army band would start up, the Volunteers would have to temporarily hold up their street-meeting as one could not hear what was being said while the band was playing. When the Army band had stopped playing, and they were nicely started on their "testimony" meeting, the Volunteers of America band would begin, and this silenced the Army meeting. The Holy Rollers had a wind organ, and regardless of

what the Army and the Volunteers did, they kept pegging away. On the fourth corner, the Workers had a song of their own, so no matter what song the Army or the Volunteers started to play, the "wobblies" had a song to fit the tune in their "song book." If the Army started to play "In the Sweet Bye-and-Bye," the "wobblies" would start singing, "You'll Get Pie in the Sky When You Die." It was bedlam to be sure, but the main contest was between the Army and the Volunteers. Each was preaching the "gospel of Jesus Christ" and inviting "sinners" to "come to Jesus and have your sins washed away." While they were doing this, the people were laughing at the competition "for souls." What a pious sham the whole thing was.

When the offering was taken up, the captain, who made the appeal, stated that "no one is ever turned away from the Army," so taking him at his word, I went up to the Rescue Home of the Army a bit later and asked them for something to eat and some place to sleep. A man called Petersen, a Swede, was in charge of that home. He informed me that there was nothing the Army could do for me. When I recalled to him the words spoken on Pioneer Square earlier in the day, his reply was to put his foot in my stomach and push me to the bottom of the stairs. This same Army officer would stand on the street corners and tell the people how he had been "saved" many years ago, which I have often seen and heard him do. This was Christianity in action.

After this experience, I retraced my way back to Pioneer Square—at least I could sit down there.

While I was sitting there, my eye caught a sign on the other side of the street, "*Pioneer Drug Store.*" Going into the drug store, I said to the man who came to wait on me, "I'm a registered pharmacist, I'm broke, down and out. Do you know where I can get a job?" Sizing me up, the druggist said to me, "You look like a man with good home surroundings, and why you're on the bum, I don't know. However, I have a drug store which is closed out in Ballard—man

quit, and I'm working here. If you want to go out there and open up the store, I'll give you \$125.00 a month." This man's name was A. M. Hoidale. Asking him for a nickel for street-car fare, I took the key he gave me, jumped on a street-car and went out to Ballard. The drug-store was on the corner of 64th and 14th N.W. It was called the Olympic Pharmacy. The landlord was a Swede named Zackerson.

That evening, I opened up the drug store and for several months worked very hard and was doing a nice business. Then Hoidale offered to sell me the store, and I bought it with nothing to pay down. All went well until one day while down town doing some buying I dropped into the Alberta Cafe again. It was a fool move, but then a fool made the move. I have not seen the Olympic Pharmacy from that day to this. I never did go back again, and I understand Hoidale had to take it over. Well, it was not very long before Frank B. Robinson was down and out again, and at this point, I really began to give up hope. Was this thing called "booze" going to get me permanently? I believed it was, and believing that, I made no attempt to put on the brakes. Up to this time, I had fought this liquor habit with all the power I had, but evidently that power was not enough. Digressing again, it was not so very long since I walked into the Washington Mutual Trust and Savings Bank in that same city of Seattle and borrowed \$37,000 from Dietrich Schmitz. Rather should I say through Mr. Schmitz, the bank made the loan. What Dietrich will say when he reads this autobiography, I do not know. I probably would not have been able to get thirty-seven cents if he had known what he will know when this book is released.

Walking down to the freight sheds in Seattle that evening, I jumped on the first freight train I saw moving. I did not know where it was going, nor did I care. As long as I was on the move, I was satisfied, for what difference did it make, anyway? I was useless and just a common drunk. No one suspected the heartaches under those shabby clothes.

No one ever knew the hours, the days, the weeks, the years spent in one untiring search for God, and then, to be handicapped by this craving for liquor. It would have downed far better men than I am, and as I write this autobiography in a little cabin on a knoll at Rocky Point, Oregon, the marvel to me is that I'm here at all. Not that I hurt anyone but myself, for I have never been convicted of even a misdemeanor; not even a traffic violation. How I escaped is beyond me.

It so happened that this freight train was going to Spokane via Ellensburg, and it was at this little city we were thrown off the train at three o'clock in the morning. I shall never forget that ride. We were in a car loaded with lumber with about two feet from the top of the lumber to the top of the car. At least twenty-five hoboes were sleeping on top of that lumber. I could not sleep, but the fellow just ahead of me could. Every so often, he would stretch in his sleep and his hobnailed boots would press into my head. It was a very uncomfortable ride, but at Ellensburg, the monotony was broken when the "shack" started to throw rocks in at us, at the same time ordering us to "pile off." We piled off, and there I was at three o'clock in the morning in Ellensburg, Washington.

I walked around the little city and could find no place to sleep, so I made my way back to the freight yards. There was a big pile of sawdust close by and, as it was cold, I dug a big hole in that sawdust, covered myself up with it, and went to sleep. Imagine the shape I was in the next morning, sawdust down my neck, in my pockets, everywhere, in fact. I shook off what I could and made my way down town, miserable beyond words. I did not like this sort of life, but what could I do? I was helpless in the grip of some monster, and I've often suspected that perhaps I was made to go through these experiences just to try me, but I leave that to you.

About nine o'clock in the morning, I went into the Young

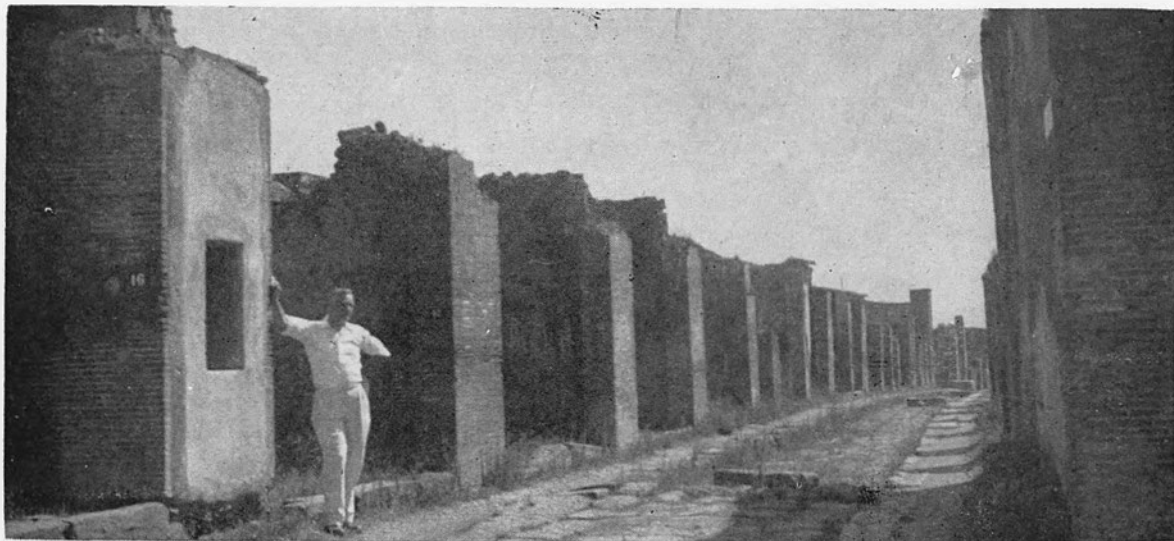


THIS IS THE CHAPEL IN LONG CRENDON

Where Rev. J. H. Robinson preached, and where his eldest son Frank spent several of his childhood years

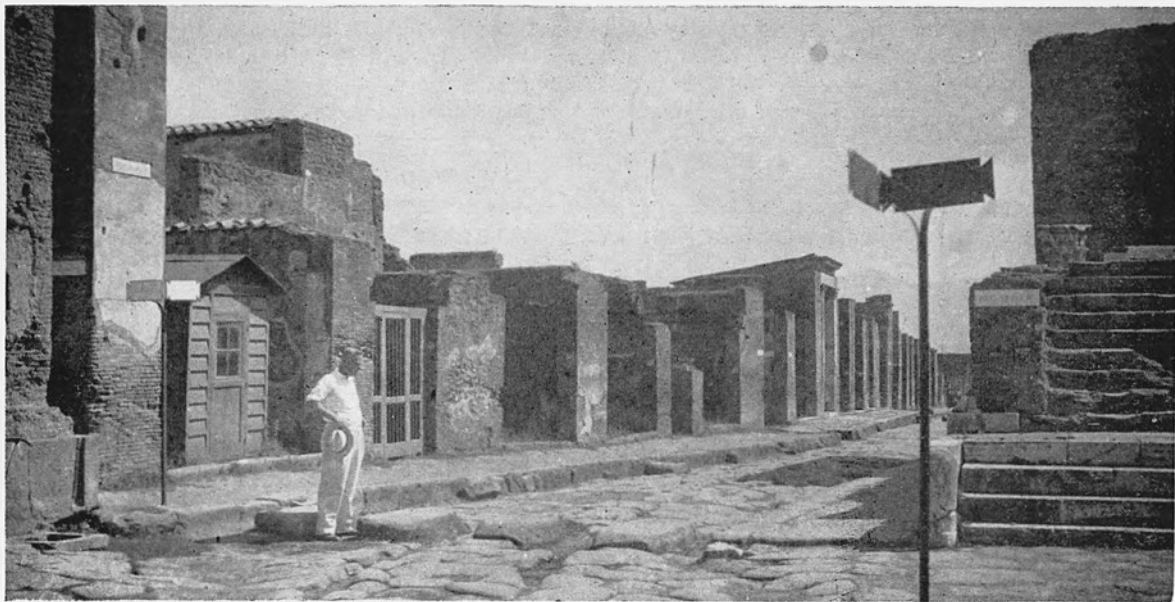


THE HOME AT No. 7 LILAC ST., HALIFAX, ENGLAND
The room above the door is the room in which Dr. Robinson's
mother died when she was thirty-three and he was eight years old.
He visited this room in 1934.



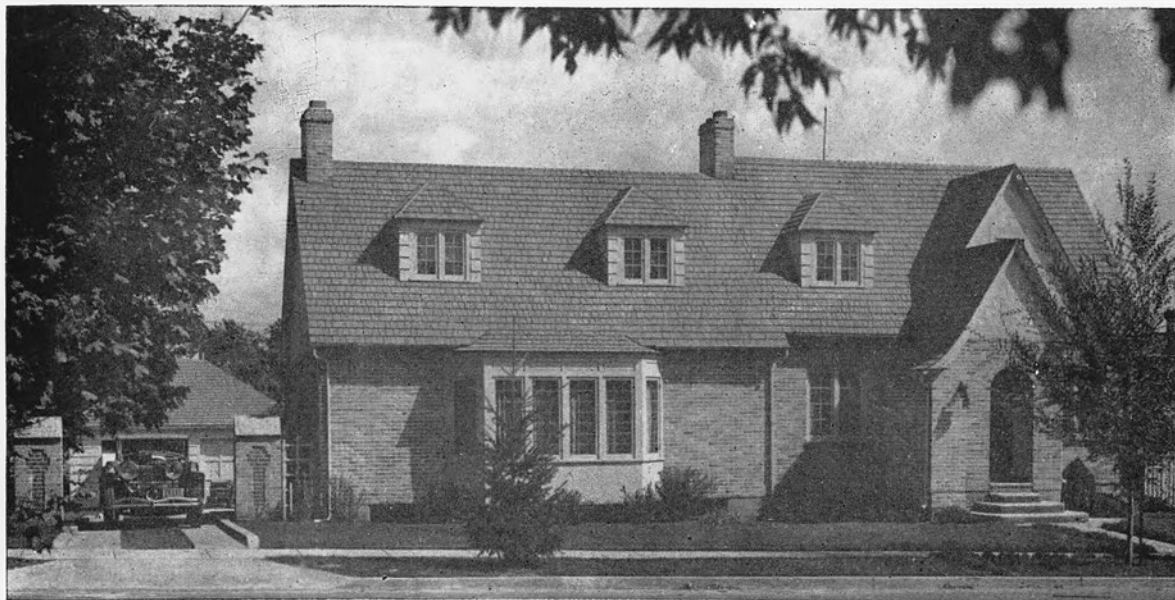
ONE MORE VIEW OF POMPEII

This was the "red-light" district in olden times. Only adults are allowed to enter it now and pictures are not supposed to be taken of it. However, here is a picture which was taken there. No females, young or old, are allowed to enter here on account of the nature of the paintings on the walls. In those days the sexual organs were worshipped and these organs are carved in the stone over every "red-light" house. Also in the flagstones in front of these houses.



ANOTHER PICTURE TAKEN IN POMPEII IN 1934

This old city was buried under lava from Mt. Vesuvius over 2000 years ago. The Italian government has been "digging the old city out." You will note the bricks in the building are still in good shape despite their age. Original paintings may be seen inside the houses, on the walls.



THE ROBINSON HOME

This home is at 122 South Howard Street in Moscow, Idaho. It is annually visited by many thousands of students who come from far and near to see Dr. Robinson. Many of them go away disappointed as his work keeps him out of Moscow almost as much as he is at home.



DR. ROBINSON AT CONSOLE OF HIS PIPE-ORGAN

This is the only form of relaxation Dr. Robinson takes. But many hours does he spend alone at the organ. Much of his inspiration comes while playing his favorite tunes.

Men's Christian Association and there met the secretary, Chester Raymond. I understand Chet is now the general manager of a large bank or savings and loan association in Tacoma, but I have not seen him since. Some day I'll look him up if I ever have time, for Chester was a good friend. He gave me meals, a place to stay, and got me a job at the drug business in Ellensburg. I had some of the happiest days of my life in that little city. There had been little of joy or happiness in my life up to that point, and not too much since. There never will be too much, for I do not seek happiness for myself. All I want to do now is to faithfully reveal to the world the priceless truths of God which will mean the bringing in of the Day of God. In that Day, I shall be supremely happy, but not until. I have a very wonderful family, and I am happy with them, but underneath what superficial happiness there may appear to be, there is a great burden. That burden will not be lifted until this world knows the fullness of the Power of the Great Spirit, God.

Coming back to Ellensburg, the man who gave me the job was O. W. Ball, who owned the Model Pharmacy. I imagine he is dead now as I am writing about the years 1915 and 1916. Mr. Ball was a very peculiar chap and a very rabid anti-Catholic. Sometimes when a stranger would enter the store, Mr. Ball would say to him, "You're not a — Catholic, are you?" One occasion I distinctly remember, a man replied that he was a Catholic and asked, what he was going to do about it. Mr. Ball replied, "You get to hell out of this drug store; I don't want any Catholics in it."

I don't know how long Mr. Ball was in business there after I left, but I do know it was not very long, for the Model Pharmacy has been closed these many years. It was also in Ellensburg that I made friends with Ernie Schorman, who had a Flying Merkel motorcycle and Sunday after Sunday we would ride through the country taking pictures. They were wonderful days while they lasted, and I called upon Ernie the other evening in Portland where he has been with

the Shell Oil Company for the past eighteen years with a good position. I always knew he was in Portland but was unable to locate him until recently when we visited until quite late, looked over the old snapshots we took together. We spent a very enjoyable evening. I had several hundreds of pictures too, but when I left Ellensburg and went to Spokane, Washington, I pawned both of my suitcases, one of them containing these pictures, for six dollars. They were given to a druggist by the name of Savage to hold as security for the six dollars I borrowed. If by any chance Mr. Savage sees this book and reads what I am now writing, if he still has those two suitcases, let him communicate with me in Moscow, for I'll be glad to return him his six dollars with interest to get those photos and clothes back again just for the sake of the memories they bring.

Rather a strange circumstance should be noted here. While I was working with Ball in Ellensburg, two other druggists were there in another drugstore. One was Jim Urquhart, now owner of the Pioneer Drug Store in Yakima, and the other was Bob McKinley, who has been working with Jim Urquhart in Yakima for nearly twenty-five years. It was the Pioneer Drug Store which I left to go to Moscow, Idaho, to write my message to the world, and both Jim and Bob knew me in those days of which I am now writing. Of course, every time I pass through Yakima now, I drop in and see Jim and Bob and Mortland, the manager. They're good fellows and they had something in Ellensburg I did not have while I had something they probably did not want. However, if I had the opportunity now to draw back these days and take a chance on doing the work I am now doing, I do not believe I would withdraw one thing that happened. Of course, it would be nice if I could blot it all out—but I'm not so sure the "*Psychiana*" Movement would be in existence had my path through life been any different, so I shall not waste too many tears over wasted years. In short, I know what I

have done in the past thirteen years has more than made up for all the mistakes I have committed.

Another friendship I made in Ellensburg was with Professor Kooken, one of the faculty at the Ellensburg Normal School. One day Kooken came in to see me to try to sell me some Christian Science. "Robbie, I've just discovered the greatest religion in the world," he began. "Why I can put my hand on a red hot stove and not feel it," he continued. I don't remember what I said to Professor Kooken, but I do know that neither Kooken nor anyone else can sell me that sort of religion. If one puts his hand on a red hot stove, the hand will be burned, and when one burns his hand as a result of placing it on a red hot stove, that one feels it, Christian Science notwithstanding. However, the strange part of my meeting with Kooken happened last year. I was staying for a few days in Portland at the Portland Hotel when I spotted Kooken across the lobby. Now you must remember that it was at least thirty-five years since I had seen him. Walking up to him, I held out my hand and said, "How do you do, Mr. Kooken—remember me?" He admitted that he did not remember me, so I jogged his memory. The thing that astounded Kooken was the fact that I could give him in detail many things which happened in Ellensburg which he had forgotten. We had a nice chat, and he told me that he knew of this work of mine and thought it very fine—not quite as fine as Christian Science, of course, for Professor Kooken is practicing that religion in Bellingham, Washington, and has been since he left Ellensburg.

These good times came to an end all too soon. A travelling evangelist came to Ellensburg, and some local preacher, I think his name was Yager—a Baptist, came to call on me and invite me to attend this "revival" service. By that time, I was getting pretty well fed-up on "religion" and on everyone who professed "religion," and I was skeptical. I had seen a lot of religious professors, but I had not seen one, Catholic or Protestant, who could give me any evidence that he knew

the slightest thing about God. I had listened to all their claims, and I had tried as few have ever tried, to find the actual Power of God, yet I had been misled and deluded all along the line. This evangelist, however, was a hot one. I refused to go to his meetings, but he called on me at the Model Pharmacy and wanted me to go into the prescription room with him and pray. A prescription room is for the filling of prescriptions, and O. W. Ball was not paying me for holding prayer-meetings in his prescription room, so naturally I refused either to pray or to be prayed for, especially not by this fanatic.

The next Sunday afternoon he was preaching on the steps of the court-house, and Ernie Schorman and I happened to be passing by. He spotted me, and pointing his finger at me, said, "There goes a young man who ought to be in the service of the Lord. Instead of that, he is desecrating the Lord's Day by taking pictures instead of going to church." Of course, everyone in the crowd turned and looked at me, and something inside of me which I thought asleep awakened. That night I was as drunk as a lord and on my way to Spokane, Washington. Friends, job, nothing mattered when the urge to drink came over me. It was irresistible, but today I can have the stuff all around me and never even look at it. I remember a few years ago I was making a radio address and had neglected to cool off before leaving the studio. I jumped into my open car and drove nearly one hundred miles that night, and the next day I was about dead. The attending physician said the only thing that could save me was whiskey, and I took two tablespoons every three hours. There has been in my home ever since that day, half a quart bottle of Scotch whiskey. I threw it away the other day. This just goes to show how absolutely and completely this desire left me when I found God, or when I at long last got off the "church" trail and onto the trail at the end of which lies, God.

I do not want to weary my readers by relating too many of these experiences. I have given you enough to show that

Frank B. Robinson in those days was just about as useless a piece of humanity as ever lived. I must relate just one more incident, and then I shall take you up another and even more remarkable trail than the one I have led you up so far. My travels had taken me to San Francisco, thinking I would get a job in some drug store and work until the liquor urge came to me again. One morning I was awakened by the blowing of a bugle. Was I dreaming, or did I really hear a bugle blowing? Then I turned over and went to sleep again, but this "beauty sleep" did not last long before I found myself lying on the floor with a sergeant from the Thirty-First Infantry standing over me and asking me, "Whoinell do you think you are—General Pershing?"

Looking around, I said to this chap, "Well, where am I and what is all this?" I was informed that I was in the United States Army and on this particular morning I was in a barrack room on Angel Island. There was no mistake about it at all, I *was* in the Army, and I later discovered, I had enlisted for service in the Philippine Islands. I have never had the faintest recollection of joining the Army, and I knew nothing about it until the next morning. It later turned out that I had given another name, told them the wildest stories about who I was, and when shown a copy of the enlistment record some years later, I was staggered, for I have to be pretty bad when I don't know what's going on. I do not believe men in that condition should be enlisted, and I do not believe they are today. But they certainly were then.

It was quite a shock to find myself in the Army, as I remembered the Navy experience and did not see how they could take me into the Army when the Navy had let me go as a "chronic alcoholic." However, in due time I was on the United States Army Transport, *Sheridan*, bound for Manila. On arriving there I was transferred to the Hospital Corps because I was a registered pharmacist, and from Manila was sent to Batangas. One day one of the medical officers who

had taken a very violent dislike to me ordered me to the surgery to have all my teeth pulled out. I did not need any teeth pulled, for none of them were decayed and none needed treatment. Nevertheless, I was ordered to the surgery to have "all his teeth pulled out." I refused. I should have refused under any circumstances, and regardless of what the cost might be. For that order was wrong. It was given through animosity and it was *not* a proper order. Who was a buck private to dispute a Captain, and what could I do but refuse?

I reported to the surgery and there, awaiting me was the Captain in question, the hospital steward, and two assistants. "Get on that operating table," ordered the Captain. "What for, sir?" I asked. "To get all your teeth pulled out," the Captain replied. He then asked me if I refused to get on the table. I replied, "For that purpose, yes, sir, I refuse." The Steward and the assistants were then ordered by the Captain to forcibly put me on the table. Then, when they attempted to do this, they discovered they had tackled a wild-cat. Undoubtedly they could have subdued me in time, but the Captain shortened the fight by shouting, "Take him to the guard house."

In due time a general court-martial was held, and I was found "guilty" of the military offense (not criminal) of "wilful disobedience of orders." Of course, with the Captain as a witness against me, it did not take long for that verdict to come in. At an army court-martial, one is provided with an "advocate," but it is far different from civil or criminal law, for the word of an officer overrules the word of a private. The private may be telling the truth and the officer may be lying, but the officer will be believed because of his rank, and the poor private is out of luck in such cases. Fortunately such cases do not happen every day.

There are two significant things which should be noted here. One is that the original sentence recommended was eighteen months in a disciplinary barracks and a "kick-out." This was recommended, but it was not approved in Wash-

ington. It was cut to six months, and this was about up while I was in the guard house at Batangas. The second significant thing is that before the sentence was half served, I was offered a full pardon, a chance to be restored to duty and the record swept clean. I refused them all. Why that offer was made, I do not know, for to my knowledge such an offer has never been made under similar circumstances to anyone. Perhaps I should not have refused it. I do not know. But I do know that under similar circumstances I would do the very same thing again. No one will pull my teeth if they do not need pulling. My dentist will tell you he has a hard time to pull them even when they do need pulling.

My reaction to this offer to be restored to duty with the slate wiped clean was this—I was guilty of no wrong. I was defending my inherent rights against a rotten attack on those rights by one who had the authority to legally make the attack. Therefore, if I had been found guilty of "wilful disobedience of orders," I was perfectly willing to pay the penalty. I did not ask for any quarter from anyone. I do not ever ask for quarter. All I ask for is fair play. I will fight an injustice to the death, but I will never ask favors from anyone. In this case, the Captain was utterly wrong. He swore before the G.C.M. that my teeth needed pulling. That was about thirty years ago, if I remember correctly, and I have half of those teeth yet, and had all of them until last year, which is proof enough.

Now, let me tell you how and when I took my last drink and that will close Part One of this autobiography. When I was discharged from the Army, they gave me a five-dollar bill and a suit of clothes. That was all. Taking the five dollars, I walked up Market Street in San Francisco and into a saloon in which I had spent many dollars. As soon as I entered, the bartender, Jimmy Wisnom, said, "Well, for the love of Pete, here's the piano player. Where in the Sam Hill have you been? Come on, and I'll set up the drinks on the house." "O.K., Jim, give me a glass of milk," I replied.

He poked lots of fun at the milk, but he bought it just the same, and that is the last drink I have ever taken.

Why I asked for milk, I do not know. How nor why the desire for beer left me, I do not know either. I know that from that moment on, my life was slowly changed. You could not buy me to take a drink. It was a fight, don't think it was not, and I walked all that night, up Mission Street and down the peninsula to San Jose where I sneaked into a livery barn with the five dollars still in my pocket. The rest of the story belongs in Part Two.

PART TWO



CHAPTER ONE

Rehabilitation

TO REHABILITATE SO MANY WASTED YEARS WAS NOT EASY, yet I tackled the job with a determination which meant business. There would be no more fooling around from this point on. If my childhood dreams were not to come true; if I could not find God, then I would do the best I could without God. Maybe I was a "lost soul." More than one evangelist told me that, and I still hear it every day even yet. My mail always brings in at least one letter a day which tells me to "flee from the wrath to come," or to "stop trampling under foot the blood of the lamb," or some other phrase equally as foolish. I remember a few years ago, just before his death, Billy Sunday wrote me a letter from Canton, Ohio, where he was holding a "campaign for God and souls" as he put it. In his letter he said, in part, "for God's sake stop driving men and women out of the Kingdom of God—just as fast as I save them, you drive them away." The last time I heard Bill Sunday, he was preaching in the White Temple Baptist church in Portland, to which church I have made reference elsewhere. Sunday had clambered on to the top of a table and was preaching from there. His sleeves were rolled up, his coat was off, and if I ever saw

a good theatrical performance, that was it. In the midst of his harangue, a baby began to cry. This bothered Sunday quite a bit, so stopping his sermon, he asked, "Is there a cowpuncher in the house?" Someone raised his hand signifying that he was a cowpuncher. "Then I wish you would come and lasso this heifer and take her out of the house," said Sunday, alluding to the mother of the crying baby.

I replied to Sunday that I disputed his claims to "leading men and women into the Kingdom of God" and offered to meet him in public debate either in Canton or any other city he named. The offer was not accepted, nor has Sunday corresponded with me from that day on. I saw a list recently of the Sunday earnings covering his ministry; I saw also his statement as to how many souls he had led into "the Kingdom" in his twenty-five years ministry. If he did, and if each "soul" secured one other "soul" and brought it into the kingdom, and if it took one year to win that other "soul," the way I figured it out, this world would have been "saved" fifteen times over. Surely it is not asking too much to ask one who has found God to win one more, even if it takes a year to do it, is it? The "*Psychiana*" Movement is not thirteen years old. It has no preachers nor churches. Its operations are entirely by mail, and its members are secured by advertising. One man alone, however, has been able to bring more than 750,000 people to a knowledge of the True Light. Surely Sunday's converts should have been able to get one each year.

In closing the first part of this book, I left you in San Jose, California. I had slept that night (without a drink) in a livery barn. In the morning, the proprietor, a man named Hill, raked me out of the hay and began a series of questions. He said he liked my looks and did not see why a "fine handsome-looking young man like you are" should be out of work. I asked him if he knew of any work, and after thinking a while, he said, "Yes, I believe I know where you can get a job. It isn't much, but it's work, and it's honest work." I told

him to put me in touch with the man who had the work. Going to the phone he called up a man by the name of Ben Davis. Ben wanted to find a man, and he would be in the livery barn that afternoon—keep me there. Ben came, and I hired out to him for five dollars a month with room and board. Neither of the latter were worth having, but I took the job, even when I knew what it was.

Ben Davis was in the dead horse business. Whenever a horse would die, Ben would go out, give the owner five dollars for the horse, and haul it to a glue factory in San Francisco. In the case of old "nags" that, though still living, could not stand up, Ben would give them (the owners) from five to seven dollars and fifty cents for them. He had a pasture behind his "farm" and into this pasture went these old "dead and dying nags." When he had enough to make up a carload, he would tie them together, the tail of one to the halter of another, and it would be my job to drive them into Milpitas, just a few miles from San Jose. There I was to load them into a box car and accompany the load of old nags to Petaluma, where they would be chopped up for chicken feed. Usually, by taking it very slowly, we got the nags into the box car. At Petaluma, however, it was a different job to get them out. This was my job—collecting dead horses and hauling them to a San Francisco glue factory and shipping dying nags to Petaluma. Every month I received five dollars for this work. I stayed with Mr. Davis quite a while. I remember when I left I had thirty-five dollars. The reason given for my discharge was that horses were not dying fast enough—as good a reason as any, for I was very happy to leave that place. I drive past it occasionally whenever I am near San Jose, but I never stop to call, although the name of Davis is still on the mail box.

Taking my thirty-five dollars, I boarded a train for San Francisco. I never paid the slightest attention to saloons. I was not interested in them. What I was after was another job. Murray and Ready were then, and still are, the leading

employment agency in San Francisco, so there I hied myself. I stood out in front of the place for several hours, watching the new jobs stuck on the board in front. There are usually scores of people standing in front of Murray and Ready's. It is one of San Francisco's oldest landmarks. Most of the jobs were out in the woods, and that, I thought, was where I should be for at least a year. I wanted to think. I wanted to get this big physical frame of mine in the best of condition, and the woods certainly would do that. The only trouble was—what could I do? In a little while the "artist" wrote on the huge blackboard, "*Whistle punk wanted—fifty and found.*" "Is there a whistle-punk in the crowd," he asked. "What's a whistle-punk?" I asked him. He told me that a whistle-punk was a boy or man who pulled the whistle cord which communicated with the donkey engine in logging operations. "Can you do that?" I said, "Of course, I can do that," and he hired me.

The job was at the camp of the Pelican Bay Lumber Company near Klamath Falls. By a strange coincidence, I am writing this autobiography at the foot of Pelican Mountain on which "I punked whistle" nearly twenty-seven years ago. The president of the Pelican Bay Lumber Company is Mr. H. D. Mortensen, who was also president at that time. I was entertained in his home last year. He is a student of mine. It is strange how things work out in this checkered life of mine.

Those days, when you hired out at a distance, the company would advance the railroad fare. This amount, coupled with the Murray and Ready commission, would be kept from your pay. That evening I was on a train for Klamath Falls. Here is another strange coincidence—the man who had the contract to haul the men from Klamath Falls to Rocky Point, the man who manages Rocky Point, is now my brother-in-law, Art Leavitt. In due time, I arrived here at Rocky Point and was taken up a switchback logging railroad to the Camp Number One of the Pelican Bay Lumber Company. Little

did I dream when I went to work "punking whistle" those long years ago that some day, as leader of the eighth largest religion in America, I should be here at this same Rocky Point, writing an autobiography for the world to read. Someone once said, "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform." That is the way the Spirit which is God moved in my case. Nothing less than a divine guidance could have brought me safely to the place I occupy in the religious realm of today.

That was a profitable season spent on the mountain just at my back. I came out of those woods a real man. Very few could have thrown me. My muscles stood out like bands, and I was proud of them. I soon graduated from "whistle-punk" to "choker-slinger," which job consists of hooking a large steel cable around the end of the fallen log and then giving the signal to the "whistle-punk," who in turn, whistles to the engineer to pull the log from the woods to the skidway. I saved every nickel I made those days, and when the season was over, I did not loaf around spending what money I had saved. I got another job piling green lumber. If my readers know what sort of a job piling green lumber is, they know that the only men who can stand up under it are Swedes. Yet I could pile more green lumber, and do it faster, than any Swede we had on the job. I was in the "pink" of physical condition.

Shortly after that I walked into the Star Drug Store in Klamath Falls to make a few purchases—tooth paste, and things like that. I entered into conversation with a very fine appearing clerk there, Frank Evans by name. I met him again years later in Miami, Arizona. My shirt was open at the neck and my sleeves were rolled above my elbows, and really I was a bit proud of my six feet. "Boy, I'd hate to tangle with you," said Frank Evans. One remark led to another, and finally I told Evans I was a registered pharmacist. I explained that I liked work in the woods, but I might consider going back to the drug business if a good job

opened up. Frank Evans nearly shook my hand off. "We've been trying for months to get a good man here," he said. "Wait until I call Carl Plath, the owner of the store." Plath came down and met me. I went out and bought some "store-clothes," and the next day I was back in the drug business again. It felt good. My rehabilitation was coming along fine with never the slightest desire for beer.

Shortly after this, Doctor Hunt of Klamath Falls built a hospital. He mentioned to me that he wanted a pharmacy in the hospital. I had no money for pharmacies or anything else at that time, but I interested the Reverend E. P. Lawrence (who, by the way, later married Mrs. Robinson and me) and he had some money. I opened up the Warren Hunt Hospital Pharmacy. Later Hunt took the store over, paying Lawrence what was due him. Recently I was in a party of Republicans who drove Thomas E. Dewey from Boise, Idaho, to Caldwell, where a large banquet was given the presidential candidate. Sitting in the seat next to me was the Reverend E. P. Lawrence. We chatted about old times, and I shall see him again as soon as I have time.

It was about this time that I met the lady who is now Mrs. Frank B. Robinson. Several young folks of Klamath Falls boarded with a Mrs. Rutenic whose home was, and still is, a few blocks from the Star Drug Store in which I worked. Being six feet tall and a fine physical specimen, I had no trouble whatsoever in securing attention from the ladies in the boarding house. Ladies were far from my mind those days, for I had more important work to do. Finally, in disgust, one of the ladies called up Pearl Leavitt one Sunday afternoon and informed her that she was going to bring down a good-looking fellow for her to meet. Pearl Leavitt answered that she was not interested in young men. She only thought that, for it took but three meetings for us both to fall violently in love, and we were married within a very few weeks. That was one mistake I did not make. It has been the good judgment and the kindly help of my good wife which

has been a boon many times. There are few moves I make today about which she is not consulted, and her good judgment, which is instantaneous, is seldom wrong.

After the Warren Hunt Hospital had taken over the pharmacy, I took a Civil Service examination for pharmacist in the United States Veterans' Bureau at Tucson, Arizona, and went from Klamath Falls to that Arizona city soon after. Alfred, our first-born, came to us in Tucson. The Veterans' Bureau offices were over Steinfelds store, and some happy days were had there. Frank S. Finley, the man responsible for the appointment and a very close friend of mine, recently passed away during an operation in the Letterman General Hospital in the Presidio in San Francisco. I have always missed Finley.

The Bureau ran about a year and was ordered closed. There was some scandal connected with the Bureau in Washington, and I'm given to understand that the big chief back east was sent to the penitentiary for graft. Certainly there was some sort of graft going on, for when I ordered the initial stock of drugs for the pharmacy, when the shipment arrived it contained about three times as much as I had ordered; and in addition to the stock of drugs, there were three expensive microscopes. What they thought I would do with three microscopes, I do not know. After the Bureau was closed, I secured a job with T. Ed. Litt, a prominent druggist in Tucson and shortly after that I went back to Los Angeles, where I worked for Horton and Converse, the leading chain of prescription stores with headquarters in the Pacific Mutual Building. Two chaps worked in that store with me, Ralph Northrup and Eddie Riebsame. Riebsame was quite a boy—one of the old time line of prescription men, and at the same time a very fine chap. Rieb used to cook his meals in the pharmacy, and these meals usually consisted of six boiled eggs, lavishly basted with butter, salt, and pepper. He would eat the whole six eggs and then tell us he was hungry.

I shall have to pass over the details of our few years in Los Angeles, for if I put them all in this book, it will be too large. There are more interesting happenings to relate—happenings which today are of international import in the religious realm, and happenings which will, ere long, bring to the human race the actual truths of God. I am, therefore, impatient to tell you of the inception of the Movement I now head. I am also impatient to tell you the good news of the complete liberation, both of body and soul, which is for you.

It was at 500 Laurel Avenue in North Hollywood that I made the final decision to cut completely loose from all forms of religion as I knew religion to be. One Sunday morning I was in a beautiful Methodist church on Wilshire Boulevard. The structure must have cost a quarter of a million dollars. I counted exactly twenty-six people in that church. I sat through the sermon, and after it was over, I made up my mind that this world needs something far different from the religious hodge-podge that minister handed out that beautiful Sunday morning. I was just as anxious to find God as I had ever been, but I had despaired completely of ever finding out anything about God through church organizations. I knew their message by heart. I had tried their formula a dozen times. *It did not work.* It may work for others, but it did not work for me, and nothing less than an actual experience of the Power I knew must be God would satisfy me.

I was grieved and somewhat alarmed over the whole picture, for up to that time the only organization claiming to know anything about God was the Christian church. Not finding any of God there, and knowing that God could be found, I began to be a bit desperate. Thank God I had the courage to throw away and disbelieve everything the church had told me about God. I was alone one Sunday in our little home on Laurel Avenue when I made the decision which will mean so much to this world and to future generations. As usual, I was thinking of God and things pertaining to God.

I knew I had failed to find God, and I also knew that I would continue the search for God as long as I lived. The trouble was that I did not know where to go for God outside of the church, and having utterly failed to find the first thing about God in that church, where could I look?

I decided, therefore, to see if I could not find God by some other method. No one could have convinced me that God did not exist, and no one could convince me that the church knew anything at all about God. Those two things I was sure of. This old "hell-fire" doctrine kept cropping up in my mind, and I was a bit afraid to deny what the church taught for fear of "losing my soul," and landing up in "hell-fire," for that is the teaching of the Christian church. I do not believe there are five hundred Christians in the United States who actually believe that, but it is the teaching of the Christian church nevertheless. Had it not been for that teaching and the fear it instilled into human minds through the dark ages of the religious past, there would be no Christian church today. There would be no need for it. If man is *not* a lost soul, and if man is *not* doomed to hell, where is the need for the "salvation" of the church?

As I stood there in my room, distressed beyond measure, I lifted my eyes to God and said, "Oh, God, if I have to go to hell, I'll go with the consciousness that I went there earnestly trying to find you, God." And then, a remarkable thing happened. Instead of feeling condemned for denying that the church knows anything at all about God, there came to me a feeling of wonderful peace and rest. Strange—here I should feel desperate, for had I not taken the stand that the church knows nothing whatsoever about God? I had, but instead of that confession bringing condemnation, it brought infinite peace. At last, I knew I was on the right track. I knew that God, as that Great Spirit must exist, is not to be found in anything the church teaches. Gradually I was going back to the God of my childhood. As I threw overboard the church story of Adam and Eve, the fall of man, the destruc-

tion of man by a flood because of his sin, the miraculous birth and conception of Jesus Christ, the atonement, the resurrection, etc., I began, for the first time in my life, to experience the freedom and the peace which I instinctively knew was from God.

The only thing I had been able to get from the church was theory, conjecture, doubt, and the not satisfying assurance that if I lived as well as I knew how to live, and if I believed its creeds and dogmas, everything would be all right—I should know God up there among the angels, with their harps and their streets of gold. My name certainly would be found up there in the big book if I joined some church organization and did the best I could do by believing that a certain character, true or traditional, was God Almighty. That is all the Christian church ever asked me to believe. They wanted me to make public confession that this character, Jesus Christ, true or traditional, was God Almighty.

I did not know whether Jesus Christ was God Almighty or not, neither did I care. I wanted to know the Power of the great Spirit, God. I was not interested in any "son" God might have had, nor daughter, for that matter; and as far as believing that Jesus Christ was God, I should have to be shown proof of that. The church itself, I knew, had absolutely no proof of this strange thing it asked me to believe. Therefore, how was I to know whether Jesus Christ was God Almighty or not? All religions are nothing more than social organizations which say they believe that a certain character who lived ages ago was God Almighty. The name of the religion depends upon the name of the character who was supposed to be God Almighty. As far as actually knowing about God, and as far as being able to *prove* that this character who lived, or did not live, many ages ago, was God, no religion can do that.

Let me illustrate what I mean. The Christian religion is called "Christian" because it believes that Christ, ages ago, was Almighty God in person. Millions of Christians say

that they believe that. There are more millions who believe that another character of another name was God Almighty. The Hindoos had every fundamental of the Christian story, and had it fifteen hundred years before the Christian had it, and they claim that Jeseus Chrishna, and not Jesus Christ, was God Almighty. There are other millions who believe that Mohammed was God Almighty. There are other millions of followers of a dozen systems of religion outside of the Christian religion; and they all believe that some other character was God Almighty. It is quite evident, therefore, that all religion as we have it today, is a congregation of people who believe that their "deity" was Almighty God. Not a single one of them can prove their claims. God Almighty does not appear in the picture at all, for the record of each religious structure very plainly shows that they know absolutely nothing about the Power of the Great Spirit—God. All they believe, and all they claim to know, is that a certain man, who may have lived and who may not have lived, was God Almighty. There is religion as we have it today.

In the Christian religion, everything hinges around Jesus Christ. In the Hindoo religion, larger and older than Christianity, everything hinges around Chrishna. In the Mexican religion, also far older than Christianity, everything hinges around Quetzalcoatl, and so on. None of their systems of religion even attempt to know God *outside of their own theory of who God is*. The Christian claims his God to be Jesus Christ; the Hindoo claims almighty god was Chrishna, and so on. *I disagree with them all by claiming that neither Jesus Christ, nor Chrishna, nor Prometheus, nor Buddha, nor any other man on this earth who is worshipped as God—ever was God. The True God exists entirely outside of these religious theories, and, mark me well here, is not to be found through any of them.* You cannot have two Gods. If Jesus Christ was God Almighty, so then was Chrishna and

the rest of the "crucified gods," for they *all appeared on the scene long before the Christian "God" appeared.*

I am sure you will see this. All of these religions are groups of people who have been taught by some organization calling itself a "religion," that someone, away back in the dark and misty ages of the past, was Almighty God. Who "Almighty God" was, and is, depends upon which system of religion you belong to. The whole series of religions are not based upon God Almighty, *but upon someone else who was supposed to be God, according to the founders of these systems of religion.* That none of these systems actually know God is very evident. One look at the world around us, and one look at the dying condition of religion as a whole provides proof incontrovertible that none of these man-made "gods" ever was, or ever could have been, the Great Spirit which really is the Creative Intelligence behind this universe, which universe, by the way, was rolling around on its orbit through space long before, yes millions of years before any of these "gods" were ever heard of.

It is less than four hundred years since the Christian religion decided what is "the word of God." That was decided by a vote of one hundred-eighty Catholic priests and bishops at the Council of Trent, and as before related, one of the reasons we have the four gospels is because animals have four legs. The Christian church has the audacity to offer that idiotic theory to the world and tell it that the "god" of that revelation is God Almighty, the Supreme Ruler of all mankind.

God is not to be found, therefore, in any existing system of religion on the face of the earth today. These systems have a "god" of their own manufacture, and that accounts for the sad state of the world and the church—*it has not now, nor has it ever had, the faintest particle of the actual Truths of God in either.* My work is to bring those truths to the world, and the foundation for the remarkable revelation which is coming to this world, was laid in that little room at

500 Laurel Avenue that Sunday morning not too many years ago.

* * *

This is not the place to introduce incontrovertible evidence that all religions have somewhere had a common origin, nor is it the place to enter into a discussion as to the relative merits of the many systems of religion on the earth today. If fuller information and conclusive proof of the human origin of the Christian religion is desired, that proof may be found in *Gleams Over the Horizon*, and in *Crucified Gods Galore*, both written by me. Let me just interpolate here long enough to say that the religion of Osiris, who lived twenty thousand years before Christ was ever heard of, contains the same identical teachings as the teachings of Jesus. I am not saying that these teachings are not true, for every inspired prophet of God, regardless of what the name and date may be, always teaches the same thing. The trouble with the Christian church is that while it likes to live the easy life under the cloak of the religion which is called "of Jesus Christ," it does not like to carry out the precepts of its own religion. I will give five hundred dollars and walk five hundred miles to see a true Christian. All of these prophets had the same message, but the churches, under the spell of their pagan leaders, chose to follow the dictates of those leaders instead of following the simple, plain message of the Power of God, which message *all* prophets bring.

You can find in the teachings of Osiris, word for word, line for line, sentence for sentence, the same identical teachings which today appear as "original and inspired writings of the fathers of the Christian church." There is no question but that the entire Christian religion was stolen from or borrowed from the Hindoo. The similarities are in too great a profusion to be just coincidence. Even the name of their "man-god" is almost identical with that of the Christian. There is one final argument which no religion on the face of the earth can answer—that is—if you know so much about God, and

if the man you worship as God really is the true God, why do you not throw the power of that true God against the terrific world conditions which are threatening to destroy this civilization from the face of the earth? No systems of theology can do that. All they can do is to tell us that if we believe that their particular "crucified god" was God Almighty, we shall be saved. They are very careful, however, to add that there is no "salvation" in any other system of religion—"there is none other name given under heaven whereby we may be saved," says the Christian—evidently afraid of competition.

CHAPTER TWO

Psychiana Is Born

I SHALL NOT ATTEMPT TO DESCRIBE THE GROWTH IN THE New Life which began to manifest in me from the day on which I decided to throw away everything that had been taught me about God by my parents and the different churches. I thought perhaps condemnation would come, but to my joy, the feeling of freedom, of new life, began to take hold of me, and *I knew, beyond the possibility of doubt, that my childhood dreams were to come true. I was sure that the revelation of God I was to bring to the world would be the most amazing revelation this religious world has ever known. I am more than ever convinced of this today.*

I saw at once that what I had suspected for so long was true. I saw and knew that the pathway to God lay entirely outside of the theology of any religious organization on the earth today. I saw these systems of religion in their true light—honest—earnest—but all based upon what the promoters of their systems of religion chose to tell them to believe. For instance, in proof of this statement, ask the next Christian you meet if he or she is prepared to *prove* the truth of the Christian story. Ask him if he knows that one of the reasons there are four gospels in the Christian bible is because animals have four legs. See what he tells you. These good honest souls, and there are millions of them here in the United States, have been misled by their leaders who, in their off moments, may be found driving bungs into beer barrels and the like.

The millions of church members here in America actually want to know God. They think, without investigating, that their church is the only thing on the face of the earth which

knows anything about God. They think, because they know no better, that there never was another "crucified god" outside of Jesus Christ, and they swear by all that's holy that there never could have been. It is for this reason that the heads of these churches have so very bitterly attacked this Teaching and myself. I have brought to the American people the truths of God. These church leaders, knowing that these truths will eventually replace the errors they are teaching in the name of God, foresee their own ultimate destruction. So they try to get me out of the picture. Little do they know the Power behind me or they would not try that. One man, endowed with the Spirit of God, *is more powerful in a world which knows not God than the rest of the universe combined.*

Such a man can control his own destiny because he knows how to apply the Power of the True Spirit, God, in his life. With God in the life, one has everything. With nothing more than church system of theology in life, one has nothing. This world today is a wonderful example of a world that, in spite of several hundreds of millions of nominal religious professors, *does not know the first thing about the actual truth of the present existence of God.* Had there been one small religion on the earth teaching the actual truths of God, Hitler never would have been heard of. It will take, therefore, a new revelation of the True God to bring to this earth the Power which can restore peace, health, and everlasting life. That is the mission of the "Psychiana" Movement.

* * *

Every day brought new evidences of the truth of what I was now predicating my future life upon. Every day the way opened up, and a strange Power seemed to come into my life. All fear went out to be replaced by a wonderful confidence. At last I was coming to know the infinite peace which God in the life brings. The strange part of it all is that this new experience with God grew on me. It came, as a thief in the night. It stole in. I knew and recognized Its presence, nevertheless, and I knew that God was a living reality

here and now. The big job then was to bring this true conception of God to a world full of "religion" and still not knowing God. I knew that it would be called quite presumptuous to stand alone and tell the world of great religions that none of them knew the first thing about God. Yet that is exactly what I have had to do, and I have unhesitatingly done it.

I do not believe there is another man alive who could, or would have dared to do it. Yes, attacks have been made by the church, but outside of the financial loss and the suffering to my family, what have they amounted to? They gave me more international prominence than any other religious leader of the times.

How I was to go about telling a world of religion that it knew not God, I did not know at that time. I did, however, know enough never to make a single move myself. I waited for the leadings to be clear, and when I recognized them, I followed. It made no difference where those strange leadings took me, I knew that through me, God Almighty was going to show this world, for the first time in its history, the difference between "religion" and the actual Power of the Great Spirit, God. Of course, I was eager to begin, but not eager enough to start before the time was ripe. Sending Mrs. Robinson and baby Alfred home to their folks in Oregon, I decided to move from Los Angeles back to Portland, Oregon. There seemed to be a definite urge to retrace my steps, so to Portland I went. I secured a good paying position and at once sent for my wife and baby. We secured a home out on 34th Street Northeast. This home is still owned by Mr. John Suter, a printer who has worked for a large Portland printing house for thirty years or more. He had moved away for the summer and we rented his home while he was away. I call and see John Suter every opportunity I have.

I shall never forget the day the Spirit of God spoke definitely to me in the Suter home. I had been lying under a tree in Grant High Park, studying some works along the

religious new thought line. The particular set of books, as I recall it, was a volume called *The Secret of the Ages*, by Robert Collier. I have since met several times the author of those books—in fact, I had dinner with Bob Collier in the Hotel Roosevelt not long ago. These small books helped open the way I was trying to tread, and my gratitude is to Bob Collier for having written them.

The impulse which came to me that day was to relax absolutely, keep very still, *and allow the invisible Spirit of God to manifest itself to me*. I had a definite leading to do just that, so in order to be quiet, I lay under the trees in Grant High Park. A feeling of absolute security and perfect assurance was mine that day. It was not until later though, in the Suter home, that I experienced the same “visitation” I had while a child in Long Crendon. Perhaps I should not call these moments with God “visitations.” If I use this word, some religious organization might have me arrested as an insane creature who has “visitations,” and that would cause me a bit more inconvenience in addition to the great amount they have already caused me.

When God decides to manifest His Power to a human being, that man is the sanest man this side of heaven. Moreover, while there is no question but that what I am about to relate was a direct communion with God, it was the most perfectly beautiful and natural manifestation possible. *It was the thing I needed to assure me beyond doubt that God lives on this earth today, and can, through his Power, bring to this earth that Divine Power in such measure that wars, illness, fears, doubt, death—all these can be once and for all completely banished, and God, the Great Spirit—God can live together on this earth with man eternally. Immortality is possible here and now and would have been experienced a long time ago had there been no man-made religious organizations to usurp the place of God. Just as soon as those organizations are shown for what they really are, this world will find and know the fulness of God.*

Mrs. Robinson was down town with Alfie. I had walked back a few blocks from Grant High Park and had laid the Collier books down on a table. Then, singing to myself, I lay down on the bed and closed my eyes. I was always "talking with God" as my advertisement states, but this day I wanted God actually to reveal himself to me—not that I doubted, but I wanted the experience that I had longed for and suffered for all my life. I wanted that experience *right now*. I lay perfectly still, not a move, just completely resting in the Great Spirit, God. Then God opened the veil which is supposed to separate us mortals from God, and though God and I are very close now, I shall never forget that day. The future opened up like a rose. I cannot describe it—such moments are not described by any words in any language; they are spiritual moments and are spiritually discerned. A great, infinite peace stole over me. I was overwhelmingly happy. There, in those few seconds, for that is **all they were**, I suppose, I saw victory ahead. I saw the road I was to travel. I saw the home we now live in. I saw the answer to the criminal trials which were to come later. I saw everything in one flash, exactly as it happened, and for this reason, I am so absolutely sure of the future. It was indescribable. Let me just try to describe it by saying that the Spirit of the Infinite God spoke to me. All I could do was to lie and shout, "Glory to God—Glory to God in the highest," and I did shout. The tears rolled down my cheeks, for God had at last revealed Himself to me, and had done it through methods entirely removed from any theological organization on the face of the earth.

One strange thing about that experience was that I saw the home in which I now live, and the grounds, and the very *identical* pipe-organ I have. The home we bought in Moscow was at once recognized by me some years later, as *part of the home I saw that day in John Suter's house*. When I went to Europe a few years ago, I gave Mrs. Robinson instructions to build an addition to our home. I did not

draw the plans, and to this day she does not know of the experience I am now relating to you. I keep many things pertaining to God to myself. The public sees only the results, not the Source of Origination. When I returned from Europe, here was the house, complete as I had seen it that day in Portland.

That was a hallowed experience. It changed me. It made me. It equipped me with strength to do the work which is mine to do. It put the seal of the Most High God on my life, exactly as I knew it would be put on me sooner or later. *I believed God: I still believe God. I shall never doubt God—not "up yonder in the sky"—but here and now, in me and in you, regardless of whether you have church affiliation or not. It is my conviction that you will be more likely to find God without church affiliation than with it. Such affiliation offers a strange god to the world, one the True God knows nothing about.*

The next day there was a very famous English lady visiting in Portland, and somehow or other, I met her. Looking me in the eyes, she said, "I should like to talk with you, sir." We went for a walk in the Council Crest park and there, seated on a bench she said to me, "What is the religious experience you recently had?" I was astounded; I had not revealed this experience to anyone—yet this lady knew all about it. "It's beautiful to realize that I have personally met the man whom God is to use to bring in the Great Day of God," she said, looking at me. Our talk lasted many hours. God knows then, better than anyone else knows, how His plans shall work out for the redemption of the human race.

I am reminded here of a verse which is running through my mind—"God's purpose will ripen fast, unfolding every hour; the bud may have a bitter taste, but sweet will be the flower." Surely I had tasted the very bitterest draught life has to offer anyone. Had I not suffered as few have ever suffered? Had not my very soul been seared by the perfidy of those who masquerade as "agents of God?" I think it had.

But the flower is beginning to bloom now. I see the fruits of my labors hard by. The battle is not over yet, but the foundation of victory is solidly planted, and the next few years will bring to this earth—*God in person*—not physically, I don't mean that, for no man has seen God at any time.

God is invisible Spirit. If any man or any organization tells this world that Almighty God appeared on this earth in the form of man, that organization is not speaking the truth. I realize that the true conception of God destroys religion as we have it today; for all the good it is in this present world crisis, it might just as well not be here, for it knows not God. It knows half a hundred man-made or church-made theories of God, but they are not sufficient to reveal the Great Spirit, God, to the human race. This should be evident to all. It should require no argument to sustain it.

* * *

Shortly after this, I felt a very definite urge to leave Portland, so I went to the wholesale drug house in Portland and asked if they had an opening somewhere else. I was sent to the Pioneer Drug Store in Yakima, and it was there I met to my surprise, Jimmy Urquhart and Bob McKinley of the old days in Ellensburg. I worked hard there, saved money, and in every spare moment was keeping very close to God. I knew that a break would come soon. While at the Pioneer, I shall relate a rather amusing incident which the boys in the store still laugh about.

It was Saturday afternoon—farmer's day. One farmer on whom I waited told me that he wanted to get a bottle of mineral oil for use as a laxative. We handled the Rexall line of pharmaceuticals, and these paid a commission of two and one-half per cent to the salesman selling them. Naturally we all tried to sell Rexall goods. I sold this chap a bottle of mineral oil. It cost one dollar. Then, remembering our instructions (and the commission) to sell in as large a quantity as possible, I began on that farmer in earnest. I told him that if he would take one gallon of the mineral oil, eight times

as much as one pint, he would save three dollars, and, I explained, three dollars saved is three dollars earned. He took the gallon. Running back to Jim Urquhart, I said, "What is the price on five gallons of that oil?" Jim quoted me a price, and before the farmer got to the door, I had called him back and explained how much money he would save if he bought five gallons of the oil.

Being a good farmer, he bought another four gallons. I felt proud of my selling ability that day. My checks there at the Pioneer were always larger than anyone else's for commissions. However, there was a backfire, for on Monday morning, into the store came a stout lady with "blood in her eye." She wanted to know where the young fellow was who had sold her husband five gallons of mineral oil for a "laxative." I finally had her quieted down, and on convincing her that this mineral oil was the finest thing to use in a tractor, she went away happy. We would have refunded her money any time she demanded it—only she did not demand it.

All through these months spent in Yakima, the outline of the new Teaching I was to give to the world began to take form in my mind. I was, however, working the "graveyard" shift, and had little time in which to write anything, although never was the Movement I was about to form out of my mind. I considered the "soap-box" method of distribution, but ruled that out, deciding that by mail was the only feasible way to bring this new Teaching to the world. I would make a charge for it, refunding their money if not completely satisfied, and then someday, some wealthy man would endow the Movement and I could then send it around the world free of all charges and pay the postage and other many expenses in addition.

With this in mind, I sent a wire to the Spokane Drug Company in Spokane, asking them if they knew of a position where the drug stores closed at six o'clock. The next day came a wire that there was a position in Moscow, Idaho, at the Corner Drug Store, working for C. E. Bolles. I contacted

Mr. Bolles, and by the end of the week I was in Moscow, Idaho. At that time, Moscow was unknown. It is known all over the civilized world today, and there is more talk about "that man Robinson in Moscow," than about any other religious leader.

When we arrived in Moscow, we were much dissatisfied with the place. The trip on the train from Spokane had been hard, and the rain was pouring down. That was in April, 1928, thirteen years ago. Outside "Bull" Ward's paint shop, the horses were tied to the hitching posts, and if ever there was a farmerfied city, Moscow was that city. I said to Mrs. Robinson, "Let's go back to Spokane. I would not work in this sort of place for anything. I can write somewhere else." She urged me to stay at least overnight, for she and little Alfie were tired.

Calling up Charley Bolles I informed him that I had arrived, but that I was not going to work. He invited me to come up and see him and asked me what the matter was. I told him that I was not used to working in a "hick" place and told him further that there was not enough money in the place to make me stay there. Laughing, Charley said, "Oh heck, come up and see us. I'd like to see the color of the man's hair that talks like you do; I'll bet you're a heck of a good man." Well, after dinner that evening we went up to see Charley Bolles, and I liked him. I still like him, for he's a real chap. He talked me into staying one month and getting back the expenses of the trip from Yakima, and I agreed to that. This experience only goes to show how very easy it would have been for me to have left for Spokane again; but an all-wise God was watching every move I made and was seeing to it that I made no move that was not the proper move to make—hence I stayed in Moscow and still live there.

The usual job of house-hunting followed, and we were aided in this by Harold Cornelison, the secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, who gave Alfred a stick of rhubarb

to chew. Alfred had a little tricycle, and it was amusing to see him pedalling up Main Street that day chewing on that stick of rhubarb. We finally located an upstairs apartment, and the next day I started to work. The more I worked in Moscow, the better I liked the place. The old fixtures in the Corner Drug Store are now gone, and in their places are new and up-to-date ones. While working for the Corner Drug Store, I was fortunate enough to win two national window-trimming contests, and this helped us considerably, as we could not save much from a salary of one hundred-seventy-five dollars a month.

Gradually what is now known as the "*Psychiana*" Movement took form. I carried a little black-covered notebook in my pocket, and as a valuable thought would come to me, I would jot it down. Most of the fundamental thoughts in my Movement were written down in that drug store. Then I began to look around for a typewriter, finally locating one, an old Corona, which was owned by Carey Smith, a clothes-presser in Moscow. Carey and I had a good time fishing up at the Bungalow a few years ago, and the memories of his hotcakes will linger long. In the meantime, and to show how much I was in earnest, I rented the dining room of the Moscow Hotel every week and there held lectures on my new conception of God. Moscow is a small city of about five thousand people, and anything unusual is sure to be the subject of much gossip. Here was I, working in the Corner Drug Store all day, and lecturing to the public at night. It created quite a sensation, and more than one finger was pointed to the forehead and moved round with a circular motion when I was passed on the street.

However, the crowds came, and it was evident that what I was teaching was destined to make its mark. Many college professors attended those lectures, and an order was issued forbidding any professor from the University of Idaho, located in Moscow, from attending my meetings. I do not know why that order was issued. Perhaps it was because I did

CHURCH OF GOD
Ninth and Sycamore Streets
CLARKSON, WASH.
Dec. 28, 1940

To Whom It May Concern:

The following statement concerning W.W. De Bolt and his wife, Gwendolyn De Bolt, of Moscow, Idaho, was passed at the last business meeting of the Inland Empire Ministerial Association of the Church of God: --

" We heartily endorse the action of the ministers of the Northern Rocky Mountain District of the Church of God in the rejection of W.W. De Bolt as a minister of the Church on the basis of his rejection of the fundamental doctrines of the Bible. Neither do we consider him a member of the body of Christ. We wish to do all that is in our power, however, to restore him to God and the fellowship of the brethren. Furthermore, on the report of the ministry of the Northern Rocky Mountain District, we also endorse the rejection of Gwendolyn De Bolt, wife of W.W. De Bolt as a gospel worker and as a member of the body of Christ. We will also do our utmost in her restoration."

Signed (Arley D. Skinner)
Secretary

Excerpt from
"Missionary Messenger"
Official publication of the Church of God
Billings, Montana
January 1941

" Because of W.W. De Bolt's association with Dr. Robinson and the "PSYCHIANA" Movement at Moscow, Idaho, the brethren found it necessary to add their renunciation to that of the Northern Rocky Mountain District of the Church of God."

AN EXAMPLE OF "CHRISTIAN" BROTHERLY LOVE



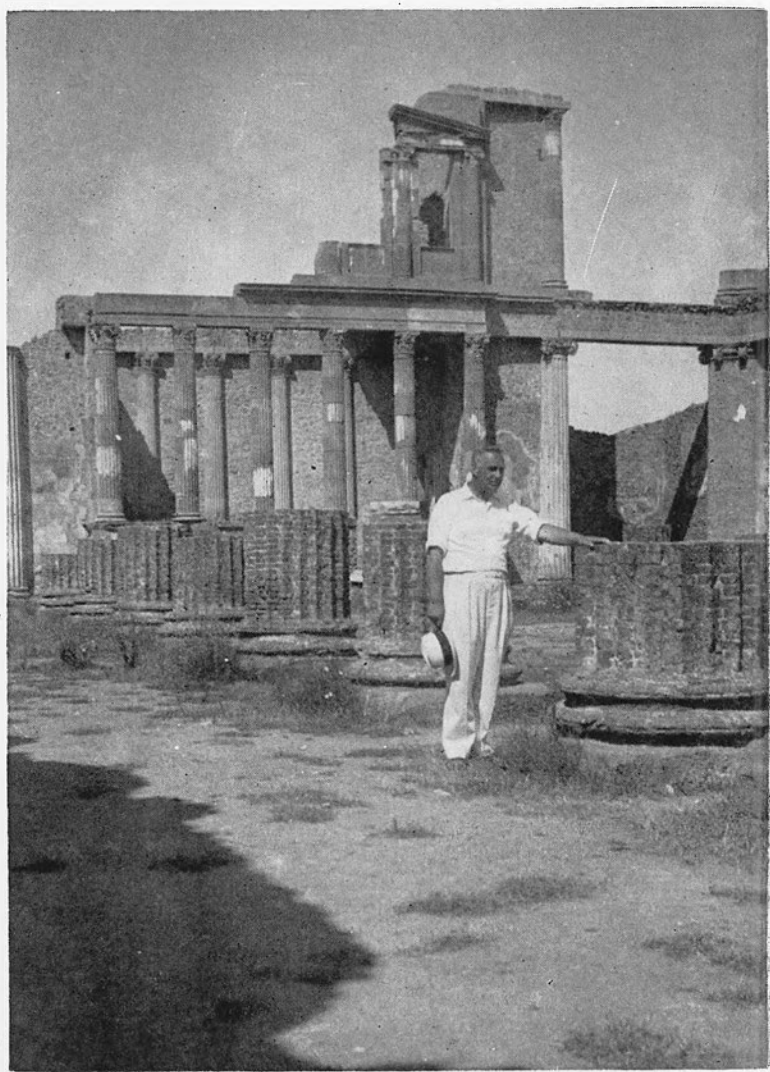
DR. ROBINSON AT THE AGE OF 24

This picture was taken in Ellensburg, Wash., by Marvin Roark. Dr. Robinson at that time was working for O. W. Ball at the Model Pharmacy. He lived at the Antlers Hotel.



AMONG THE WINE-POTS

Here we see Dr. Robinson standing in front of what, 2000 years ago, was a wine-seller's place. The stone objects are the wine-vats and oil-vats which were in use at that time. Note the brick again. At the end of this street is the oldest known Masonic emblem in the world. It is engraved in the stone at the intersection of two streets in Pompeii



IN POMPEII AGAIN



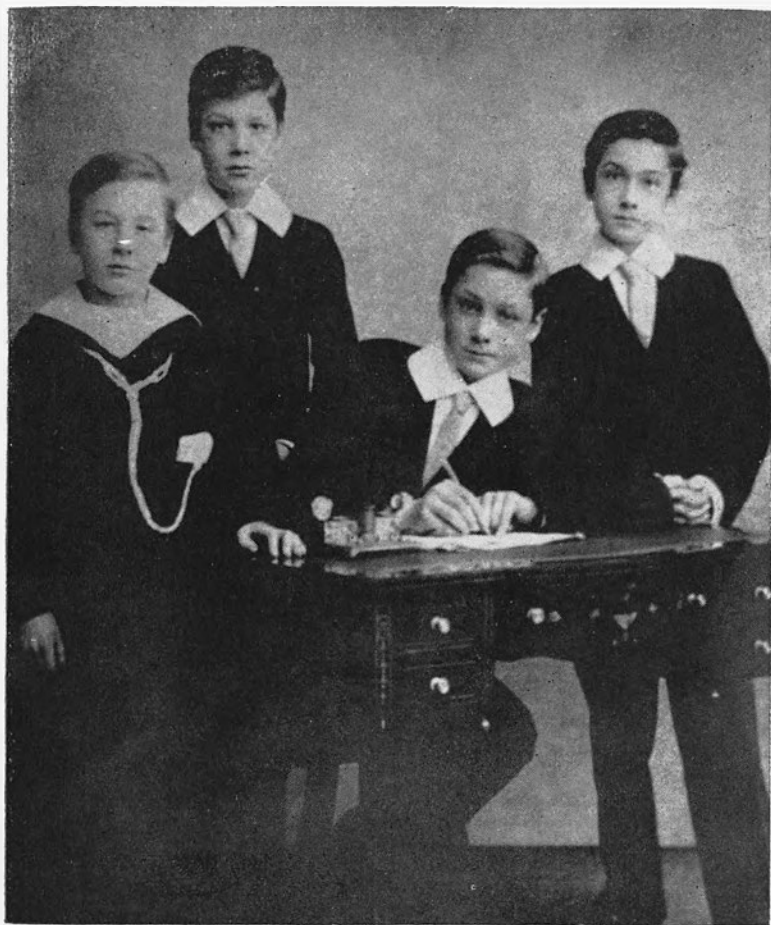
ANOTHER FORMER HOME

After outgrowing the building now occupied by the Queen City Printing Co. Dr. Robinson bought the quarter of a block, on which was located this building. It was occupied for about two years, and was then torn down to make way for The Robinson Professional Building. This two-story frame building was formerly Short's Undertaking Parlors.



FORMER HOME OF "PSYCHIANA"

This is the building into which Dr. Robinson moved the "*Psychiana*" Movement after it had outgrown its upstairs offices in the Urquhart Bldg. At the time of moving Dr. Robinson thought the building far too large. Inside of six months, however, another move became necessary. This building is now occupied by the Queen City Printing Company.



DR. ROBINSON AND HIS BROTHERS

The four boys are Frank, Sydney, Leonard and Arthur. This picture was taken over 40 years ago. Dr. Robinson is seated at the table. Leonard, extreme right, was killed in the first world war. Arthur, extreme left, is now an engineer in the marine service. Sydney, standing next to Arthur, is a street-car conductor in Toronto, Canada. There is two years difference in ages of these four boys, Dr. Robinson being the oldest.



TYPICAL ROBINSON AUDIENCE

Whenever Dr. Robinson gives public addresses, crowds usually fill the auditorium long before he is scheduled to speak. Usually thousands are turned away. His activities in Moscow do not allow time for much public speaking. Yet Dr. Robinson is considered one of the most dynamic orators on the American platform. This picture was taken in Trinity Auditorium in Los Angeles where Dr. Robinson gave a series of ten addresses.

not have the academic standing of some of the professors in the University of Idaho. At any rate, they were forbidden to attend the meetings. This did not worry me, for the only reason I held those meetings was to get the general reaction of the people to the new truths of God, and that reaction was good.

One Saturday night I took the little Corona home and, asking Mrs. Robinson not to disturb me, I wrote that night the complete first set of "*Psychiana*" Lessons. I worked all night and all the next day, and when they were completed I gave them to my wife for criticism. There was no criticism—nothing but praise. She wondered how I had been able to write these Lessons and predicted at once that they would go around the world. "They are good. They are unusual, but how are you going to get them distributed?" she asked. I replied that the way for their distribution would be taken care of at the right time, and I further informed her that if this philosophy of God was true, I should be the first one to demonstrate the fact.

A little later I was ready for the financing of the Movement. Let it be remembered here that I had not been in Moscow ninety days, and if anyone raises any money in Moscow for any purpose, that is news. No one in Moscow, with few exceptions, has any money. The city is a typical university city, and the pay of college professors is not too high. Sometimes I think it is, but they have to live as well as anyone else. Putting the Lessons in an old brief-case, I left the apartment and when Mrs. Robinson asked me where I was going, I told her I was going down town to raise \$2500.00. She looked at me in a quizzical sort of way and said, "In the frame of mind you're in, you are very apt to get it." I knew very well I should get it.

Where, or from whom, I did not know. *I did not need to know.* What I had discovered about God, and the present existence of God *in my life*, was all the assurance necessary that whatever money I needed would be forthcoming, even

if I had not been in Moscow ninety minutes instead of ninety days.

I was standing outside the drug store waiting for something to happen when a grocery clerk by the name of Ned Phillips came along. Incidentally Ned is still working in the same store but is part owner now. "Ned, have you any money?" I began. Ned looked at me rather mystically and said, "Yes, I have some money. What's on your mind?" Opening up the drug store, I took him in and explained to him what I wanted to do. I told him that if he loaned me any money, he would either lose it all or I would give him back twice the amount of the loan. Ned gave me his check for all he had, five hundred dollars, with this remark, "I don't know you very well, Robbie, you haven't been here long; but you look good to me. I think you're all right. I heard your lectures, and if this five hundred dollars will do you any good, take it."

Ned started to leave the drug store, but I called him back, for it was twenty-five hundred dollars I had started out to get—not five hundred. I asked him if he knew anyone else who had five hundred dollars, and he replied that George Benson, his brother-in-law to be had that sum. "Call him up," I said. Ned did, and a few minutes later, Benny, as we now call him, came to the drug store. I explained to him what I wanted, and he gave me five hundred dollars. That made one thousand dollars inside of an hour. Then I asked both of those chaps if they knew of a third fellow who had a little money. Benson, who still is with the Ward Hardware and Paint Company, mentioned the name of one of the cashiers at one of the local banks—Elmer Anderson. Elmer was called over, and he wrote a check, although how a Swede came to part with seven hundred and fifty dollars that quickly is something I have never been able to explain. Anderson for years has been in our employ as C.P.A. and bookkeeper, and he's a good one.

Well, there was \$1750.00 out of the \$2500.00 needed, and

the night was still young. I suggested the name of Oscar Anderson, another Swede, and a prominent Moscow farmer. The boys agreed to go out with me to see him, and while Oscar rather derided the Movement, he did give me a check for \$750.00. Thus my objective was achieved. The \$2500.00 had been raised in one night, in a strange town, and by a man they knew very little about. I felt I needed this twenty-five hundred dollars to have one thousand sets of the Lessons printed and ten thousand each of the letters which were to be sent to those who replied to our national advertisements, for that is what I decided to do—advertise nationally. Many a millionaire will stop and ponder before attempting to launch a national advertising campaign, but I did not hesitate five seconds. Moreover, I hold today the world's record for successful mail-order advertising. Let me tell you about that first ad which has proved to be such a sensational piece of advertising copy.

I knew nothing whatsoever about advertising. I had never written an ad in my life. I was no promoter, but I did know something of the Power of the Great Spirit in me, and what little I did know about that Power *was more than sufficient for me in any emergency*. Borrowing a sheet of paper from the local newspaper, I sat down to try my hand at writing an ad. I had not the faintest idea how to go about it. Then, from the nowhere, came this thought, "Don't write an ad, tell the people what you have to offer them." That is exactly what I did, and all I did. It was all I knew how to do. That piece of copy which cost me four hundred dollars to insert brought more than twenty-three thousand dollars worth of orders for this new Teaching. It was something never before witnessed in the advertising field. No piece of copy like that had ever appeared before. If that piece of copy was true, it meant that all the differing systems of religion were not true, for I very plainly said this in that first piece of copy.

Out of the twenty-five hundred dollars I had raised, I had saved four hundred dollars for the insertion of this full-page

ad in *Psychology Magazine*. Wishing to make connections with an advertising agency, I went the next day into Spokane, Washington, where I inquired for the largest agency there. I entered that office and asked for the senior partner of the firm, showing him the copy, I handed him a check for four hundred dollars to cover the cost of the ad. His commission would have been sixty-eight dollars had he handled this piece of copy; and his commissions from that day to this, had he done so, would have been quite a tidy sum. This clever advertising man, however, took one look at the copy and then looked at me. "How much money have you, young fellow?" he asked. I replied that the four hundred dollars he held in his hand represented everything I had. Calling his partner in, he said, "We don't want to handle that sort of stuff, do we? We can't afford to. Our reputation is worth too much to us, and besides, we don't want to be a party to this young man's losing the last dollar he has." The other partner agreed. Turning to me, he said, "Mr. Robinson, I suggest that you forget all about this and keep your four hundred dollars. That piece of copy is mechanically imperfect. People won't answer it, and you will never get a reputable magazine to run it. It's too revolutionary." Turning to those two advertising gentlemen, I said, "Well, you fellows are the two smartest men I have ever seen, or the two biggest fools," and I walked out.

I have already told you the phenomenal results of that advertisement, and it has appeared, and still is appearing, in the most outstanding publications in the United States. There have been a few magazines and newspapers which have refused the copy, but in every case, these periodicals have been members of a certain "faith" which, if it could, would deny the right to anyone to teach any other religion than the one they teach. The two advertising men mentioned have both personally called on me soliciting our advertising account. When I recalled my first interview with them, they professed not to remember it; but I did. The first advertisement ap-

peared in *Psychology Magazine*, and as before stated, that "mechanically imperfect" piece of copy brought in enough inquiries and enrollments to make further advertising possible. The second advertisement appeared in the *Pathfinder*. It cost fifteen hundred dollars, and the third appeared in *Physical Culture*. In one year from the date of the first advertisement we were sending our teaching into sixty-seven different countries. I believe the Spokane advertising agency made a bad guess.

CHAPTER THREE

Success Comes

THERE WAS AN ANXIOUS PERIOD BETWEEN THE ORDERING in the first advertisement and the receipt of the first replies. I knew this Movement was born of God. *I knew those replies would come in.* No other possibility entered my mind. It could not be otherwise, for this was a message from God to the world. Therefore, the world would receive the message.

I worked in the drug store all day long, and at night Ned Phillips, George Benson, Oscar Anderson, Elmer Anderson, and I built "fixtures" in a small room I had rented over the drug store. There was no planed lumber in those fixtures. We used a hammer, a saw, and some nails, and that is all we did use. Incidentally, the system of mailing the replies and follow-ups which I put into vogue in that little room is still in use today, only it is a much more elaborate system. The fundamental idea is the same. It has been claimed that the "*Psychiana*" system is the nearest to being perfect of any mail-order business in America. It may not be perfect, but very few mistakes are made, and when these mistakes do occur, they are found if the whole crew works all night to find them.

In the meantime the Moscow Publishing Company printed one thousand sets of the original "*Psychiana*" Teaching, and ten thousand each of the different follow-up letters which by the way, have not been changed from that day to this. More evidence of divine guidance, certainly. Most advertisers continually experiment, changing a line here and a line there, trying to make the advertising pay. Yet here was I, ordering ten thousand of each letter, never for one instant dreaming that any change would be necessary. On April the

first (April Fools' Day), 1928, the first replies began to come in to us. I remember calling up the "boys" and telling them that they would have to come down and fold the literature, for it was too much for one man to do.

They were very faithful, and each night would see a prosperous farmer and road commissioner, a banker, a grocery clerk, a bookkeeper for a paint store, and a druggist, working till the "wee sma" hours of the morning getting those replies attended to. In about two weeks the first enrollment was received. Then I leaped for joy. I knew my work was coming into fruition, for every succeeding mail brought enrollments for membership in "*Psychiana*." They flooded our "office" and it at once became necessary for us to rent one more room adjoining the one we already occupied. Mrs. Robinson hand-stapled the first sets of Lessons to go out. In about three weeks more we were compelled to rent still another room, and inside of six months I had signed a five-year lease on a building which I then thought we would never completely fill. But inside of another six months, that building was too small, so I bought a quarter of a block with a two-story undertaking parlor on it, and moved into it. Our present location is far too small, and larger quarters will be built in the near future.

In the meantime, I had gone on half-time at the drug-store and, seeing the handwriting on the wall, I told Charley Bolles he had better be looking for another man. As soon as one was found, I left, devoting all of my time to the "*Psychiana*" Movement. I shall never forget the first "printing" we did. I bought a second-hand multigraph machine for fifteen dollars and set every letter of type myself. The cost of printing was exorbitant, hence the multigraph machine. We now have two twin-motored multigraph machines, a Set-o-type, and the largest and most up-to-date newspaper plant in North Idaho, and still we cannot keep ahead of the printing. At the present writing, three outside printers are helping us out, we are far behind.

It is hard to estimate just how many followers we have, as from two to ten people will study each set of Lessons. Then again, we have "study-groups" all over the world. In the United States alone as I write this to you, there are more *than twelve thousand cities, towns, villages, each one having from one, to twenty-five thousand students.* I estimate, as closely as I can that we have between seven hundred and fifty thousand and one million people who either directly or indirectly have studied or are studying with me. It must be remembered that we must make a charge for this Teaching, otherwise we could not operate. For every Student enrolled, ten people have had our literature, and have not been able to study with us because of this cost. This is a pity, but at the proper time it will be overcome, as some man or woman will endow this Movement. I know just as surely as I knew the first advertisement would be successful. It has to be. Who the man or woman is, I do not know, nor do I care. As soon as he or she appears on the scene, the advertising appropriation will be quadrupled, and the Teaching will be given free to everyone who wants it, and that will be millions.

Last year (1939) more than seventy-five million pieces of literature were printed and left our Headquarters here in Moscow, Idaho. That's a lot of printing. As the years go by, and as men and women find the Power of the Great Spirit, God, we shall be enabled to move very much faster than we are today. What we have done has been little short of miraculous. It is phenomenal. It has never been equalled by anyone. Had not the Spirit of God been behind this Movement, it would have died a natural death a long time ago, for the man does not live who, through his own ability, can stand the strain and the burden of pioneering and guiding the "*Psychiana*" Movement. I am not a young man any more, but I can do more actual work than any two younger men, and just as long as this Movement needs me, I shall be here to guide it.

I remember shortly after the Movement started, the editor

of the *Daily Star Mirror*, which newspaper we consolidated with ours last November, was very wrathful over the "*Psychiana*" Movement, so he called a meeting of the Moscow Ministerial Association to see if something could not be done to drive this "selling scheme" out of Moscow. There were ministers there who would have left no stone unturned to upset the Movement, but they were restrained by the Reverend Clifford Drury who was then pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Moscow. He is now history professor in San Anselmo Presbyterian Seminary. Drury wisely told these good ministers, "Better keep hands off, for if this Movement is not of God, it will die of itself, but if it is of God, nothing you can do will stop it." That advice was heeded. It was wise advice, as has been abundantly proved since.

I do not know how many magazines, newspapers, and radio commentators have written up this Movement. There are now, as I write this at Rocky Point, Oregon, seven requests from the editors of large magazines for personal stories of the Movement. I consider this autobiography of more importance than magazine write-ups, so these letters will have to go unanswered until I get back. This autobiography will give these gentlemen the facts they need. I will try to recall a few of the most outstanding magazines and newspapers and radio commentators who have spoken editorially of "*Psychiana*" and myself. I probably shall miss a score, as there are many of these write-ups I never see. I know that in the month of March, 1940, more than two hundred different newspapers carried a write-up with a photo of myself in their columns. I have received "clippings" from that number. So it begins to look as if God really has been working in a marked manner these past few years. He will work in a much more marked manner during the next year or so.

Walter Winchell, of course, is the outstanding radio commentator in America. Mr. Winchell saw fit to say nice things about me in a Sunday evening broadcast just a few weeks ago. I do not recall the names of the news columnists who

have drawn attention to this Movement, but I know there are five of these men of national note. *Time*, *Newsweek*, *The American Mercury*, *Pathfinder*, *The Portland Oregonian*, *The Milwaukee Journal*, *The New York News*, *The Washington Times-Dispatch*, *Cavalcade*, and *Everybody's*, two of the largest circulating magazines in Great Britain, and other foreign magazines and papers by the score have featured us in their columns.

Let it be understood that I have sought no publicity. I do not want it. I wish it were possible for me to keep entirely in the background, and let someone else, far more qualified than I, take the credit. I want no plaudits of men. I want to bring to this world the actual truths of God, which truths will liberate men everywhere, because they are *truths of God*. That is my work. All I ask is that I be left alone with my God and not interfered with as I have been. I count it an honor to have been so viciously attacked by the churches, for that is evidence that this whole Movement is born of the Spirit of God, otherwise they would not attack it.

* * *

All this amazing growth and success was pleasing and gratifying to me in that it proved that I had the message the world needs. But there was one thing I was looking most eagerly for—that was letters from my Students telling me what God was doing in their lives. I shall never forget the first letter of that kind which came in. It told of the instant disappearance of a case of chronic rheumatism of twenty years standing. It went like the morning mists before the rising sun. Taking the letter with me, I jumped in the car and drove like fury to my home where I said to my good wife, "It works, Pearl. It works—look at this."

That was the first letter of this kind I had received and, naturally, it made me happy indeed. Then another letter like it came in, and before many more weeks had gone by, these letters were the rule, not the exception. We saved one hundred and fifty thousand of such letters, and now we throw

them away, after we answer them, as we have not the space in which to store them.

These letters have all been unsolicited and, naturally, not one penny has ever been paid for one of them. I have reproduced a few in another chapter. They come from all over the world. If I were to tell you all the things which have happened through the Power we endeavor to teach, it would make you blink your eyes, I assure you. This has never been a "healing" Movement, and it never will be so long as I head it. Yet cancer and other incurable diseases have melted away before the Power of the Great Spirit, God. I can show you evidence of death being averted many times. Yet these things, unusual as they are, are but side-lights on the greater work which we are doing. When God is recognized in the life, and when the Power of God is consciously used in the life, these undesirable physical diseases cannot help but disappear. There are, however, hundreds of thousands of lives we have dealt with which have no physical impairment, and naturally we do not hear as much about those lives.

I receive more telegrams than any man in the State of Idaho. I receive more long-distance calls at all hours of the day and night than any man in Idaho. I cover more miles travelling and trying to help people than any man in the United States. The demands on my time are such that my average day is far longer than eight hours, I assure you. Were it not for the Power of the Living Spirit, which Spirit I *know*, I should not be able to do what I do. But greater is the God in me than any other Power, even the Power of death. As long as I abide in that Power, and consciously know that Power, what care I?

* * *

Let me tell you of one amusing letter. It was not so amusing at the time to the writer who was in deadly earnest. He was a postmaster of a large Eastern city. Things had been going wrong with him all round, and he wrote me as follows:

"DEAR DR. ROBINSON:

"There is nothing left for me in life. You are teaching the truths of God, but I am beyond all hopes. Illness, financial worries, bad investments have made me decide to end it all. Before many days I shall have blown my brains out. I appeal to you as a last resort—is there anything you can do to help me before I commit suicide."

Here is my reply:

"MY DEAR MR. SO-AND-SO:

"Your letter received and contents noted well. In the first place you could not blow your brains out because you haven't any. You might blow holes in your head, but that wouldn't be blowing your brains out. In the event you decide to do this, let me suggest that you do it in some back alley somewhere, as I don't believe the U. S. Government would appreciate having a mess made in the Federal Building in . . . I shall watch the papers with interest to see just how good a job you made of it."

That reply evidently was the right one. Later I received a long letter from that chap telling me that had I tried to sympathize with him, he probably would have committed suicide. As it happened, my letter made him think. It brought him to his senses. I am glad it did. Let it be remembered here that it is a terrific responsibility having so many thousand write you their heart-throbs; for that is exactly what they do. Yet every letter is treated as if it were from a relative. We give them the very best we know how to give them, and, depending upon the Spirit of God for guidance, we invariably achieve results which stagger people when they read these letters.

One world-famous character who is a great booster for me is Tommy Burns, former heavyweight boxing champion of the world. Tommy never gets tired of singing our praises.

Premier Mussolini sent me a letter of appreciation on one of my books a few years ago. Famous scientists, U. S. Senators and Congressmen; foreign diplomats; world-famous physicians. In fact, from all walks of life come these amazing letters.

An analysis of my Students reveals several interesting facts. They are about half men and half women. Their average age is from 40 to 60 years. Seventy-nine per cent of them are "white-collar" people in the \$3000.00 a year class. Not "lunatics" as one monthly publication called them recently.

* * *

The Movement had not been in existence much over one year when I began to feel the weight of unfair church attacks which were being made upon the Movement and myself. These attacks were made openly, and worse than all, underground. Quite naturally, word of what was being accomplished through the Power of God began to spread, and the churches began to take notice of us. Some of the statements I made were very plain statements, both in my literature and in my advertisements. I made the open statement that the religion the churches were teaching was not of God. I called attention to the fact, through the books I had written, that every fundamental of "orthodoxy" was known to millions of people thousands of years before Christianity was ever heard of. These statements have not yet been challenged. They cannot be challenged because they are true, and I have the proof. So other means were taken to stop this Movement and put me "out of harm's way" as one minister put it. Certainly they tried hard enough, but as Clifford Drury so wisely stated before the Moscow Ministerial Association, "*If this thing be of God, nothing you can do can stop it.*" It happens to be of God.

The first open attack came from the *Gospel Advocate*, the official organ of the Christian church (Campbellites). I will not reproduce the article here, as it is not worth the space. Suffice it to say that the article, written by one C. C. Brewer and written without the slightest knowledge of what he was writing, was pronounced by our attorneys to be libelous in every State in the Union. I wrote Mr. Brewer, calling his attention to that fact and asking for the same space in the *Gospel Advocate* he had given to libelling me. He agreed,

and I sent in my answer. It never appeared, though, and shortly after I saw another name as editor of the *Advocate*. The strange part of this is that shortly afterwards Brewer became seriously ill and a wire received by me stated that he was not expected to live. He lived, and I know why. But wasn't it strange that I, of all men, was asked to help when death threatened? Surely it is strange how God works sometimes.

The next attack came from the *Sunday School Times*. In fact this magazine took two or three shots at me. Harmless shots, though, for it has been noted that when any person or religious magazine takes a pot-shot at "*Psychiana*," hundreds of its readers write us for information and, through the information we send them, they usually find God, and that is something they were not able to do before. The *Lutheran Companion* wrote an especially vicious article, but it did not state that the one who wrote the article still owes me fifty dollars for a set of books I am holding as security for the repayment of a loan. I wonder why that fact was not mentioned in this article.

So organized and vicious were the attacks made on this Movement and myself that literally thousands of complaints were sent in to the Post Office Inspectors in Washington, D. C. Whole Sunday School classes would write complaints to the Post Office Department. They were ordered to. One of these came from a Baptist minister who at that time resided in Moscow. His name is the Reverend C. C. McGraw. The letter of "complaint" stated that the Postal authorities should investigate "that man Robinson" in Moscow, who is using the mails to defraud "suckers" out of their hard-earned money, and "judging by the amount of money he is making, he is catching them by the hundreds." Naturally an investigation was ordered, but nothing was found which showed the slightest taint of fraud. I do not agree with "orthodoxy" and very plainly say so. This means that the Movement should be stopped. Any new revelation from God which does not

agree with the teachings of the church must not be allowed to operate. Every one of these complaints was based on our religious views, not on anything which could be faintly suspected of being fraudulent. These complainants knew this when they sent the letters in.

After the two inspectors who made their investigation had reported on the Movement, the Federal District Attorney ordered the case closed. "Believe me, Doctor Robinson, I went through your Movement with a fine-tooth comb, and if there had been anything wrong with it, I would have found it out," he told me some time ago. However, not to be defeated, another investigation was made, and the same results were reported.

What these religious bodies hoped to gain by persecuting me, is more than I can guess. Mail fraud is mail fraud, and in no sense of the word can any religious Movement of the international significance of this Movement be charged with fraud in anything it teaches. The Constitution of the United States very effectively bars that. Yet these complaints poured in, and I presume they still pour in, although not in as great a number. This Movement has taken its place at the head of the religious procession, and while there are other religious Movements having greater claimed membership, *there is no religious organization on the face of the earth which has grown as rapidly as this Movement; nor is there another religious organization on the face of the earth which is demonstrating the Power of God in as many lives as the "Psychiana" Movement is.*

After all, it's the results in human lives that count. Talk is cheap. Anyone can talk, but when one sees disease disappearing like magic and lives by the tens of thousands being rejuvenated and brought to know God, that is what matters. I would rather be doing the work I am doing than be the Pope of Rome, the Head of the Salvation Army, and the President of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ, all rolled into one. They talk—they make unprovable claims. *We bring*

God to mankind. The churches cannot prove one statement they make.

No true Movement of the Spirit of God on the earth can subscribe to anything "orthodoxy" teaches, for "orthodoxy" as it exists today is obsolete. It stands here absolutely powerless either to reveal God to man or to do one thing toward stopping this hellish war the nations of the earth are engaged in. I do not know what will happen before this book sees the light of day, but I do know that no religious organization on the face of the earth will ever be able to do anything toward bringing this ghastly thing to a close. "The blood of Jesus" is preached universally by the Christian church. "There is a fountain filled with blood" is sung in almost every Christian church, but it will take more than the blood of Jesus to bring peace to this war-weary earth. It will take more than "the blood of Chrishna," for he, too, shed his blood upon the cross to "save" mankind. It will take more than the blood of the score of other "crucified gods" to make any impression on this world today.

It will take the Power of God, and this Power, no church on earth can teach because they know nothing whatsoever of that Power. It is not a case of the Power of God in Christianity today. All this religion is trying to do is to get men and women to believe that Jesus Christ, who no one can prove ever lived, was God Almighty. It is an impossible task. The world does not believe that story, nor does it believe the story that Jeseus Chrishna was God, nor Prometheus, nor Quirinus, nor Osiris, nor any of the rest of the cavalcade of crucified gods which have paraded across the horizon of world religious history. This world has rejected every "crucified god" offered to it, just as it has rejected the "crucified god" of the present church. It is showing good judgment in doing so.

If these religions would preach one thing—the existence and Power of the Great Spirit, God, there would be need for only one religion. When that day comes, and it will come, this world will actually and literally know God. It cannot

know God when someone else is offered to it as God. There was never any need for Jesus Christ or any other "crucified god" to appear on this world's horizon. All there ever has been need for is the simple, plain recognition of the Power of the Great Invisible Spirit which is God. But no—that won't do—the churches do not want an invisible God. So they made unto themselves graven images, and these images the churches of all religions have attempted to foist on the world as being the true God. Look at the world about you as a result of these images. Then ask yourself if it is not high time that some man arose to bring to this earth the truths of the One Great God, which God never has been seen by mortal eye, never has been nailed to a cross, and never created a man who, from the very beginning, was "born in sin, shapen in iniquity, and damned to hell," if he did not believe that some one of a score of "crucified gods" was God Almighty.

The message I am bringing to this world will be accepted. It will be accepted because it is true. It will be accepted because it has the Power to bring to men the consciousness of the Absolute God. This is something mankind has not had brought to it yet by any religious organization. The day had to come in which some one, with an experience of God and the courage to tell that experience, must come along. There may be paths for me to tread which I do not fully see. I care nothing for that. I know in Whom I am believing, and I know that Great Spirit *lives*. Therefore, knowing that, I am happy and content to be led every step of the way, until the day dawns when all men shall know the fullness of the Power of the Spirit of God.

CHAPTER FOUR

The Name "Psychiana"

AT THIS POINT, I WANT TO TELL YOU HOW THE NAME "*Psychiana*" came into existence. This is one of the most remarkable instances of direct inspiration I have ever known and clearly demonstrates that there is a great ocean of Power available to us all in any emergency. It has become second nature to me to depend upon this hidden, though always available Power, and I give very little thought any more to problems which would cause many people a great deal of worry.

I have told you about writing the original ten Lessons of this Teaching, and up to that time I had given no thought to what the Teaching should be called. It never entered into my head that a name would be necessary until I drew up the first advertisement. For several days I pondered in my mind what the name of this new Teaching should be. The word "psycho," meaning soul, kept running through my mind. Yet I could not call it the "Robinson System of *Psychology*" because it is not psychology in any sense of the word. It is pure and simple religion.

One night on arriving home, I said to Mrs. Robinson, "I wish I could find the proper name for that teaching." Quick as a flash, she shot back to me, "Why don't you put the Teaching to work and have it provide you with the proper name?" I grasped what she meant and decided to do that very thing. When I went to bed that night, I put a pencil and writing tablet on a chair beside the bed. It might be noticed here that I had never done anything like that before nor did I know at that time why I was doing it. I just simply followed this unseen inspiration with somewhat marvelous results. I have

never forgotten that night. I was in the most realistic dream I have ever experienced. A dream to me is something very unusual, because I usually sleep like a horse and awake in the morning completely refreshed from a good night's sleep. On this particular night, or rather in the early hours of the morning, I experienced this very realistic dream. There was a room about twelve feet square painted black and in the middle of it was a Helen Gould canvas army cot. On the cot was a male corpse with hands folded across his breasts. Standing over the head of the corpse and making downward motions with his hands was a man I had never seen before.

After standing at the entrance to this room for a few moments watching the proceedings, I walked into the room and said to this gentleman who was making the downward motions with his hands over the corpse, "Now, just exactly what do you call that?" Turning to me this person looked me right in the eye for a moment and then said, "You ought to know. This is '*Psychiana*,' the Power which will bring new life to a spiritually dead world."

Like a flash, I awoke. If you have ever tried to bring a concrete idea or thought into waking consciousness from the dream realm, you have discovered that it is a very difficult thing to do. However, in a semi-conscious state, and coming right out of sleep, I continually repeated the name "'*Psychiana*,' '*Psychiana*,' '*Phychiana*'" until I was wide awake, and then I wrote it down on the little tablet which I had placed on the chair by the side of the bed. Awakening Mrs. Robinson I said, "Here is the name. I have it. It is '*Psychiana*.'" At once she stated that she thought it was a very wonderful name, and I knew instinctively that it would be very successful. I knew that the name of this Movement would have to be a definite entity. It would have to be something entirely new. Had some less powerful name been chosen, this Movement might not have been heard of.

Now, let me tell you the strange part of this story. Some few months afterward, I was walking by the desk of the lady

who opened the mail then, and I happened to see a photograph lying on the top of a group of enrollment blanks. Let me explain that I ask every Student who enrolls for this Teaching to send me his or her photograph, and I in turn send them one of mine. While standing and looking at the picture, it suddenly flashed upon me that this was a photograph of the man I had seen in the dream standing over the head of the corpse. Here, looking right at me, was the same man who gave me the name of this Movement in that strange dream. I called for the application enrollment of that gentleman and found out that he lived in Alexandria, Egypt. His application said he was a bookkeeper, and while that was true, it was not all of the truth, for Mr. Birley was and is a very wealthy cotton importer of Alexandria. I visited him in his home and called upon his father and mother in England a few years ago.

Calling a stenographer into my office I asked her to take a letter. In the letter I thanked Mr. Birley for his enrollment in this Teaching and informed him that, whether he knew it or not, he was to become associated with me in this Movement. I had no way of knowing whether Mr. Birley was a millionaire or a pauper, but I did ask him to send me forty thousand dollars. I just came right out and told him what I needed to really put this Movement on its feet. At that time, we were in our second office, a very small affair, and I was still working part time in the Corner Drug Store.

About three weeks later the Spokane Eastern Trust Company of Spokane, Washington, called me over the long distance telephone. On the telephone was Mr. Sam Kimbrough. He said that he had a large sum of money there for me, and I said to him, "How much is it—forty thousand dollars?" He replied, "No, I have twenty thousand dollars here, but another twenty thousand dollars will be here next month." I went to Spokane and came back with a cashier's check for twenty thousand dollars which is a lot of money. In due time the other twenty thousand dollars arrived, and for a time

Mr. Birley had an interest in this Movement. He has none at the present time, however, as I am returning him his money now at so much a month. This story is unusual, but it is the absolute truth.

There was a Presbyterian minister in Moscow at that time by the name of Clifford Drury. I have alluded to him before. I had told Clifford Drury of what I was doing and told him the trouble I was having in finding a name. When I gave him the name, "*Psychiana*," I asked him what he thought about changing it to "Psychianity." Drury replied that he thought it would be all right. His only objection was that it would be too much like "Christianity." I discussed that problem with the good wife and she was in favor of changing the name to "Psychianity." However, I decided that having secured this name directly from the source of all intelligence and inspiration, I had better leave it alone. This good judgment has been abundantly vindicated, because today the name "*Psychiana*" is known all over the civilized world, and there is more comment and discussion of this religious Movement than there is of any other religion on the face of the earth. It is revolutionary. It is dynamic. It is powerful. If it is true, every major system of religion which is founded on the death of God on a cross is an untrue religious philosophy.

You can readily understand then the consternation and the bitterness this philosophy caused when I first released it. Only a man who knows what he is talking about by experience or a complete fool would make such a statement as that. I have never been accused of being very much of a fool; and when I look at the condition which exists in this world today and when I remember the fact that these conditions exist in spite of the multitudinous claims of the various religious organizations, and when I see the confusion among these religions, and when I read that the Archbishop of Canterbury calls the religion of Jesus Christ a "bloody religion," I know that a completely new picture of God is demanded by this age.

I will go so far as to say that if some other picture of God is not presented to this earth, what we know as civilization will perish from the earth. If ever I was convinced that the fullness of the Power of the Great Spirit of God will be brought to this earth by this Movement, I am convinced of that this morning. As I sit here dictating this simple though strange story, my heart bleeds when I think of the misery and suffering which will come to this earth before very long. There will probably be a night attack on London by hundreds of German bombing planes, and London and England will fall. (NOTE: This was written before England entered the war.) All the powers opposed to God have headed up in one mad man and the only movement capable of opposing an ungodly creature such as Hitler is this Movement. I make this statement because the record of this Movement covering a period of eleven years is a record of dynamic action by the Power of the Great Spirit, God.

There are many good sincere Christians (which only means members of the Christian religion) to whom the passing of the old regime and the coming of the new is bringing much anguish and foreboding of coming evil. Many of these anxious souls are already crying with the Solo Vetski monks, "*Woe, woe unto you. What have you done with our son of God?*" I have already received thousands of letters stating "You are taking away our God and our Bible and are giving us nothing in return." Nothing, however, could be farther from the truth than that. I have taken away from the bible and from the Christian religion only that which is false and which, therefore, was a detriment to both. All that is good and true, I have left. Wherever you find Truth, it is the definitely inspired word of God, regardless of who writes it. So I have not destroyed anything true. The bible of the Christian religion is still remaining. All I have done is clarify it by the Light of the Spirit of God as that Light has been revealed to me. I have taken away nothing that I have not returned one hundred fold.

It is true I have taken away the cosmogony of Genesis, but I have brought the sense of God through astronomy and geology, and is not a revelation of God through these sciences far safer than the so-called "divine inspiration" of any bible? I have disputed with Bishop Usher who told you that on October 26 at nine o'clock in the morning some six thousand years ago, God Almighty created the heavens and the earth. I have called that story untrue and I have blasted out of existence any theory of God based upon such an untrue statement, even though that date is to be found officially recorded in a marginal note at the very beginning of the Christian bible. This is evidence that they believe that statement of Bishop Usher.

But what have I given in the place of this instant creation six thousand years ago? Have I not given you man's slow but constant evolution? I have completely shattered the foolish theories of the fall of man but in their place I have given you an eternal progress, ever-forward and ever leading toward the Great Light which is God. I have proved the Tower of Babel story to have been written seven thousand years before the time of Christ. I have proved the entire Christian theology to be known in detail to millions of people thousands of years before the Christ of the Christian church or the church itself were ever heard of. But I have replaced that story with philology. I have very effectively taken away the "miracles for demonstration" but I have replaced these demonstrative miracles with the present Power of the Spirit of God which always works in a beautifully natural order. I have taken away superstition and ignorance, but I have replaced them with true faith and knowledge.

I have removed the false halo of deity from the head of the Syrian Jew, Jesus, and in place of that false halo I have crowned him with divine humanity. I have completely exploded the authority and the infallibility of "revealed theology" of which the world is full, and I have also taken away with it the dangers and disadvantages of such a religion; but

I have brought to the world in its place, a rational, God-inspired, fast-growing religion embodying all that was good in the old faiths, yet in complete harmony with whatever progress the future may bring.

But my work is not finished. It has hardly started. Much still remains to be done. The dogmatic walls of these old church made "faiths" must be torn down, for they cumber the ground where the edifice of a far greater and nobler religion is being built. The foundations of this new religious structure have been laid and on these foundations, under the guidance of the indwelling Spirit of God, I shall build a better, a nobler, a grander religious structure than the world has known to date. No narrow church-made creed shall bar the portals of that Temple of God. But her doors shall ever be opened to all who seek the truth—not just for an hour on Sunday morning to hear some man expound his theories of an unprovable faith, but always open to those who seek the truths of God wherever those truths are to be found. Within the sacred walls of that structure, God, through this Movement, is building, and the sacred devotees of every faith will be able to worship in security.

No cup of hemlock shall there still the prophetic or philosophic tongue. No crown of thorns shall there adorn the brow of innocents. No burning fagots shall there await the doubting mind and honest soul. No voice shall there command except the still small voice of the Spirit of God. On the sacred altar of the new Temple shall rest the bible of the Christian religion and the bibles of every other religion. In fact on the altar in that Temple shall rest every book which has inspired the heart of man. There in that lowly Temple I am building, the lowly Nazarene, the Syrian Jew—Jesus—will be revered, and so will every other Son of God who has helped to ease the burdens of this sin-sick world, regardless of what his name may be.

The Holy Mother Mary will be adored by those who wish to adore her as will the other mother Maia and the rest of the

virgins who, according to their respective traditions, brought God to this earth in the form of a little male child. In adoring these mothers, every woman who has played the sacred role of motherhood will also be adored, for the child the Holy Mother Mary bore, if at all, was a human child, even as you and I.

As you read this book, you will understand that a more pitiable and worthless person could not have been chosen to bring to this world the truths of God. But I shall not try to shirk responsibility because of my inability to do it justice. Instead, I shall continue to be guided by the stars of hope and destiny. There will always remain in me an infinite peace and love for the entire human race, and as long as I live, my every effort will be given to the task of erecting this new Temple of God. If I continue to be guided by these two stars of hope and love, my destiny shall remain safe and secure in the hands of an ever-present and ever-loving God. Guided by these two stars of hope and love, wise men from the East, from the West, and from the North and from the South will lay their treasure at the feet of every new born babe and welcome it to a world of brotherhood while all worshippers of every religion shall join the strains of peace on earth, good will to men.

* * *

While I am on this subject of direct manifestations of the Power of God in my life, let me give you another instance of the supernatural, inexplicable guidance and provision of the Power of God. This experience came before the one I have recorded about my friend, Mr. Birley.

I received a long-distance call from New York one day stating that I could buy the back cover of a large national magazine for \$5000.00—the regular price being \$7500.00. I ordered that cover reserved and sent my full-page display advertisement to them by airmail. Working for me at that time was the son of a Baptist minister who, incidentally, before he got through, forged my name to checks, nearly

wrecking the Movement. Yet after kicking him out one night in the middle of the winter, I sent telegrams all over trying to find that chap and his wife and young child to bring them back to Moscow. Finally I found them. In the meantime, I rented a house, furnished it, filled the cellar with coal and handed the man \$50.00 and put him back to work. Inside of thirty days, he had robbed me again, so this time I let him go for good. Just a few months ago, I was called upon to provide his wife with the material necessities of life, which I did. The preacher's son is living with one of his parents who is a professor in a Baptist Theological Seminary.

All that is beside the point, of course, but it is interesting. Turning to me, this young man said, "Where are you going to get \$5,000.00 with which to pay for that advertisement?" I replied that the bill would not be due for ninety days and that, while I had no money at all, the bill would be paid when presented. I did not have the faintest idea where \$5,000.00 was coming from, nor did I care particularly. I knew that this Movement needed the immense circulation of that magazine, and I ordered the ad put in. In due course, the bill for this advertisement came in—\$5,000.00 with two per cent discount for cash. We had that morning exactly three hundred dollars in the bank. Approaching me with the bill in his hands, this preacher's son, who served in an office capacity, said, "What are you going to do about this?" Looking him in the eye, I said, "Deduct the two per cent and mail them a check." Looking at me rather strangely, he said, "Have you any money in the bank with which to meet this check?" I replied that the check could not possibly be back before ten days and informed this young man that that was my business and not his.

It may be interesting to take a peek into my mind while this was going on. We may be able to find the secret of the phenomenal success of this Movement; we may be able to find perhaps, the secret which once grasped, opens the entire vista of the Power of the Realm of God to all. This is not my

Movement. I feel I am only the physical object being used to bring to this earth what I know to be the actual and literal Truths of God. I needed that advertising. I knew that in the Infinite wisdom and power of the invisible Realm of God was the answer to this \$5,000.00 proposition. So I did the only thing I could do. I mailed a check for that amount.

Now, let me tell you what happened. I personally took that check to the post office which was directly across the street and deposited it in the mail chute. Inside of five minutes, I received a call from the president of one of our three local banks. The gentleman who called me was a Norwegian and of a very excitable type. "This is Blank at the bank speaking. If you will come down, I have some money for you. Were you expecting some?" I said to him over the phone, "How much money have you there—five thousand dollars?" He replied, "Yes, you must have been expecting it." I informed him that I did not have the faintest idea where the money had come from, but I went down to the bank. When the check from the East came in some ten days later, it was paid. As a matter of fact, the money was in the bank before the letter with the check enclosed left Moscow.

Now, let me tell you the inside story of how I came to receive that check. Incidentally, the lady who sent it is now a very good friend of mine living in Seattle. At this time, she was living in Honolulu. She had seen one of our advertisements in a Honolulu newspaper and had gone into a book store to order the complete Teaching. The book store in due course ordered the Teaching from me, sending a check for same. When the Lessons arrived at the book store in Honolulu, this lady went down and examined them. Not being impressed with them, she ordered them returned. The book seller immediately cabled me not to cash the check for the Lessons but to return it. However, this lady evidently thought twice, for she went back to the book seller and decided that she would take the Lessons. As a result of her

taking the Lessons, a little later she sat down and sent me a check for \$5000.00.

If I cared to, I could enumerate not one, but hundreds, of instances equally as remarkable as these two. As a matter of fact, this entire Movement is fantastic in its ability to accomplish what it wants to accomplish in spite of all opposition. Just when the days seem darkest, in some unusual manner the Light begins to shine. It is utterly impossible for me to take you into the inner recesses of my life. I cannot write those experiences. They take place in a realm which cannot be written about. But throughout this entire life of mine, I recognize very clearly the Guiding Hand of the Spirit of God. True, every church organization in existence would give its right arm to have this Movement out of the way, but that is only proof of the Power of God in this Movement.

It is so revolutionary that it means the complete casting away of orthodox theology and the replacing of it with a universal religion under which every living soul recognizes that the fullness of the invisible Power of the invisible Spirit which is God exists on this earth here and now for the use of all. There cannot be any limitations to that Power. With it and through it, all things are possible—even the banishing of the specter we call death. That has always been possible, and would be actually manifested here on the earth were it not for the fact that orthodox religions basing their whole theology on the false premise of God being crucified for the sins of the world.

They have come to us with a theory of God, which theory can be found in many pagan systems of religion. The Christian church calls these other systems pagan. Yet they were in existence with the very fundamentals of Christianity long before Christianity was ever heard of. So if these old religions are pagan, so is Christianity. The premise in each of these systems of theology is that God Almighty made a mistake when he created the first man and made a bad one. Then

to rectify that mistake, He drowned the human race like rats in a trap, saving only one family. Judging by the conditions in the world today, this drowning was quite useless. If we know anything at all about God and the true religion of God, I am saying that there is no true religion of God on the face of the earth today. There cannot be. I shall be told at this point by theologians that the church does not believe those old stories any more, but if it does not, then what does it believe? It came into existence and for long has fattened upon such philosophies as these, and if the churches themselves say they do not believe them, what is left?

Truly the time is ripe for someone to bring to this world the true conception of God. When that true conception is brought and fully realized, what is happening in Europe today can never happen again. A religious philosophy can rise no higher than itself. If the God of any religion is looked upon as an absent God, and if that religion has nothing more to offer than an object in the future, results of that religion must be negative. The "*Psychiana*" Movement teaches no dead God. Its entire philosophy is based upon the present existence of the infinite, invisible Life Impulse which must be God. That Power—that Impulse—that Spirit—*living in each one of us here and now*. This philosophy then puts all the Power of God into every man's hand, and the only problem remaining is to discover how to apply that Power.

A Doctor of Divinity said to me in Los Angeles last week, "Can you raise the dead?" Not wishing to enter into a discussion with the reverend gentleman, I said to him, "If I could, you would be the first man I would raise." Let us keep both feet on the ground here and let us recognize the fact that this world is saturated with the theology which has consistently taught that God may be known only "beyond the tomb." In other words, we must die to "enter into the glories the Lord hath prepared for us." I do not believe that. I think that is only ignorance of the Spiritual Power which is God which allows death to manifest here at all. The

hope of every religion is eternal life. They all have made the fatal blunder though, of telling us that we cannot possibly know that eternal life here and now. We shall know it, they tell us, if we comply with church regulations, somewhere above the sky in some other realm. But may I interpolate a rather pertinent question here? May I ask these religious organizations why it is that if God only wanted us to enjoy eternal life beyond the sky, didn't He make his creation in the first place beyond the sky? What did he put them here for? Why did God go to all the trouble of creating a marvelous universe like this only to destroy it, revealing himself to humanity somewhere else? It just does not add up. The only inhabited world we know anything about is this one. Our life was given to us to live on this earth, so why blast the hopes of the entire human race by telling it that the very thing it desires most—a knowledge of God—cannot be had until we have passed out of this picture.

This may seem like a fantastic statement. We are, however, living in a fantastic world today. Fantastic things are happening in Europe, and more fantastic things will happen with lightening rapidity. I do not know what will happen before this book appears. I do know that this earth is for the saddest drama ever to be recorded on the scroll of history.

It's always darkest, however, before the dawn, and the fact that this Movement exists—the fact that I am on the earth with this message—is the surest kind of proof that the vision I hold forth to the world will be manifest some day before too long. If I have been called upon to play some little part in this world of drama, if it has been given to me to see perhaps a little more clearly than some what the Truths of God are, I can do nothing more than to live conscientiously as truly as I can live, holding ever before me the spiritual picture which is mine.

* * *

I must tell you of two more instances which you will find very interesting. Some six or seven years ago, I received an

emergency call to drive some eight hundred miles in an endeavor to save the life of a school teacher who was dying. I rarely make those trips now. In those days, I answered every call of that type that was humanly possible. I arrived in this city late at night and made my way to the little wooden hospital where this school teacher lay dying. Quietly opening the door, I walked into the reception room and put my hat and coat on the table. It was a one-story building with a hall running up the middle and rooms on each side. Noticing a light coming from one of the rooms, I quietly walked up the passageway and stood outside the door. I heard a girl's voice say, "But Doctor Robinson is here now." Stepping into the room and taking one hand of the girl in mine and looking her in the eyes, I said, "How did you know that I was in this building?" She replied, "My other self saw you come in, remove your hat and coat, and walk up the hall."

Looking at her, I said, "Are you dying?" She replied, "I am dying and living. In other words, while I lie here on the bed, there is another part of me which is standing beside you." Grasping the situation, I said to her, "Answer me two questions before you go, for you will go." Then I asked her these two questions which she answered clearly. "Is the consciousness which is standing beside me the same consciousness which is in that body lying on the bed?" The young lady replied, "It is the same consciousness, but as I lose the physical body, the true consciousness of life becomes much more clear, and this consciousness it is which is standing beside you."

I then asked her if she would be able to commune with me after all consciousness had left the body on the bed. She replied, "Yes, I could communicate with you, but you would not be able to receive the communications, because you exist as a physical body." Then I asked her another question—a daring and very vital question—and I ask all students of the so-called psychic or spiritual realm to read carefully here. I said to this young girl, "Do you know that the conscious-

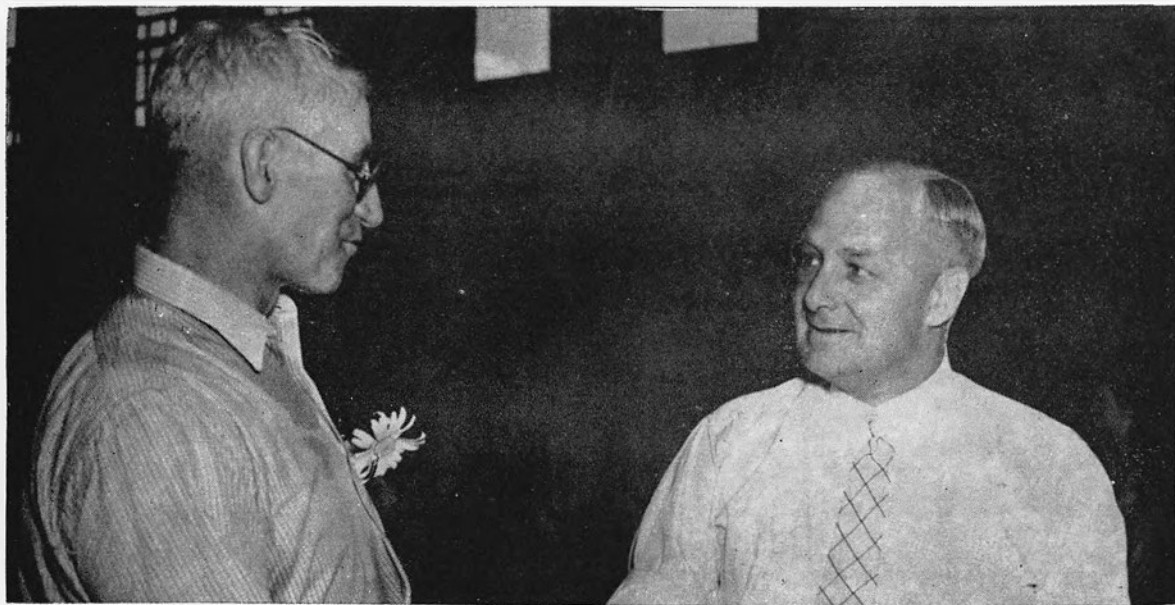
ness which is standing beside me can prevent your physical body from dying?" She replied, "I know that, but I do not care to live any longer, although I could if you wished me to."

I submit this experience without comment, and I want to give you another one which happened shortly after. The husband in this case is at the present time in the Cabinet of the United States Government. His name is known all over the world. He has no use for me and never did have, and loudly berated his wife because she was crying while his own daughter had not lain in her little grave three days yet.

I received a long distance telephone call one afternoon asking me if I could come at once to a certain city about nine hundred miles from Moscow. I replied that I had just completed an eight hundred mile drive, but if the case was really an emergency, I would start now. The beautiful mother implored me to leave at once, offering me any amount of money to go. Let me say in passing that I have never yet allowed anyone I have ever gone to see to even buy me one gallon of gasoline. Not a five-cent piece have I ever taken toward expenses of those trips.

The patient was a little girl, a beautiful thing. As I recall, it was internal streptococci infection, and a very bad case. Not knowing as much of the Power of the Spirit of God then as I know now, I worked myself up into a frenzy over that case. This was absolutely the wrong thing to do, but I did it, nevertheless. The little thing's temperature was up to 106, and the abdomen was bloated. Discoloration of the body had started. This was the information I received over the telephone.

I drove well into the middle of the night, and feeling myself falling asleep, I pulled into a little country hotel, at Weiser, Idaho, knowing that it would have been dangerous for me to have driven any further. I put in a long-distance call to this home and told the lady that I could not drive any farther and was going to get a few hours sleep



DR. ROBINSON and CARL GRIEF

Here is a good close-up picture of Dr. Robinson and Mr. Carl Grief, President of the Uniontown Stock Show and a noted raiser of blooded cattle. This picture was taken at a dinner given in the City Hall at Uniontown a few years ago. Locally Dr. Robinson is very active in civic affairs, and is one of the most liberal donors to civic activities. To people throughout the Inland Empire he is just plain "Doc"



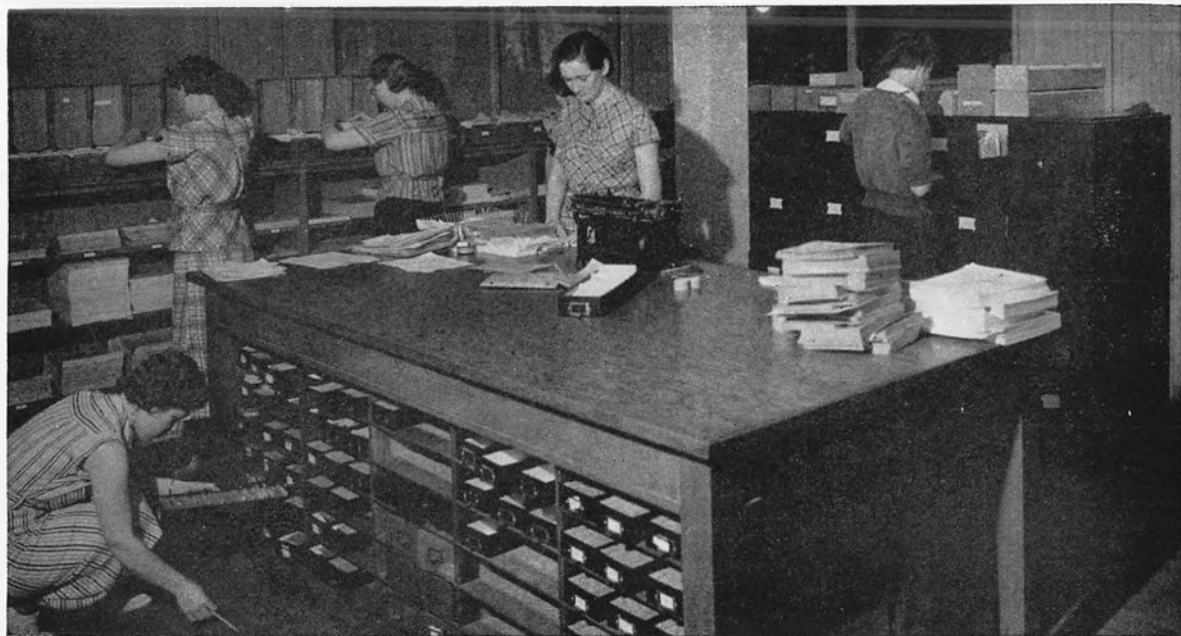
DR. ROBINSON AT UNIONTOWN (Wash.) STOCK SHOW

Left to right: Les Stewart, Pres. Moscow Chamber of Commerce; Claude Hunter, Manager Washington Water-Power Co. Moscow office; Dr. Robinson; Harold Cornelison (Corny), Secretary of the Moscow Chamber of Commerce, and Carl Grief, raiser of blooded cattle, and President of the Uniontown Stock Show. Dr. Robinson is prominent in many civic activities throughout the region.



LESSON ASSEMBLY DEPT.

Above is shown a revolving table on which the "*Psychiana*" Lessons and other mailings are assembled. Eight girls can sit comfortably at this table which revolves. As the table revolves, the girls are able to assemble whatever literature goes into that particular mailing. It has been said that the "*Psychiana*" system of mailing is almost perfect. Seldom is a mistake made.



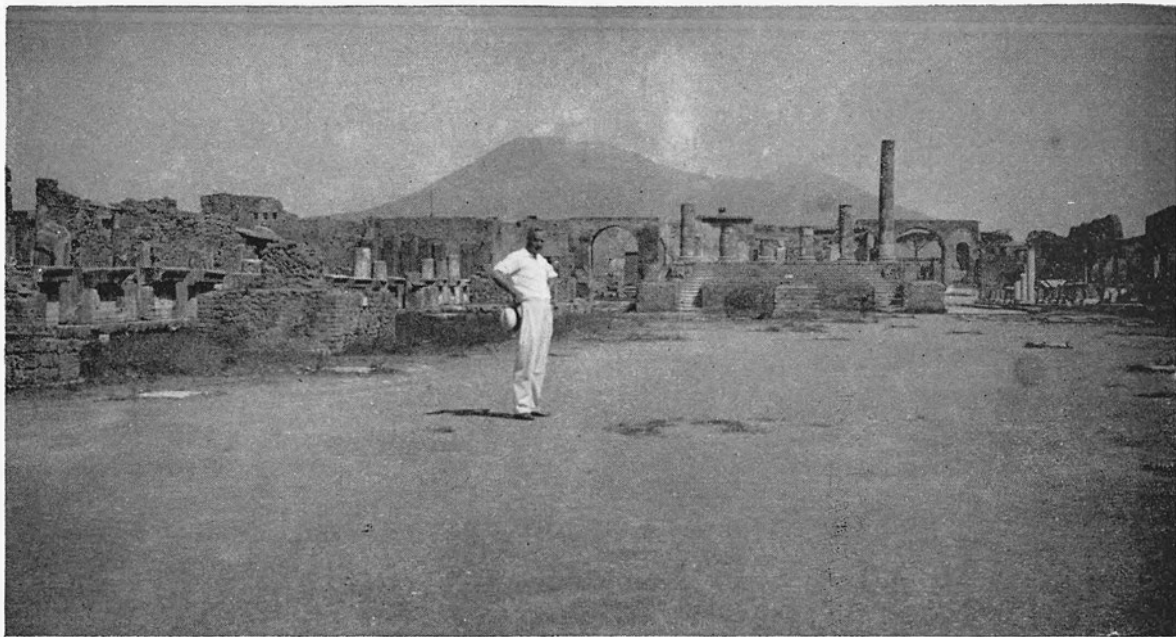
STUDENTS' ACCOUNTING DEPT.

Scores of thousands of accounts are handled every day in this department. Before the war Lessons were sent to 67 different countries. In the United States alone, there are more than 12,000 cities, towns and villages, each having anywhere from one to twenty-five thousand students. Some large cities have more.



GROUP OF "PSYCHIANA" EMPLOYEES

Dr. Rabinson may be seen smiling in the doorway, left. This picture was taken in 1930.



IN POMPEII

Dr. Robinson is here seen standing among the ruins of old Pompeii. Note Mt. Vesuvius in the background. This place is close to the Italian City of Naples, or Napoli as the Italians call it.



DR. ROBINSON IN 1936

This photo was taken in his hotel room in Boise, Idaho, in 1936.



DR. ROBINSON AT WORK

This picture shows Dr. Robinson at work in his down-town study in the "*Psychiana*" Building. The lights may be seen burning in this study at all hours of the night. When Dr. Robinson leaves this study, he goes home and continues his work in his study there. He works all the time. Hours mean very little to him. He says, "I am going to lay the foundation for the true conception of God, well. After I'm gone, another can continue to build."

and would continue the journey the next morning. I shall never forget the happiness in her voice as she informed me that little Blank was better. Her temperature had gone down, and she was conscious once more. I then informed the lady, that being the case, I would turn around and drive back to Moscow, which I did the next morning. Frenzied attempts were made to catch me along the way between that city and Moscow, Idaho. This family belonged to the Mormon church organization which has very little use for any religious organization outside of its own. When it was discovered that the mother had sent for me, there was plenty of trouble brewing. On calling on this little girl that same afternoon and on noticing the remarkable recovery, the attending physician began to squirt into her arm something, the nature of which I do not know—probably anti-streptococci serum. In any event, before night the little girl was dead.

I drove back the next week, and the mother of that little child and I sat practically all day in my car in the cemetery while she told me the inside story of what had happened. When consciousness had returned to this little child, her mother was so happy that she threw her arms around her neck and said, "Oh, Blank, you are going to live. You are going to live, and I am so happy." The little girl, however, having been so close to death's door that she had caught something of the glories of the true life which is God replied, "Oh, but mama, I don't want to live. I have seen where I am going, and I do not want to live here any longer."

Now, these two cases have a direct bearing on what I am trying to do, insofar as bringing the true knowledge of God to this earth. In the one case, the young lady realized that her real self was able to overcome physical death had she desired to. In the second case, the little girl, only six years old, with childish human nature had chosen to live in the God-consciousness instead of living in the surroundings to which she had been accustomed. I could say more about these

surroundings, but I won't. The fact I am trying to drive home to you is that, had it not been for the foolish and pagan teachings of present-day church organizations, that one must die to know God, this earth would be a paradise now. Certainly no church in two thousand years or in ten thousand years has been able to advocate any religious philosophy or do one single thing toward making God a reality here and now. Every last one of them has nothing more to offer than a "home in heaven." As far as I am concerned, if we do not know heaven here, we never shall know it. Not that life in itself is destructible. It is not. It is completely indestructible. But why cannot we know and recognize the fullness of the Realm of God, which Realm we shall know without the bodies? I repeat, cannot we know the Power here and now instead of having to wait until this life is over? That is an untrue philosophy. It dishonors God. The essence of everything that has life is God, and God cannot be destroyed. It is my contention that it was never meant for God to be hidden from the human race for even one second, and were it not for these "crucified god stories," this world would be a far different place, I assure you.

CHAPTER FIVE

A Cowardly Attack

AT THIS POINT IN MY STORY, I WILL BRIEFLY TELL YOU about what is recognized to be the most contemptible, vicious attack ever made on a man by a competitor. The originator of this attack now lies silent in the tomb—shot through the head by his small nephew not too long ago. Strange—passing strange, how the hand of God protects the one who depends upon that Hand for guidance. It is interesting to note that as a result of this attack, every man connected with it has reaped the reward of his perfidy. I shall not go into too much detail as many of the participants are still alive, and still live in Moscow. I don't want to embarrass them by giving you their names and the part each played in this most contemptible of all attacks.

Senator Borah, speaking of this attack, said, "Without question, this has been the most merciless, the most contemptible, and the most vicious attack ever to come to my notice. Just as long as Doctor Robinson needs my help, he shall have it." Had it not been for Senator Borah, the way might have been much harder than it was, although God knows it was hard enough. However, the true spiritual pioneer gets used to hardships and blows, for those things are a foregone conclusion when one attempts to bring to this world a conception of God which does not fit in with the conception held by the existing religious organizations.

The remarkable thing about my case is the unerring and swift retribution which followed in the wake of those misguided individuals who tried to stop this Movement and drive me and mine into some strange land, there to die unknown, or to suffer remorse as long as we lived. Little

they knew that the Power of God is behind this Movement and its Founder. Had they known that, they would have thought twice before engaging in such scurrilous attacks.

Let me here recount what happened to those men and the order in which it happened, and you may then ask yourself whether it pays to try to stop a Movement which has God in it. The originator of the attack was shot through the head. He never knew what hit him. His two little nephews from Klamath Falls were visiting in Moscow, and George Lamphere, the originator of these vicious attacks, had taken them out squirrel shooting. On the way home, the boys who were in the back seat of the car, saw a squirrel. Their twenty-two rifles were loaded, and in their anxiety to shoot the squirrel, one of them had his finger on the trigger. "Uncle George, stop quick. There's a squirrel," said one of the two boys. George stopped quickly, and the sudden braking motion of the car caused the boy's finger to tighten on the trigger, and the bullet entered the base of the brain of George Lamphere. A premature death? Perhaps. Some say a just reward, but who am I to judge?

The second man involved was a former United States Senator. His defeat created a national sensation, for being a New Dealer, and having the active backing of the President and the Cabinet, his re-election seemed assured and his defeat impossible. Yet he was defeated for re-election, and the United States Senator who was helped and backed financially by me was overwhelmingly elected. This Senator is NOT a New Dealer. He will go far in government political circles, however.

The next man who interfered, and who did everything in his power to upset this Movement, was a Lieutenant-Governor. He was badly defeated in the same election which swept the United States Senator to defeat. This man also was a New Dealer and had the blessings of the Democrats on his head. Two State Senators also went down to defeat, and one attorney was up on disbarment proceedings which,

as I write this, are still pending. A district attorney was swept out of office, and the newspaper which inspired these attacks, owned then by Lamphere, was merged with my paper last November (1939). There is only one newspaper in Moscow now, and I control that.

As I relate these experiences to you, you will notice that my plan of defeating the enemy was to let him defeat himself. I did not fight back. A special weekly paper was gotten out in an attempt to swing public opinion against me, and while the articles in the paper were criminally libelous and I knew it, and while I was begged to take action, I just sat back and smiled and let these forces which were trying to defeat a Movement of God destroy themselves. That is exactly what they did. I did not make one move of retaliation. I knew they were beaten from the very start. Had these cases been handled any other way, I might have lost. But, recognizing the omnipotent Power of the invisible Spirit, God, in my life and in the Movement, *I knew the outcome from the beginning.*

There were times when it taxed the ingenuity of Senator Borah to defeat the "enemy," as he called them, but the defeat came, and if ever a man was doubly vindicated, I am that man. There has been lots of foolishness in my life, and I have hurt myself plenty, perhaps, by this foolishness, but there has never been one wrong move made which could possibly hurt anyone else. I have never done one thing which is dishonest. Those "foolish" things I have explained to you in detail, and I let you be the judge, in view of what has happened since, as to whether or not these things were for better or for worse. Anyway, they were my doings, and if there was any suffering to be done as a result of them, I alone suffered.

* * *

In 1933, "*Psychiana*" was assuming major proportions, and our printing bill was very heavy. It averaged two thousand dollars a month and was all done by George Lamp-

here's newspaper, *The Daily Star-Mirror*. For thirty years, this newspaper had dominated, or tried to dominate, the local political field. Naturally, another newspaper was not welcomed, and every attempt was made to keep it out. Honest, legitimate, competitive methods, however, were forgotten. Had they been used, Lamphere probably could have stopped me very easily. He did not know how to handle competition though, and tried by underhand, dirty, contemptible means to get myself and my paper out of the way. Instead, he made me more friends than I ever had before, and the chief reason I made so many friends was because I was smart enough not to fight back. The Latah County and Moscow people liked that. Their sympathies were, and still are, with me.

Two thousand dollars a month was a lot of money to pay out for printing. Yet I did not know how to get around it, as this sum was in addition to our own two multigraph machines which were running those days, three eight-hour shifts. As a matter of fact, in that year, we had three complete crews which worked eight hours each, and then we could not keep abreast of the demand for the Teaching. The place was never closed. Those who did not have the money with which to pay for the Teaching were given it free of charge. I did that until one day the cashier called my attention to the fact that there was so much mail going out to the "free" students that if it kept up another month, we could not operate, for the number of Lessons being sent to those who did not pay was greater than the number sent to those who did pay. Naturally such a situation could not last, so against my wishes I was compelled to discontinue the "free" distribution of Lessons. When someone endows the Movement, I shall go back to that system.

My private study in those days was over Creighton's store in Moscow. I had two little offices in which the personal mail was answered by myself and a secretary. One day a knock came at the door. Opening it, I saw there a short-

statured man with a decidedly Indian slant to his features. A big "seegar" was tightly clenched between his teeth. I invited the gentleman in and asked him what I could do for him. "My name's Marineau. I run a little two-by-four weekly newspaper in Elk River," he replied. We shook hands, and I asked him to sit down and talk about what was on his mind. "Waal, I've wanted to meet you for a long time—heard a lot about you and want to get some of your printing. I've got a good plant, but the Weyerhaeuser Lumber plant is closed down and the town of Elk River is all shot to hell," came back this man by the name of Marineau.

I explained to him that my printing was all being done by the *Star-Mirror* in Moscow and told him that I did not believe I wanted to send any of it out of town. "Well, hell, I've got to eat as well as Lamphere," came back Marineau. "I'm in Idaho, too, just about fifty miles from Moscow." There was a peculiar Indian glint in this man's eye which I rather liked. Here was a real chap, so giving him a few sheets of the literature on which we were running low, I asked him to go to Elk River and give me quotations. In a few days, Marineau was back with the quotations. Comparing them with the prices I had been paying the *Star-Mirror*, I saw that they were about half as high. I at once saw, too, that it certainly would save me a lot of money if I could get my printing done at half of what I had been paying.

Looking at Marineau, I said, "What are you trying to do—bid below cost just to get this printing and then soak me later on?" Picking up his hat, Marineau said, "You're not talking to me. If I can't make twenty-five per cent on your printing, I don't want it." I asked him if he meant that he could make twenty-five per cent on the quoted prices, and he informed me that he did. Then it dawned on me that I had been paying about twice as much for my printing as I should have paid. That meant that I had been losing in the neighborhood of one thousand dollars a month through

Lamphere's overcharges. I gave this Indian-looking gentleman, who is, by the way, a one-sixteenth Indian, the orders, and in due time the work came back well done. More orders were sent later.

Putting two and two together, I decided that my best bet was to own a printing plant of my own. A few days later, taking someone with me who knew the value of printing plants, I slipped into Elk River. Had I not known where the town was, I should most certainly have missed it. There is a wonderful electric lumber mill there, closed down, more's the pity. It did not take long to locate the *Elk River News*, and inside of two minutes it was all over Elk River that "Doc Robinson is in town looking through the *News* plant." Bill Marineau was not at home, and we went through the plant, my associate giving me the "low-down" on its value. After awhile Bill floated in, and without wasting words, I asked him what he wanted for this huge metropolitan weekly, and he replied, "Oh, I don't know. What'll you gimme fer it?" I replied that I would give him seven thousand dollars. This was acceptable, and I wrote a check and obtained a bill of sale. Bill often says that it took him six months to realize that he had sold his plant to me. That is the way I usually operate—instantly. I first make up my mind what it is I want and then I go and do it. I have always been like that; I make a big decision spontaneously, where others might haggle and juggle for a month. I can close a deal in fifteen minutes or less, and I usually come out on the right side of the ledger.

Bill promised to get the plant moved to Moscow at once, so I went back and leased an old garage for the newly acquired "*Psychiana*" printing plant. In some way or other, as newspapers have a habit of doing, a newspaper in Spokane heard of that sale. The next morning there came out on the front page (for I was news in any western paper) a picture of myself and a statement that I had bought the *Elk River News* and was moving it to Moscow to start

another newspaper. Nothing was further from my mind. I was not a newspaper man, knew nothing about newspapers, and my whole interest was in bringing to men and women the truths of God, and not in the newspaper business.

Going to work that morning, George Lamphere stopped me outside of the building. He had a copy of the newspaper in his hand. I had not seen the paper that morning. "See here you son-of-a —," started Lamphere, "I want to talk to you. There's a lot of things you don't know, and by God, I'm going to tell them to you now. *I own the newspaper business in this town and I'm going to keep on owning it. I tell the business men of this county where they'll advertise, and if you go through with this newspaper deal, I'll put you in the federal penitentiary, and by God, I've got enough political pull to do it.*" I looked at Lamphere rather interestedly and said, "Are you drinking?" He was a chronic drinker. "Don't make a damned bit of difference if I am. I'm sober enough to tell you where to head in." Looking at him amusedly this time, I said, "Lamphere, I don't know what you are talking about, and I'm a rather busy man, so if you have no objections, I'll leave you now and go to work."

Blocking my way, Lamphere said, "You know goddam well what I'm talking about," and pulling the Spokane paper from his pocket, he showed me the article which stated that I had bought the *Elk River News* and was moving it to Moscow to engage in the newspaper business. It was news to me. What Lamphere said about "telling the business men of Moscow where they could advertise" was also news. Personally, while I knew there was but one paper here, and had been for about thirty years, I seriously questioned whether Mr. Lamphere controlled all the business houses in Moscow. In fact, I had a decidedly different idea, so standing there, I thought much in a short space of time. Especially did I think about the threat to put me in the Federal penitentiary through political "pull."

Looking Lamphere right in the eyes, I said to him,

"Lamphere, I do not know where that paper secured that article—certainly not from me, for I never have had the faintest notion of putting another newspaper in Moscow. However," I added, "if you think you control the policies of the business men in Moscow, and if you think that you can dictate where they all are to advertise, and if you think you can put me in the Federal penitentiary, I'll give you a chance to do just that, for I do not agree with anything you've said." This interested the man, for it was a fact that with one newspaper he had been able to dominate the local field completely. "Lamphere," said I, "you've given me an idea. Now let me give you a little advice. *Go up to your office, take off your coat, and go to work, for I'm putting in a newspaper.*"

This made him boil. He hit me across the face with the Spokane paper, and then very wisely walked away shouting at me as he did, "You think I can't put you in the pen, do you? I'll spend my whole fortune doing just that if I have to, and you had better watch out, for I'll get you in the pen if it's the last thing I do." That night, rumors floated back to me from the Elks' Temple, which was Lamphere's hang-out, that he was making open threats that he would put me in the penitentiary, and I was solemnly advised by scores of people not to put in that paper. Evidently they knew Lamphere better than I knew him. However, I do not bluff. I never give nor take a bluff. I did not believe that Lamphere so controlled the Moscow community that he could stop me from putting in another daily paper.

To prove that I was correct in my diagnosis of the local situation, let it be said that the first issue of the paper Marineau and I put out was twenty-six pages against the *Star-Mirror's* eight pages, and the complete edition was absolutely jammed with advertising. There was little room for news in the paper. More than that, every business house in Moscow, with only three exceptions, advertised in that paper which I called *The Daily News-Review*. This is not a

"*Psychiana*" newspaper, but a regular daily evening paper which now has the largest circulation in North Idaho. There is nothing I would like better than to tell you all the things that happened while that paper was coming out.

We had an old Campbell press, and each sheet of the twenty-six had to be run through by hand and re-run to print on the other side. Yet that first issue consisted of twenty-six pages, and we delivered over five thousand copies of it. All night long we worked. First Bill fed the press and then I would feed it. Then someone else would feed. Moscow at last knew that it had another newspaper. I personally solicited the advertising, and Lamphere would follow me up one side of Main street and down the other. He threatened every business man in town that "I'll break you if you advertise with that son-of-a——."

The business men, however, seemed to have more confidence in my ability than they had in his, for, as previously stated, last November we "merged" both papers, at my suggestion, and according to my terms. Thus, the famous Moscow "newspaper fight" was ended. The man who instituted the fight was in his grave. A United States Senator was "lame-ducked," a Lieutenant Governor and two State Senators were defeated, one attorney was up for disbarment proceedings, one District Attorney was voted out of office. Moscow is satisfied with its present newspaper set-up, for we give it the very best paper we can. Lamphere gave them the cheapest looking sheet I have ever seen anywhere, but he made a fortune by so doing.

There are a few laughable incidents connected with this "newspaper fight" which I think you would like to hear. They will show you how vicious this fight was, and how terrific was the pressure exerted to "get Doc Robinson." I never did take seriously the Lamphere threat, oft repeated, to "railroad me into the Federal penitentiary." I underestimated the man by so doing. He came very close to doing just that, or worse. I shall leave out of this narrative many

things, many names, for I do not desire to embarrass anyone. There is much I could tell, and if I were to tell it, even at this late date, it would be sensational, but I shall refrain. I shall let the dead bury their dead. I hold no animosity toward anyone. I have not the time for that, for this "*Psychiana*" Movement keeps me as busy as I care to be.

* * *

We engaged the Inland Motor Freight to move the plant of the *Elk River News* from Elk River to Moscow. It was a big job, and not having enough trucks and trailers in Moscow to do the job, the freight company sent to its Pullman, Washington, office ten miles away and borrowed a trailer to assist. When the caravan of printing materials, presses, and like hove into view, I knew something was wrong. Standing outside the garage I had rented was the sheriff, two deputies, the District Attorney, and the Mayor—quite an aggregation to welcome another newspaper into Moscow.

What it was all about, I did not know, but I stood there watching carefully for developments. When the trailer with the Washington license drew up, the sheriff, his deputies, and the rest of the legal lights pounced on that poor driver and took him to the county jail, charging him with driving a Washington truck-trailer in Idaho without an Idaho license, as they had a right to do. Under other circumstances, this poor chap would have been given a "ticket." As it was, he was thrown into jail. He did not stay there long, however, for inside of fifteen minutes I had paid the bail money and secured his release. There was a lot of excitement on the corners of Eighth and Main that day.

Rather an amusing incident occurred which I will relate here. Not only did the officials put the driver of the truck in jail, they confiscated the machinery also. This they put in another garage across the street. Walking up very quietly to the District Attorney, I said, "I suppose you know what you are doing in confiscating my machinery, do you not?"

"Oh, yes, I know what I'm doing—that machinery was illegally brought into Idaho, and by God I've confiscated it," he replied. Smiling faintly, I said to him, "Better go look that up, brother. As it is, it might cost this county and yourself rather heavy damages." He evidently thought that over, for a pow-wow was held between the sheriff and him, with the result that he informed me that I could have my machinery. I did not want the machinery in another man's garage, however. I wanted it in mine. The county officers backed out the truck, drove it to our new home, and there unloaded the machinery.

I had secured a little drug store across the street from where this happened. The next "squeeze" movement hit me there. To run this pharmacy I had engaged a young man who was a licensed pharmacist in the State of Washington, but not in Idaho. The law in such cases is that a registered pharmacist in one state may practice his profession in another state by registering with the National Association of Boards of Pharmacy. It usually is about four months before the new certificate is received. The cost is twenty-five dollars. One day this new man, who had complied with the law by sending in his application blank for registry in Idaho, plus the sum of twenty-five dollars, called me up. "The District Attorney is down here and says he is going to have to padlock the place because I am not a registered pharmacist in the State of Idaho." The law gives one the right to practice until the certificate is received, provided the registration with the National Association has been made. Going down to the drug store, I saw the District Attorney who was, at that time, counsel for Lamphere, standing there. As I entered, he said to me, "Doc' I'm sorry, but I'll have to lock this place up. This man is registered in the State of Washington, but he is not registered in the State of Idaho." "Well, why don't you?" I asked. "You need not have sent for me. If you're going to lock it up, you're going to lock it up. You're the District Attorney—not I." Pulling the key

to the drug store out of my pocket, I handed it to him saying, "Here's the key." He looked at me rather queerly, for he did not know much about me as yet, although he knows lots now. "Doc, you've got something up your sleeve," he said, "What is it?" I muttered something about my discovering that I had better have lots of things up my sleeve in Moscow and said to him, "You lock up this drug store at your own risk and on your own responsibility. If you are acting illegally, you'll pay the bill."

He left, and I had him followed. He went to the office of the other newspaper, and after about thirty minutes returned to the drug store again. "Doc, I don't want to have to lock this store up, and I don't believe I will," he said. I informed him that if it was his duty to lock it up, he had better do it. Evidently he thought better, or was not quite sure I was as big a fool as I looked, for he said, "No, Doc, I'll give you a chance to get an Idaho Licentiate in here, but you do that as quickly as you can." This was pure bluff and an effort to save his face. However, not caring particularly whether he closed it up or not, I called him into the back room, and there hanging on the wall was my own Idaho State Pharmacy License. In addition to that, I showed him the receipt from the National Association which protected the man I had working for me.

Shortly after that, the beautiful flowers which border my home were all pulled up one night and several picayunish attempts were made to make life as miserable as possible. However, the newspaper grew by leaps and bounds.

In the meantime, Lamphere got drunker and drunker. All he could talk about was "putting that son-of-a— in the Federal penitentiary." I could not understand this penitentiary threat, yet he continually made it. On one occasion he told a friend of mine, "That — has cost me more than fifteen thousand dollars already, but it won't be long now. I'll bet you five thousand dollars that he is in McNeil's Island before next February." This all came back to me, and

I was mystified as to how he was going to get me into the Federal penitentiary. I put most of it down as "booze-talk," but I was mistaken. He meant business. More than one business man warned me, "Lamphere is very vicious. He has lots of money, and he never forgets. He'll keep after you till he gets you." All this was not too nice, for I wanted a free hand with "*Psychiana*." It was growing very fast and taking every effort I could make, and while all this did not disturb me much, it did keep me constantly alert. These continued threats were somewhat annoying.

One day by the grapevine, I heard of a "secret" conference between a United States Senator, Lamphere, the District Attorney, and two other gentlemen whose names I shall not mention. I really took that conference seriously, and knowing now the lengths to which Lamphere would go to "get" me, I left at once for Washington, D. C., to talk things over with Senator Borah. The Senator informed me that he had been keeping pretty close tab on things, and it seemed that he was in possession of more information than I was. He told me to "lie low" and do nothing, and the first move openly made against me to wire him.

The next day I had a conference with President Roosevelt. The newspaper fight was not mentioned. The President talked with me about "*Psychiana*." We discussed the teachings of Philip Brooks, and he asked me how progress was being made on Robinson Park. The government had offered to build a large dam, thereby creating a beautiful artificial lake if someone would buy the land and donate it to the city or the county. I bought the land. This was discussed, and when I left, the President shook hands cordially and asked me never to come to Washington without calling on him.

I must mention here a little scheme to secure that lake and keep it in the hands of a few. I nipped that scheme in the bud. A corporation had been formed of a few local men. They were going to put up the money for the lake and park,

and they themselves had agreed to keep all the lots immediately adjoining the lake, selling the rest to John Q. Public. Marineau wired me in San Francisco when he got wind of that scheme, and the next day, Saturday, saw me in the office of the Federal Land Bank in Spokane.

A check had already been received for the land from a Moscow gentleman, but I informed the president what the play was. Showing me the check from Moscow, he said, "Is this man in on it?" I replied that he was the originator of the scheme. "Well, he won't get away with that," replied the land bank man. "I'll look into it." I had made up my mind to stop that steal then and there, so pulling a check book from my pocket, I said to the banker, "Is my check as good as his?" He replied that it was, and I closed the deal for the land, agreeing to donate it to Latah County forever, barring the commercializing of the Park. On Monday morning the Moscow gentleman called up the Federal Land Bank and asked why he had not received the deed to the property. He was informed that Doctor Robinson had bought the property two days before. So we have Robinson Park here in Moscow, and *all* may enjoy it—not just a chosen few.

* * *

After leaving President Roosevelt, I had lunch with Senator Borah, said good-bye to him, and took the train for Minneapolis where I was scheduled to make an address. On arriving at the Nicollet Hotel, I found there a wire awaiting me from a man called Bannerman—Chief Special Agent of the State Department. The wire said, "*Would like to see you regarding statements made in passport application signed by you in 1934. When will you be in Washington?*" Then I knew that the mill had begun to turn. I replied to Bannerman (he died recently) that I had just left Washington, but that if he had anything important to talk over, I would cancel my speaking engagement and return. Otherwise, I did not expect to be back in Washington for several months. I received his reply asking me to meet him in his office Monday

morning. Leaving Minneapolis on the Hiawatha that night, I doubled back to Washington.

Let me take you back now to the "secret" conference I had been told about in Moscow. A certain telegram left Moscow that night. In about one week, two gentlemen knocked at the door of my study and handed me their cards. They were Inspectors Morse and Doran of the Post Office Department. These two gentlemen impressed upon me that there was nothing personal in their visit. They stated that they had "orders" to "reopen" the closed investigation into the affairs of "*Psychiana*." I told them they were very welcome to see anything we had. They asked for stock-books and for almost everything else. Calling in the accountant, I instructed him to put all records at their disposal, tell them anything they wanted to know. I vacated my own study in order that they might have a comfortable place in which to investigate me and the Movement. They stayed there two weeks, and it was not long until Lamphere was crowing up one side of the street and down the other, "The Postal Inspectors are here checking on that son-of-a——; it won't be long now." His bets were made anew.

That man was offering anything up to five thousand dollars that I would be in the penitentiary inside of ninety days. He was mistaken. One day I called on Mr. Lamphere in his home. "Lamphere," I said, "I'm given to understand that you have some money you want to bet that I'll be in the Federal Penitentiary at McNeil's Island inside of ninety days. I'll take about five thousand dollars worth of that money." He said that he did not want to take any of the little money I had—he had a fortune, "Anyway, you'll need all the money you can get. Why, the Postal Inspectors are down at your place now."

I did not feel like arguing with the man, so not being able to get five thousand dollars of his money, I left for home. How he knew that the Postal Inspectors were in my office the day they arrived, I do not know—rather I shall not tell.

I did ask Inspector S. H. Morse if he had ever heard of George Lamphere. He denied that he had, although I have since secured information that this statement was not true. However, Lamphere did not personally appear in the activities against me. I shall not go into the details of what went on, although I am quite fully advised. Sleeping dogs are better asleep.

At no time was I afraid of any Postal investigation. There had been two already, and besides, I was teaching religion, and under the wonderful Constitution of these United States, I may do that without fear or favor. That was all I asked then; it is all I ask now. If what I teach is helping men and women to find the Power of God, it is good, regardless of whether it agrees with the teachings of the orthodox church or not. Orthodox churches can do nothing to stem the tide of horror which is baptizing this world at this very moment. Their impotence is written all over them. Their theory of God is not true.

On this third Postal Inspection, as on the other two, the Postal Inspectors were utterly unable to find the slightest taint of fraud in the whole Movement. It is not there to find. What they did was this—they found the passport I had used on a trip to Europe a few years before. The number of this passport was sent to the State Department to see if it could not find something amiss with the passport. I have already told you enough to convince you where I was born—at least I had never had any idea that I was born anywhere else than in the United States on the trip father and mother made before going to Long Crendon.

The book I copied from plainly showed that I *must* have been born here if that record is true. When I decided to get across the ocean for a rest and to ramble around my childhood scenes again, the matter of a birth certificate came up. I have never seen my birth certificate, and there are millions in this country like me. However, knowing that I had no birth certificate, I made a special trip to the State Depart-

ment in Washington, D. C., and there explained the birth and everything connected with it. Evidently the State Department believed me, for they issued the passport without question. Under those circumstances, I do not believe that any charge of making false statements in a passport application ever should have been made. However, it was made.

Arriving back in Washington, D. C., I met Bannerman in his office, and he at once began to question me about my birth. Not being too dense or too dumb, and having had a conference with Senator Borah in the meantime, I said nothing. All I did was ask when the indictment would be returned. I was informed that "if you leave this country and go, say to Canada, there will be no indictment, of course, for I would not have you brought back here. Why don't you run your *"Phychiana"* business from Canada?" This is what Bannerman said to me. This is what I told Bannerman, "Mr. Bannerman, you are talking to the wrong chap. If you have anything in the nature of a crime or the violation of a law by me, trot it out. I'll never run away from it, but if you have not, I happen to know who is working against me in this case. So get your indictment and we will go to trial as quickly as possible."

This almost floored Bannerman, for evidently he did not look for such a response. At any rate, he said nothing more, with one exception. Having seen the President of the United States a few days before, I said to the Chief Special Agent of the State Department, "I believe I'll go back and see the President. I saw him the other day, and he'll stop what evidently is to be a very determined effort to get me out of the way." Looking at me in his quiet way, Bannerman replied, "Doctor, I'm afraid it won't do any good, — has already been there ahead of you." Then I knew that the only thing to do was to return to Moscow and get the thing over with as fast as possible.

I arrived in Moscow in a few days and went back to work, although I knew what was to come. One morning I met

Lamphere on the street. "Didn't do you much good to go back to Washington, did it?" he queried. "Never can tell, Lamphere," I replied, and then as an afterthought, I said, "George, I would hate to interfere with a work as powerful as the "*Psychiana*" Movement. I should be afraid that I might be suddenly removed from the picture myself." How true that prediction was, I have already explained, for he was shot through the back of the head by a relative.

There was a tense atmosphere in Moscow those days. "Underground" channels knew that an indictment was coming up. I knew how they knew. In any event, Mrs. Robinson and I made a trip to Boise to see Mr. Carver, the blind Federal Attorney. Carver is a wonderful fellow. He assured Mrs. Robinson and I that the indictment was not issuing from his office. "I have gone through you with a fine-tooth comb," he told us, "and moreover, I have notified the Department that this case will be a 'hot potato.' I don't want it in my office, you have too many friends, but what can I do?" he asked. "Even if you are acquitted on this charge, there is another one coming up," he told us. I knew about that charge also before I left Washington.

It began to look as if the difficulties were getting mountains high, and I knew that all the powers possible were to be used against me. One government official said to me, "Doc, whyinell don't you stop putting out that damned teaching. It isn't you they're after—it's the teaching." I knew that as well as he did, and I knew something else, too. I knew that every obstacle thrown in my path would be surmounted. It made no difference how vigorously I was prosecuted, it made no difference how vigorously I was persecuted, *I knew that the Power I was using would wipe out of the way any and all attempts to stop this teaching.* I knew when I first released it that the churches would not sit idly by and let me tell the world their story is not true, so these attacks were not altogether unexpected. However, I did not know so many things could crop up all at the same time. There was

only one thing I could do, and that was to sit back and watch the Power of the Great Spirit, God, come to my rescue and confound my enemies. You will see soon the amazing manner in which it did just that.

PART THREE



CHAPTER ONE

I Am Acquitted

THE FEDERAL INDICTMENT CAME THROUGH A FEW WEEKS later. It was drawn in Washington, D. C., by the Department of justice. Mr. Lamphere evidently knew it was coming through, as he had his attorney in Boise, where it was returned, awaiting the news, and ready to flash it to Moscow so that he could spread it all over the front page of his newspaper, *The Daily Star-Mirror*. George was not quite fast enough though, for news of the indictment appeared in my own paper, *The Daily News-Review*, just 24 hours before it appeared in the *Star-Mirror*. This made Lamphere fighting mad, and he blamed his attorney for having let us "scoop" him when he was in Boise on the job, and we had no attorney there. When the indictment was announced in the *News-Review*, all the joy was taken out of it for George Lamphere, naturally, for he had long awaited this day.

The charge was contained in five counts of the indictment, and these five counts were all based on the passport application. When the jury was sworn in, during the first few minutes of the trial, four of the five counts were thrown out, the Judge ruling they were duplications. This on motion of my attorneys. There was left then but one charge on which

to go to trial. The government attorneys chose the count of "willfully and knowingly making false statements on a passport application, by stating that he was born in the U. S. when he knew full well that he was born in England." That was the one count left.

Engaged for the defense were Attorneys A. L. Morgan of Moscow, and Edward W. Robertson of Spokane. Judge Morgan at the time was President of the Idaho State Bar Association. He is now our District Judge. Mr. Robertson is one of the best known criminal lawyers in the United States, and one of the most lovable characters. I still owe him money on that case, and he has been very lenient with me. News items which have appeared the world over have estimated my wealth at anywhere from one million dollars to twenty-five millions of dollars. I wonder what they would say if they knew that Attorney E. W. Robertson has not yet been paid in full for defending me at that trial in 1936. As a matter of fact, the "*Psychiana*" Movement is a non-profit religious corporation, operating under an Idaho religious charter. All I am paid from the Movement, and all I ever take from the Movement is a salary, and that salary is hardly sufficient to meet our monthly obligations. I have no bank account, nor have I any money of any sort anywhere. I am not in the slightest degree interested in money. We have to take in enough to pay all of our operating expenses, and outside of that we are not interested in accumulating money. If the making of money becomes of any interest to me, I certainly can make it. I can put the "*Psychiana*" Movement on a commercial basis, or I can sell my services to other concerns for far more than the mediocre salary I draw. The growth of the Movement has been so phenomenal however, that magazines and newspapers have wrongly attributed to it sometimes, the making of money.

I live in a good home—I have to—I should live in one, and so should you. I drive a fine Cadillac car, and that, considering the work I do and the mental strain involved, I be-

lieve to be my right. I see nothing unusual in it. Mrs. Robinson owns considerable property, but none of that property has been accumulated from any money taken from the "Psychiana" Movement. Just as soon as someone endows us, all charges will be taken away, and we really shall be able to do something for God and humanity then. When a person knows the Power of God in the life, that Power is abundantly able to bring to all, whatsoever things they need, whether material or spiritual things—it makes no difference. As a matter of fact, the Power of God exists, not to save the world from "hell" but to bring to the world the consciousness of the fact that the Power which is God is abundantly able to bring those very things into being. Surely the Power which, through the ages has been creating this wondrous universe, is able to bring to you and to me the few little transitory things we need? I think it is—I am sure it is. I know it is.

When these false systems of theology are removed once and for all from this earth, then will the fullness of the Power of the Great Spirit—God, be made known to all. There will be no poverty in those days—neither will there be any newspapers—for all those things will be swallowed up in the wondrous revelation of the ever-abiding Spirit of God. Those things are at hand. The only thing preventing them from manifesting is the false picture of God brought to the world by the many differing systems of religion in the world. Just a calm, cursory analysis of them will convince any thinker of the truths of these statements. Those who will not think, or those who cannot think, well, they just lose—both here and hereafter. For God will be brought to this world through some man big enough mentally and spiritually to "*think God out.*"

The trial opened in Moscow, and the court-room was crowded. Everyone in Moscow knew who was at the back of this case, and sentiment was running high. Little groups of people could be seen on every street corner, and the subject of their conversations was the Robinson trial. That trial broke

George Lamphere. He is dead and gone to his reward (if any) and I suppose I should not even mention him. I have tried to figure some way to leave all this out, but that would create a wrong impression. So in this book, I have not spared myself, nor shall I give the impression that I am "keeping quiet" about this trial and the following deportation move. I am not ashamed of either one. I believe they belong in this strange autobiography.

One rather amusing incident happened right at the beginning of the trial, which took some sting off the tenseness in the court-room. The Presiding Judge was C. C. Cavanaugh, one of the fairest men ever to sit on a Federal bench. I believe the U. S. stands alone in the world from the standpoint of the fairness of its courts, and may God help this wonderful country if the day ever comes when they are not fair. We want no German or Italian or Russian courts here. They will be here though if the Allies lose this war.

At the opening of the trial, statements were made by the prosecution, telling the jury what it expected to prove; and by the defense, telling the jury what *it* expected to prove. A Mr. Griffith made the opening statement for the government, and his statement was something like this:

"* * * of course, the government has not the funds with which to engage the noted counsel the defendant has here. Over there sits the Hon. A. L. Morgan, President of the Idaho State Bar Association, while over here, internationally known, sits Edward W. Robertson—the *Mark Anthony of the American Bar*."

Ed. Robertson is a southerner. He was educated at the Louisiana State University at the time former Senator James P. Pope was attending that same university. Short of stature, eagle-eyed, intensely in earnest, Mr. Robertson will not take a case until he is convinced of the innocence of the accused. Consequently he loses very few cases. When he arose to make his opening statement to the jury, a smile stole all over his handsome face.

"Gennelmen of the joowy—ah've been in the practice of crim-

inal law a long time now, and during that time ah've been called most everything a lawyer can be called. But this is the first time I have ever been called Mark Anthony. If I remember mah history correctly, Mark Anthony is the gennelman who knocked at Cleopatra's boudoir and when she opened the door he told her he had not come there to talk."

Naturally this speech brought down the house. The University of Idaho had the law classes attend that trial to see Attorney Robertson in action, and it was refreshing to have these students come to me during the frequent recesses and tell me where Ed. Robertson, seasoned trial lawyer that he is, was making a mistake. I think, according to that group of law students, Ed. Robertson and Judge Morgan made so many mistakes in that trial that the wonder is how they secured a license to practice law in the first place.

I shall not go into the details of that trial. It cost a lot of money, and it lasted many days. Witnesses were brought here from England, New York, Washington and from other parts of the country. Mr. Bannerman, as was his right, was there too. Many Postal inspectors and Immigration Department officials were there, and about the only witnesses I could bring were those who could testify as to my standing in Moscow. None of them could prove where I was born any more than I could. No one can *prove* where he or she was born. One has to believe what the parents tell him, which is exactly what I did. All through the record—insurance papers—documents of every description were introduced, and my birthplace as I had stated it for 40 years was always the same—New York City.

The jury was evidently convinced that I was born there, for in addition to bringing in a "not guilty" verdict, they signed a unanimous decision that I was speaking the truth, and was born where I said I was born. That was complete vindication I believe. No appeal was taken by the government, and everyone thought that this would end any action against me. But I knew better. I knew what was coming up

at once. Let it be remembered here that the specific charge on which I was tried and acquitted was of "wilfully and knowingly making false statements in a passport application, in that he stated that he was born in New York when he knew full well that he was not." The jury who heard this evidence decided that *I was born in New York as stated*. I may be wrong, but I believe that verdict should have settled the matter of my birthplace once and for all.

There is one remarkable demonstration I must mention before I leave this first trial. Fifteen minutes after the verdict was brought in, South Howard Street where we live, began to fill with cars. They came from all directions. They came by the dozens. My home is quite large, yet in 15 minutes it was packed to the doors with friends congratulating us on the verdict. The first man to show up was Milburn Kenworthy, the proprietor of Moscow's two picture houses. Putting his arm round me he said, "Frank—I'm very happy." Not much to say, but then, he didn't need to say much. I knew what he meant. This demonstration kept up most of the day. It became necessary to put one girl on the phone at the house and another one at the office. I do not believe I have ever seen a greater show of friendship than I saw that day.

If you want to make anyone—persecute them. If you want to stop a religious teaching—never persecute its leader—if you do, instead of breaking it you will make it. That is what happened in Moscow, and none knew it better than George Lamphere. Nevertheless, he had not given up hope. There was more to follow. At once he started the rumors round Moscow that the deportation proceedings would do what the criminal trial did not do . . . "Just wait . . . we'll get him yet," was his usual remark. When it became known that another warrant had been sworn out against me, this time by the Immigration Department, feeling ran high once more. The *Star-Mirror*, of course, blazoned the news across its front page, only, then toned it down very considerably, for

they knew the sentiment. I kept off the streets after the first day for my hand was almost shaken off.

Unknown to me, a popular Moscow meat-packer, Chris Hagan, started a petition around Moscow, asking Madame Perkins to stop this latest deportation move. In half a day the signatures of more than ninety percent of Moscow people were affixed to the petition. As soon as I heard about it I stopped the petition. I wanted no favors. I wanted to meet out on the field of battle every charge which could possibly be made against me. I wanted to meet them because I knew, in a fair fight, I could lick them. I did not want any favors or "political pull" from any source. It would have been impossible in this case to have secured this had I desired it, so great and powerful were the forces arraigned against me. However, I am glad now that this all happened, for perhaps I shall be left alone with my God to do the work I have been called upon to do.

There is a gentleman in this country called Harry Bridges, who, admittedly is an alien. From all I can gather all this chap has done since coming to the United States is to call strikes and keep the water-front in an uproar. All I have ever done is to lead men and women to know the Power of God. But Mr. Bridges gets a college professor to sit as a special judge in his case, while I, who never caused any such commotion as Bridges caused, was not offered a college professor to help me. Of course, Bridges was not interfering with religion, so religion did not interfere with him.

While the Postal Investigation was going on I said to Inspector Morse, in the presence of Mrs. Robinson one day, "What good do you expect to do by trying to stop this Movement?" I shall not soon forget his reply. Here it is . . . "Psychiana is a disturbing element among the churches and it has to be stopped." There, you have the answer to a lot of things which otherwise might puzzle you. The strange thing about this affair is that the religious organization which was the most active in the proceedings, never appeared on the

surface. I know quite a bit about the "submarine" activities of that organization though.

Bridges did not bother the churches. I did. So, regardless of whether the churches are teaching the truths of God or an old pagan superstition, I must be stopped while they are allowed to keep the truths of God from men and women by teaching something that in its very essence, never came from God. That, however, is the way present-day religion operates. It has always operated that way. Remember the Inquisitions? If you disturb it . . . if you do not leave it alone in its disastrous work of hiding God from the masses . . . then it will use all the political power it can muster to "get" you. In my case, however, that power was up against a far greater Power, and as always, when one fights against the Power of God, that Power grinds its adversaries to powder.

The surest proof that present-day theology is done, lies in the fact that at last, at long last, the actual truths of God are being brought to this earth. It must follow then, as the night the day, that these truths will win over the errors which have been taught in the name of God. On the one hand you have every denomination in the Christian religion crying its eyes out over its failure to do one thing for God. They cannot even save their own false structures, let alone save this war-mad world.

On the other hand, you have one man, and a poor one at that, fighting all alone for the truths of God, yet that one man, standing all alone, can, in twelve years, bring into existence a religious Movement which, in that short space of time, ranks eighth numerically in the list of American religions. Therein lies the difference . . . the one is teaching pagan superstition in the name of God, and I am teaching the pure unsullied truths of God. The latter cannot help but win.

If the world and the church were wise, instead of trying to down the "*Psychiana*" Movement and myself, it would

listen to what we have to say. Either I am teaching the truths of God or I am not. The evidence speaks for itself. Men do not gather grapes from thistle bushes. If the results are good, the Teaching is of God. If failure results, and every church talks nothing but failure, the teachings are *not* of God, regardless of the human claims made for them.

* * *

A few days after my acquittal, a knock came on my front door, and, standing there was a gentleman who identified himself as a Mr. Nice, an inspector of the Immigration Department. Knowing that deportation proceedings were to be instituted regardless of the verdict of this Federal Jury, I had been expecting this call, and was prepared for it. Let me state that deportation hearings are not judicial proceedings. They have full judicial powers, in a way, but the accused has very little chance in those hearings. Of course, the findings can always be appealed to the courts, but not all have the means with which to do this.

Asking Mr. Nice in, I asked him to what I was indebted for this visit. He stated that he wanted to talk to me about my birth certificate—he asked me if I had one. I told him that a Federal Jury had just rendered a verdict which very plainly answered the question as to where I was born. Mr. Nice replied that he was not interested in the verdicts of Federal Juries—he worked for the Immigration Department which, as he put it, “is a law unto itself.” I knew what would happen regardless of anything I said, so I said very little to Mr. Nice except to call him a “nice” man, which he suggested might not be the exact truth.

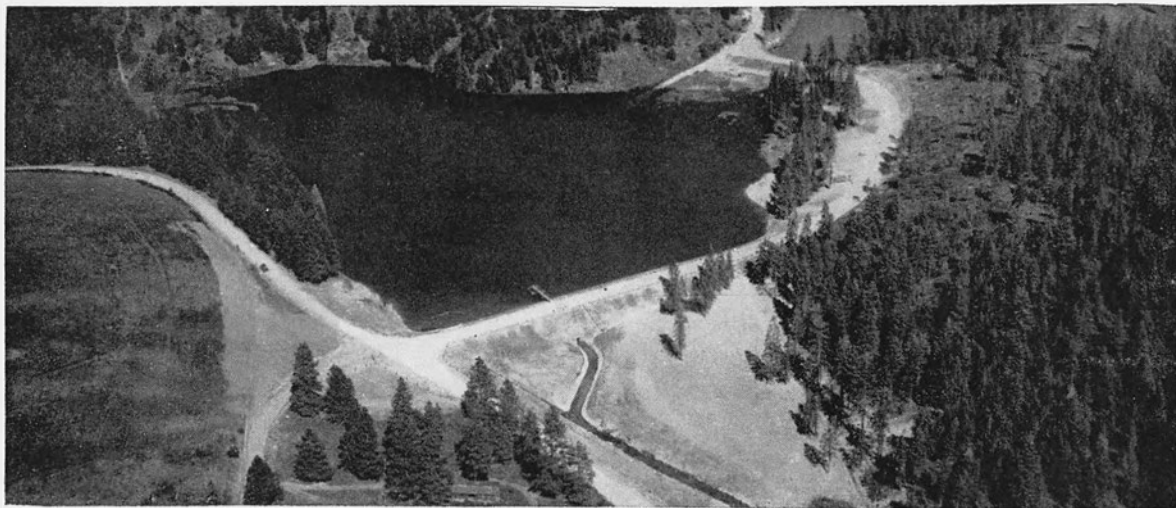
I referred him to Judge A. L. Morgan, now District Judge of Latah County, and had very little to say to him myself. That night I wired Senator Borah who, by the way, had received many wires from others, asking him to step in and stop these attacks on Dr. Robinson. The beloved Idaho Senator, now gone to a well deserved rest, was never asleep, and after the warrant for deportation was served and the \$2000

bond posted, I wired the Senator that I was going fishing.

I came here to Rocky Point, stayed in the same favorite cabin I am now occupying, and here, on this wonderful lake, I received anew the assurance that if I paid more time to my fishing and less to the deportation hearings, I should be better off. When anything seems to threaten to disturb me these days, I let it alone. I do not think about it, and . . . *it disappears. It just is not there any more.* That is a secret every reader should learn. *First—know that the Spirit which is God lives in you, and, second:—let that Spirit take care of you. If you do this you can never be confounded.* This book is supposed to be an autobiography. It is; but it is interspersed with little messages which will do you good if you follow them. They do not originate in me—they do come from the Spirit of God . . . in me . . . in you . . . and in everyone else.

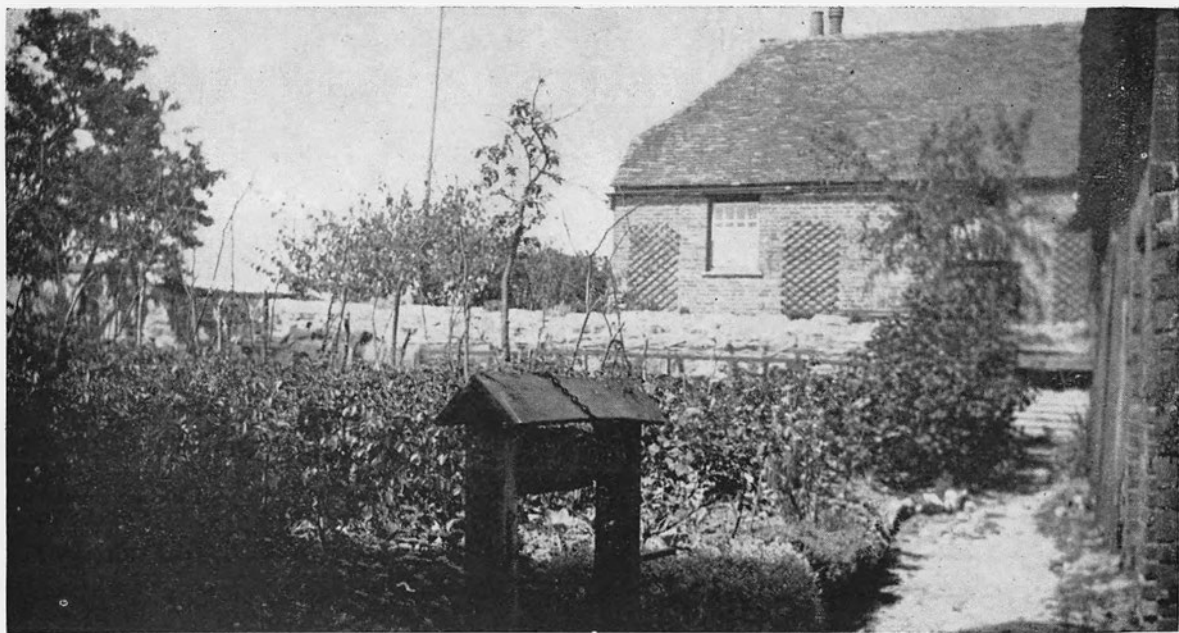
Senator Borah saw Madame Perkins, and she very kindly had the proceedings put over for several months at my request. However, the day finally came when the music had to be faced. The Immigration Department called Attorney Ed. Robertson on the phone, and stated that they had received the deportation warrant from D. C. "Would the Immigration Department allow me to come to Spokane alone . . . or did they desire to arrest me and throw me in jail in Moscow?" Ed. Robertson asked. It would be O.K. if I appeared with \$2000 bonds in my pocket, at the Immigration Department in Spokane the next morning.

I arrived there on time, and was taken from there, without escort however, for which I was thankful, fingerprinted and "mugged" just as a criminal would have been. That went hard. Here at Moscow was a wonderful wife, the daughter of a prominent Circuit Judge, and with her were two beautiful children, whose pictures appear in this book. Yet here was their father, who never knowingly hurt a soul, and never knowingly made a mis-statement in his life, on the top floor of the Spokane County jail, being "mugged" and



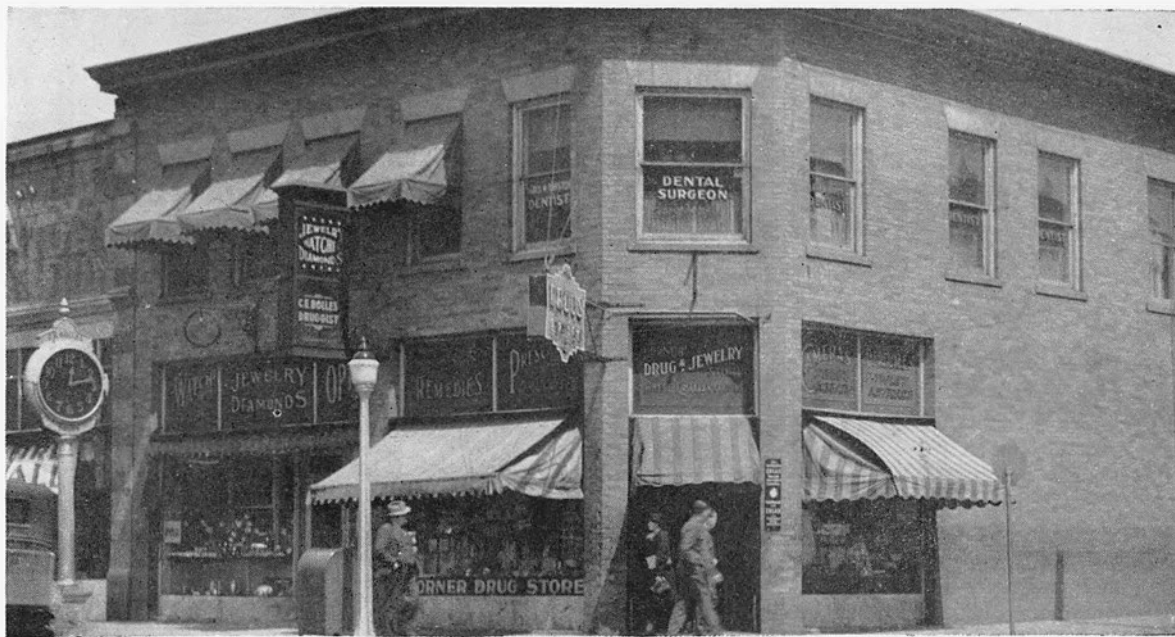
ROBINSON PARK LAKE

An airplane view of Robinson Park Lake. The land for this Park was purchased by Dr. Robinson and donated to Latah County. The Government then constructed a dam giving Latah County its only body of water. Many thousands enjoy the Park and lake summer and winter. Benches under the trees, well water, cooking facilities make this Park a beauty spot. The American Legion petitioned the County Commissioners to name the park "Robinson Park" in honor of its donor, Dr. Robinson. The above air-photo was taken by the 41st Division Aviation, Washington National Guard. Authority to release this photo was secured from the Regional office of the Soil Conservation Service. We appreciate this authority.



“THE OLD WELL”

The old well in Dr. Robinson's childhood home. He nearly drowned in this well when he was two years old.



CORNER DRUG STORE, MOSCOW, IDAHO

This is the drug store in which Dr. Robinson worked in Moscow. It is still owned and operated by Mr. C. E. Bolles



STUDENTS' ACCOUNTING DEPT.

This is another view of the Students' Accounting Dept. Dr. Robinson is standing in the doorway to the left of the picture.

fingerprinted . . . and for what? For teaching something contrary to orthodoxy.

The County jail officers called the Immigration Department and informed them that I had been there with Attorney Robertson, and I was allowed to go back to Moscow to my family. I had orders to report back in Spokane on July 20th, which I did. That was in 1936. The warrant by the way, charged that I illegally entered the United States at Eastport, Idaho, on the 19th day of September. As a matter of fact I was not anywhere near Eastport, Idaho, on that date, nor had I been for several years, if ever. I had lived here for about 35 years that I knew of, and, to the very best of my knowledge, I was born in this country. Moreover, a Federal Jury had rendered a decision which should have settled once and for all the fact of my birthplace, and where that birth occurred.

When Senator Borah heard of the deportation warrant, he said "Doctor—I am the oldest man in the United States Senate—I've seen some funny things in the past 33 years . . . but I have never seen such a vicious persecution as this is. Up to the time of this deportation warrant, I had nothing to say . . . but now . . . well . . . I'll help you, and I'll go the limit even if it means a Congressional Investigation." By the way, before the case was ended, Senator Borah threatened to "investigate this whole affair on the floor of the Senate" before the matter was finally settled.

When it was proven that I was not anywhere near Eastport on the date mentioned in the warrant, Inspector Stewart, before whom the case was tried, said . . . "I'm going to lay another charge reading that at an unknown port on an unknown date you illegally entered the United States." As before stated, there is not much one can do before these deportation hearings, except introduce witnesses who will testify as to one's standing and conduct. Personally, I was disgusted with the whole affair, especially as the matter of birth and citizenship had been thrashed out before a Federal jury, the

highest trial jury in the land. However, we did bring many witnesses, and I shall briefly run over them to show you the type of men who volunteered to help me. I could have taken 1000 witnesses into that hearing had I chosen to so do.

The first witness was a Brigadier-General of the U. S. Army, General Chrisman, a character who was loved by all who knew him. His testimony was clear and concise. There was no room for doubt as to what he meant. Here, in part, is what he said . . . "He stands very high as a citizen in this community . . . he has a fine civic spirit, and is a very law-abiding citizen. He has done a great deal to develop the town in both a business and a social way."

Then the General mentioned the gift of Robinson Park, and the resolution of the American Legion that it be officially named *Robinson Park*. I wonder if the Legion would have taken similar action had Mr. Bridges donated a park?

The next witness called was Dr. C. W. Tenney, who was Assistant Director of "*Psychiana*" until the Methodist church forced him to resign. Dr. Tenney knew me many years ago. At the time of this hearing he was Republican nominee for State School Inspector, which position he had held in Montana for several years. For eighteen years Dr. Tenney was President of Gooding Methodist College at Gooding, Idaho, and was, before that, President of Montana Wesleyan College at Helena, Montana.

Then came the Sheriff of Latah County, Charley Summerfield. He it was who superintended the proceedings when my machinery on the way from Elk River was attached. He testified that he had made me a special deputy sheriff, which honor I still enjoy, and he also testified as to the high standing I enjoy in the Latah County community. Sheriff Summerfield was followed by the Chief of Police, Ernie Whitmore, who testified that I had helped him feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and never had turned him down when he appealed for help for someone less fortunate. Then came the Prosecuting Attorney of Latah County, Mur-

ray Estes. His testimony was on the same general order, and he laid special emphasis on my being a "very truthful and law-abiding citizen."

Then came Harry Brenn, now State Senator of our county, and Captain of the Troop K of the 116th Cavalry, Idaho National Guard. Mr. Brenn testified that he knew of four cases that year that I was personally putting through the University of Idaho. He stated also that he was Chairman of the Business Relations Committee of the Chamber of Commerce, and that I was ever ready to help in any worthy cause. (What he did not know was that many a time have I gone to the bank and borrowed money, which I could ill afford to borrow, to give to someone who needed it worse than I did).

Harry Brenn was followed by State Senator C. G. Friend. In addition to being State Senator he was District Supervisor of the Farm Debt Adjustment organization, and a prosperous farmer. He was also Master of the Moscow Grange for four years. When asked about my personal standing and reputation he replied . . . "I can only say that it is A No. 1." The next gentleman called was W. L. Korter, otherwise known as "The Cougar." He was graduated from Washington State College. He was Democratic County Chairman and member of the Board of Agricultural Act. He was also a State Senator. His testimony was ringing in its clarity, and gave my standing in Moscow in no uncertain terms. As a matter of fact, my standing in Moscow and over the whole world for that matter is well known. The only evidence we could put in was the evidence of these witnesses. No evidence against me could be barred, and while the attorney could "object," the objection meant nothing—it could not prevent a question being asked and answered, no matter how unfair that question might be.

There was one thing which I thought was quite unfair in these proceedings, and that was when Inspector Stewart asked Mrs. Robinson if she had ever taken any steps to

become a U. S. citizen. Mrs. Robinson was born here in Rocky Point under a large pine-tree, just a stone's throw from this cabin. She has never been out of the United States in her life, yet the Inspector asked her if she knew she was subject to deportation. The question was later withdrawn.

There came then other character witnesses, but all to no avail, for the examining Inspector stated that he was going to recommend that I be deported. After these deportation hearings, the proceedings are sent to Washington to a Board of Review. If one has the necessary funds he may have an attorney appear before the board. When the case was set for hearing, I sent Attorney E. W. Robertson to Washington where he contacted Senator Borah. They both appeared before the review board. This board was fair; there is no question about that.

When Senator Borah personally intervened, the board stood out of respect for him. They promised him that they would give this case every consideration, and they stated that they did not believe it was a "deportation" case at all. But they pointed out the unsatisfactory condition of my present status. I might want to run for the U. S. Senate, which offer to run, by the way, I have twice refused. I had no birth certificate, which meant that the citizenship was all up in the air.

Then the Board asked my Attorney if I would cooperate with it in straightening out this matter to the satisfaction of everyone. Attorney Robertson said that I would do anything at all to legally straighten out this tangle. Then, the Board of Review ruled that I not be deported, but leave the U. S. voluntarily, and, on securing a visa, be allowed to immediately return. That was the official ruling.

It was not the ruling put out by the Associated Press, however, which sent over its wires "*Robinson ordered deported.*" The United Press had the truth of the report, and sent over *its* wires, the true story. Undoubtedly the appearance of Senator Borah before that Board of Review had a

lot of weight. They knew that this Great American would not be there in my behalf if I were not pretty near all right. The Senator was not that sort of man.

He has visited in my home many a time, and once paid me the greatest honor I shall ever receive. Shortly before his death . . . and he must have had a premonition of it . . . he said to me "Doctor—there is one thing I would like to see, and that is you sitting in this seat of mine." I thanked the Senator, but informed him the "Psychiana" Movement was all in all to me, and political honors I did not desire. That, I considered a real honor.

As soon as the hearing was over, Attorney Robertson returned to Spokane where he lived, and we awaited the official report of the findings of the Board. These old Army and Navy records had been dug out, and I don't blame the Board for thinking I was a "bad egg". Yet there never had been one single thing except getting drunk in my whole history. Better men than I am do that and get away with it.

Here let me relate one of the very dirtiest things I have ever heard of or seen. When the newspapers found out that Senator Borah had appeared before the Board of Review in my behalf, the news was flashed from Coast to Coast. "*Borah defends Robinson*" was about the way the headlines ran. When Mr. Lamphere saw those headlines, he knew the second case against me had gone a-shimmering, so, in a last minute attempt to do whatever damage he could do, he had sent to the Review Board, on two consecutive days, thirteen telegrams, protesting against the intervention of Senator Borah. These wires were all charged to the *Star-Mirror*, and most of the men whose names were signed to them never saw them. They were called on the phone by Mr. Lamphere, who talked them into letting him sign their name.

I shall not give the names of those thirteen men who sent those wires, although I know them all. Let me give you one wire, which is typical of them all. You can imagine how

the Board of Review felt when such wires as this began to come in. This was before the final decision not to deport me had been rendered, and the wires might have done considerable harm. However, I knew of their existence the day they were sent, but there wasn't very much I could do about it. Some of the men whose signatures appear on those wires have sworn to me they knew nothing about them at all, but I question that. Here is one of the twelve wires:

Federal Board of Review
Immigration Dept., Washington, D. C.

Cannot understand attitude of Senator Borah in Robinson case. He cannot be fully informed as to his standing here which is that of a fourth rate citizen. He should be deported.

Here was I, internationally known as the Founder of the fastest growing religious Movement on the face of the earth, known as such all over the civilized world, and yet these local men, under the domination of George Lamphere, sent such wires as that. Naturally, the ministers were well represented, one of them, an Episcopalian, died last week. It was a wonderful chance for them—only—it did not work. The Spirit of God, as ever, was upon me, and I came through very victorious as you will later see. (Every effort was made to keep those wires secret. But I knew about them almost as fast as they were sent.)

When the official findings of the Review Board were received by the Immigration Department in Spokane, an official called up E. W. Robertson and told him that he could get me on a train for Canada any time he chose to. "What is the ruling?" asked my Attorney. "Oh, Doc can get on a boat or train, go to Canada and come right back again," he was advised. "Well, is a visa necessary?" he asked. "No—it is not" was the reply. Calling me on the phone in Moscow, he transmitted that information to me and the same day I was in Spokane in conference with him. Neither of us liked the information that no visa was required, as

that was not at all what Attorney Robertson had been led to believe was the Review Board's ruling. After talking it over, I thought I saw a colored gentleman in the wood-pile, and made up my mind I was not going to Canada or anywhere else unless we knew what we were doing. That day, we both left for Seattle, and the next morning we called at the Immigration offices there and introduced ourselves.

Evidently the Inspector in charge knew all about us, for, when asked what we were to do, he replied, "Oh, just let Doc go over to Canada, and come right back again . . . that's all there is to it." But was it? . . . we shall see. When advised that all that would be necessary was my leaving for Canada and at once coming back, Attorney Robertson asked the Seattle Inspector if, that being the case, he would not give us a letter to that effect stating that I could immediately return. This however the Inspector said he could not do. Later in the day we went to the Canadian Immigration Department and laid the whole matter before them. "Certainly not" we were told . . . "he can't even get into Canada unless he has that letter from the U. S. Immigration Department stating that he will be at once re-admitted."

This information we took back to the U. S. Inspector, who informed us that he would not issue the letter. Going back to our hotel we sat in the bedroom and talked the whole matter over. Then we called up Senator Borah who at once got in touch with the Immigration Commissioner, and we received the information the following morning that the Seattle Inspector had been instructed to make a pre-examination, so that immediate re-admission could be had.

You can imagine our surprise the next morning when we went down to get that letter. The Inspector got quite wrathful and stated that he would not issue the letter. Then he wired the Commissioner that "*This man has no visa papers.*" We had been instructed by both the Spokane and Seattle Immigration office that a visa was not necessary. Knowing that some attempt was evidently being made to block us, we

went back to Spokane and there wrote a full and detailed letter to Mr. Shaughnessy, the Immigration Commissioner, stating what we had tried to do, the treatment we had been handed, and we asked him to show us how to comply with the ruling of the Review Board. We sent a copy of the letter to Senator Borah. Truly something was being done against us, or else we were trying to be led into a trap. In any event, we waited our reply from the Immigration Commissioner and Senator Borah.

Many "underground" wires were pulled at this time in an attempt to get the Senator to "lay off" the Robinson case. But he was not that sort of a Senator. He was in this fight to the finish, and we saw the finish together. An interesting side-light on the great character of Senator Borah enters here, and you may like to read it. He was asked by a prominent Boise politician how Robinson came to have "such a pull with you?" The Senator's reply is illuminating. "Doctor Robinson is a friend of mine . . . I know him and his family intimately . . . he is being persecuted . . . and it would make no difference to me if this case involved the poorest colored man in Idaho instead of Dr. Robinson . . . I consider it my duty, when an injustice is being done to a constituent of mine, to do what I can to protect the one who is being so viciously persecuted . . . I am in this fight to stay." That was typically "Borah". I shall ever love the memory of that man as I loved the man himself when he was alive.

In a little while a letter was received from the Immigration Commissioner recognizing the troubles we were having in our honest attempts to comply with the ruling of the Board of Review. The Commissioner told me to go to Havana, Cuba, and see the American Consulate there. I left for Miami the next day. There was a very definite reason why that suggestion was made, and when I arrived in Miami on my way to Havana, I discovered the reason. For the first time I had what to me was evidence of the

identity of the religious organization which was working so quietly, yet so viciously against me. I shall not mention the organization here . . . I don't believe it will be necessary. It is not an American system of religion.

Not much of importance happened on the way to Chicago, for that is where I changed trains. While resting in the Stevens Hotel, I received a long distance call from Senator Borah. "The enemy is getting very vicious," he said. He also told me to keep him advised every hour of the day where I would be. If I stayed at a hotel anywhere, he wanted to know just where he could get in touch with me. Then he informed me that he had talked with the Cuban Ambassador to the United States, and I had been made a diplomatic Representative of the Republic of Cuba, and this would insure my re-admission to the United States again. My papers would be given to me in Havana.

That never became necessary, for within five minutes of the Senator's call, there came a long wire from the Immigration Commissioner in Washington. He told me that I was to report to the Chief Inspector of the Immigration Service the moment I arrived in Miami. I called the Senator back and advised him of the wire from the Commissioner of Immigration, and this pleased him a lot. However, he told me not to forget that I was a Diplomatic Agent for the Republic of Cuba, if things did not go smoothly.

On arriving in Miami, I made my way to the Federal Building and asked for the Chief Inspector of the Immigration Service. There, I was informed that another Board was to meet, before which I was to appear, and a pre-examination, which would assure my legal re-entry was to be held. This was what we tried to have done in Seattle, but I guess that was too close to home—something prevented it there. The next day I appeared before that specially impanelled Board, and my appearance before that Board constituted a legal entry into the United States, and was registered as such.

I felt very happy over that, and at once called Attorney

Robertson in Spokane, advising him that I was leaving for home that night. "Wait a minute—wait a minute," said Ed. Robertson, what's this all about? I informed him of the meeting of the Board, and of the ruling that my appearance there constituted a legal entry. However, he advised me to go to Havana and secure the visa anyway. Senator Borah, on being also called by me, repeated this advice.

I left Miami that night on the S.S. *Florida* for Havana, Cuba. Arrived there, I called Senator Borah, or rather I wired the Senator and told him of my whereabouts. There is much I could say here, but I shall leave it out of the picture. I shall just say that three weeks later I received the visa and came back to Moscow, Idaho. There is one interesting side-light on the matter of the Board which met in Miami. The instructions were to close the files on this case, and send them air-mail to Washington. *The next day a new commissioner of immigration was appointed.* So the wisdom of getting the visa was demonstrated. The appearance before the Miami Board might be challenged—not the visa.

While I was away, I kept in constant touch with Moscow, and informed a few close friends that I should be back without any question. When I arrived back in Miami, I was met at the dock by newsmen, and the word was flashed over the wires that I had made a legal entry, secured the visa, and was on my way to Moscow. As soon as the *Star-Mirror* saw that item of news, it at once ran an article entitled "*Robinson returns through the coal-hole.*" It did not make much difference to me whether you called it returning through the "coal-hole" or not—I was legally back.

On my way to Moscow I stopped at Washington and saw and shook hands with Senator Borah. We had dinner together, and his advice was this: "*Go back to Moscow and run 'Psychiana' as vigorously as you can. If you are bothered any more, send me a wire.*" I have not been bothered, nor do I expect to be.

I think it is well recognized by now that all I am interested

in is bringing to men and women, the truths of God. Others have the same right to teach whatever they care to teach about God. They can teach that God is made of green cheese if they care to. But they went a bit farther than that. Instead of minding their own business, they attempted to stop me from bringing to the world, the actual and literal truths of God, and in that they made a mistake. They were fighting God, and that, no church organization can successfully do.

Just as long as I can show that men and women are finding God through the message I bring, I should be allowed to teach that message. If the churches lose through my message, if their members drop away as they are dropping away, that in itself is proof that the story the church comes to the world with, is not true. If it were true, this whole world would have known God a long time ago. In any event, the people themselves must be the judges of what is of God and what is not of God. There can be no better judges.

PART FOUR



Conclusion

THIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY MUST NEEDS BE AN UNFINISHED BOOK. An uncompleted story. For this work of the Spirit of God, far from being ended, has hardly begun. The part your writer is playing in it is of only minor consideration. I consider the victory already won. For this work has attained such a scope that it will continue long after I have been laid under the sod—probably in the little cemetery here in Moscow, Idaho.

A couple of years ago we held the "Psychiana" National Convention in the Shrine Auditorium in Portland, Oregon. Wonderful time we had in that Convention. Students from every State in the union were there. I remember asking the Students who had come from the farthest point to rise. An old colored lady sitting in the back seat rose and raised her hand. "Dr. Robinson, ah done come from all the way from Florida. I had quote a heap of a time gettin' here. Lawd help me—ah done been stealing money out of mah husband's pockets fo' over six months now, jest to git to come here to this yere convention. But praise de Lawd, he done help me never to git catched doin' dat stealing, and is ah happy? . . . I'll tell de world I'se happy. Doctor Robinson,

if you'll play dat pipe-organ, ah'll come up on de stage and sing you'all a song."

Of course, this old colored lady's speech brought her the plaudits of the crowd, and I at once invited her to the platform, while I took my seat at the large four manual organ in the Auditorium.

"What are you going to sing?" I asked our colored Student.

"Why ahse gwine to sing dat ole song bout a fountain being filled with blood," she replied.

I was not over-anxious to hear the strains of "There is a fountain filled with blood," nevertheless I played the accompaniment on the organ while the colored lady sang as if her lungs would burst.

After she had finished with the "fountain of blood," I turned her thoughts to other, and more pleasant subjects. I asked her to tell the audience what the Power of the Spirit of God had really done for her. Her testimony rang and rang and rang. It is not possible for me to hear such testimonies, and to read the scores of thousands of letters which are received, and not know that the Spirit of God really is at work in human lives, right here and now. Of course, we are up against an institution which has for centuries brought to this world an utterly false conception of God. That conception is no more than an old pagan religious superstition, told again.

Naturally, being honest, this statement brings down much wrath on my head. Nevertheless, that statement is true, as I have proven so many times. Were it not true, and had the true picture of the Power of the Spirit of God been brought to this earth, there would be no such ghastly wholesale murder as we are witnessing today. This whole civilization is bewildered. Our churches are lost. They are at their wit's end. They actually believe the story they are teaching, more's the pity. For it is a terribly hard job to tell religionists their story is untrue. If these same people are wrong in anything else, they might thank me for pointing out their error. But

when one discovers the actual truth of the existence of God, and then attempts to tell those teaching falsehood that their story is untrue, that man has his work cut out.

Nevertheless, if the Spirit of God be in that man, and if he is a man that will never waver, and if he is willing to go to his death at any time for the sake of the truths of God—*that man will inevitably win out even though it be against the whole world of theology.* That is one thing I know. On that assurance, I live and progress in this work of God for the whole human race.

At the Convention in Portland, Mr. Whittlesey, Secretary of the Masonic Auditorium, was a very interested spectator of the whole Convention. He attended every meeting. After the close of the series of addresses, he came to me and said: "Dr. Robinson, you have started something which will live long after you have passed away." He spoke truly. Since that day I have come very close to the veil of shadows. Very close—and were it not for the actual Power of the Spirit of God in me, I should be lying out there in the Moscow cemetery, even now.

It happened on the 28th of June, 1940. A dangerous heart attack. I had, for thirteen years been tearing myself apart physically. No call went unheeded. Calls for financial aid. Calls in illness. Calls to speak. Calls to visit. Business calls. Never for one moment have I considered myself in this Movement. I never shall, I trust. For to me to live means just one thing—*bringing God to the world.* If I can't do that I don't want to live.

The day before this attack of Coronary Thrombosis I had made a very fast trip to Portland, Oregon, and return. Some nine hundred and fifty miles. The next morning I got up and dressed as usual, but I was so tired I could not eat my breakfast. Putting on my hat I started for the door, intending to go to the office for another day's strenuous work. But I never got as far as the door. On my way from the dining room to the front door, a very severe pain caught

me in the middle of the chest. Usually I can pass any pain off instantly. But I knew this was a very serious pain, and I also knew the heart had collapsed, or had some serious disturbance.

I sat in a chair, and, the pain increasing in intensity, I asked Mrs. Robinson to call our family physician, who, on arriving, pronounced it Coronary Thrombosis, and a very serious attack. A specialist was called from Spokane, Wash., to consult with Dr. Wilson, the local physician, and the diagnosis was confirmed. The next few weeks were precarious ones for me. I knew I should recover, but no one else thought I would. There I hovered between life and death, with Mrs. Robinson staying close by me like the guardian angel she is. Alfie and Florence were very much upset. No visitors were allowed.

Well, the weeks and the months went by, and the danger period passed, too. But the recovery was not what it should have been. One day, it was decided to fix a bed in the back of my car, and take me to a hospital in Seattle, Wash. I nearly died on the trip, for it really was a very foolish thing to attempt, and we had been warned against attempting it. But the trip was made.

A thorough going-over was given me by two famous physicians, and they held little hope of ultimate recovery. They very frankly told me so. On learning that their prognosis was bad, and on being told the sad news that I could not recover, I called for my clothes—and a taxi. Dressing with the assistance of a nurse, I had the taxi take me to the New Washington Hotel where I engaged a room and went to bed. I had been on a strict diet at the Virginia Mason Hospital in Seattle, so decided to celebrate my release by ordering a meal. If I was going to die I wanted it to be on a full stomach. But I knew I was not going to die. And so, calling for "room service" I ordered ham and eggs, French fried potatoes, buttered toast, coffee and two pieces of custard, my favorite pie.



ADDRESSING MACHINES

The Elliott Stencil and Addressing System is used in the "*Psychiana*" Building. The machines in the above picture can each address over 5000 envelopes an hour. Two of these machines are in constant use. Envelopes are contracted for by the million, and stencils are cut for every reply received. The Elliott machines give no trouble whatever and seldom ever need repairing. Incoming mail is opened by machine and outgoing mail is sealed by machine.



GEOFFREY PEEL BIRLEY

This is the gentleman Dr. Robinson saw making passes over the head of the dead man in the little black room. The name "*Psychiana*" came out of that experience. Magazines all over the world have recounted a man who, without having ever met Dr. Robinson, sent him \$40,000 to help the "*Psychiana*" Movement. This is the gentleman. He is referred to elsewhere in this autobiography. He is a wealthy English cotton importer. Dr. Robinson visited him in 1934.



MR. BETTS, MR. STONE and MR. KING

Three old-timers of Long Crendon who knew Dr. Robinson in his childhood. Dr. Robinson visited them on his recent trip abroad.



REV. W. W. DeBOLT, ASSISTANT TO DR. ROBINSON

When Dr. Tenney was forced out of the "Psychiana" organization by the Methodist church, Mr. DeBolt was engaged. He was an ordained minister in the Church of God, and was pastor of the Moscow branch of that church. However, in January 1941, scarcely six months after his appointment as Assistant to Dr. Robinson, the Conference of the Church of God, meeting in Clarkston, Wash., excommunicated not only Rev. DeBolt, but Mrs. DeBolt also. Mr. DeBolt says: "I consider this the greatest compliment ever paid me." It shows the narrowness and bigotry of these supposedly religious organizations. It also leads one to suspect that their preachments might not be quite true. In any event, they all are very much alarmed over the rapidity with which the "Psychiana" message is being received all over the world. A copy of the resolution kicking Mr. DeBolt out of "the body of Christ" is reproduced on another page. Religious myth and superstition evidently is still very much alive in the "Church of God".

That was that. I felt better after the meal, and, shortly after, I dressed and went down the elevator to the lobby where I paddled around for an hour or so. It felt good to be able to even walk round a hotel lobby. The next day I did the same thing, and the day after that, called up Moscow and told Bill Marineau to bring the Cadillac. I was coming home. And not to die, but to go to work. Bill arrived in Seattle the same day I called him, and the next day *I sat up in the front seat of that Cadillac and rode 425 miles from Seattle to Moscow.* And did not die either.

Arriving at Moscow I went to work, and today, February 2nd, 1941, am working just as hard as I have ever worked. The attack was on June 28th, 1940, barely seven months ago. Yet here I am, feeling not the slightest sign of heart collapse or its after-effects, and *I have been doing this for three months now.* Last week I returned from a trip to New York, Chicago, Washington, D. C., and made the trip alone and without any help.

While in D. C. I was invited to speak to the associated Bible classes of the Church of the Brethren. Dr. Warren Bowman is pastor of that church. I spoke for about fifty minutes, and at the end of the Bible study hour, the ministerial committee waited upon me and asked me if I would not preach the morning sermon. I did. Yet not the slightest sign of weakness, and had I desired to, I could have preached two more sermons that day. This just goes to show how the Power of the Spirit of God can operate in every circumstance where the existence of that Spirit is fully recognized.

There have been other experiences in this home in which both Alfie and little Florence have been at death's door, and it has taken, in Florence's case, all the faith, all the confidence, all the assurance I have ever possessed in the Spirit of God to pull her through. But she came through. And throughout the length and breadth of this land, and all over the world, are scores of thousands who have telegraphed us here in Moscow, and I know of no case where the Spirit

of God has not responded, bringing a complete recovery, as it did in my own case.

* * *

Let me tell you of a remarkable incident which happened in that Portland convention. Just before I had started to speak one evening, a Western Union boy appeared at the Temple with a telegram. He was sent to the platform with it. On opening the wire, in public, I read these words: "*My nephew Corwin Hull dying tubercular meningitis please help.*"

Opening the telegram in public, I read it to the delegates gathered there in the auditorium. Then I said to them, "This boy will not die, for the Power of the Spirit of God will instantly heal him." The next day came a wire from the father of that boy stating that he had recovered. I was speaking one year later in the same Masonic Temple, and I recited this story. A lady interrupted, "Doctor Robinson, I just want to state that I am the mother of that boy, and I wish to corroborate everything you have said. The boy miraculously recovered."

The "*Psychiana*" Movement has been one continuous record of such happenings as these. I never intended the Movement to be a healing Movement, and really it is not. Whatever healings we see, and there have been tens of thousands of them, are but an adjunct to the Power of God as we teach it. When a human life begins to recognize the staggering fact that it has God in it, anything can happen. And when one is fortunate enough to have had as much experience with this invisible Spirit as it has been my fortune to have had, naturally one begins to expect God to do big things. And this invariably happens. Whatever I expect God to do, God does.

There are few nights that I am not awakened out of sleep to answer some long distance telephone call. So many of these calls came in that I have had to take the telephone off the hook more than once in order to secure any sleep.

More than 200,000 unsolicited letters have been received from all parts of the world, telling in no uncertain terms what the Power of the Spirit of God is doing, since this new revelation of the Power of God came to this earth through this Movement. So many come in that we do not keep them any more. We have not the room. At this point I shall let you read a few of these letters. I believe they rightfully belong in this book. Needless to say, all such letters are quite unsolicited. We never ask for the letters, and most certainly we never pay for them. Here are a few.

"My deepest gratitude expressed to you for your profound loyalty to humanity. You have given to us a new love, a new life, and a new world. That all the world could know what I, just one obscure person, have already learned and accomplished through your Teaching, this conception of great Truth. There could be no more suffering or sorrow. There could be no more wars."

* * *

"Thanks so much for your kind help. I know your and my prayers were answered. Just a few months ago I was not well—had a growth under my arm. I went back to the hospital this last Thursday and the doctors could not find a thing. They took an X-ray picture, too, and you can imagine how happy I am. I shall walk in the right pathway from now on, and believe in that great Power of our Living God. Thank you again and again for your Teachings and good help."

* * *

"I had two strokes of paralysis, and was in pretty bad condition. One of your Students told me I would get well and said I should write to Doctor Robinson. I did this, telling you of my misfortune and sickness. Today I am feeling fine. On Saturday, July 22, I had my doctor examine me for blood pressure. He tested my heart and could find nothing wrong. Then he used the X-ray and found my heart in fine condition. I thank you, Doctor Robinson, and '*Psychiana*' for my speedy recovery."

* * *

"I cannot very well close this letter without first giving you my impression of your Lesson Number Two. One can hardly pass it without comment. It has left a permanent marker on my mind which shall not soon be erased. It tears through convention and tradition, and revolutionizes the manner in which man has been taught to think. To say that I thank you and appreciate the opportunity afforded me to participate in this great study faintly expresses my indebtedness to you for the invaluable services already rendered upon the receipt of my second Lesson."

* * *

"First I want to say '*Psychiana*' is beautiful. Each day I love '*Psychiana*' more and more. Almost an invalid, my health is beginning to improve; but best of all, Doctor Robinson, I am able to help others regain their health. Just yesterday a lady came to me suffering with a very painful growth on her breast. I used '*Psychiana's*' Teaching—God's healing Power—and this morning she called me to say that when she went to show it to her neighbor this morning, to her great surprise it was gone. Not even a scar there. Now she is persuaded she wants to study '*Psychiana*'. I talk '*Psychiana*' at every opportunity. I'm beginning now to experience a new something I cannot describe. Things are coming a bit better financially, too. Many, many thanks."

"Without a doubt, '*Psychiana*' Lessons are wonderful. When I received the first Lesson of the first series, I was a very sick and despondent man. It was wonderful the uplift and peace of mind it brought to me, and this has remained with me. My financial position has very much improved, and I am just reaching out and building a home which has been my greatest desire. It is astounding how everything has been made so easy in connection with the loan of money for the erection of the building. I sincerely thank you for your teaching of the wonderful Power of the God-Law, and wish you every success in your wonderful great work."

* * *

"I must write to tell you of my joy and gratitude at having my little son, Richard, home again and well after six months in Children's Hospital in Denver. The nurses and doctors speak of his healing in such terms as 'a modern miracle', 'who's your guardian angel, Dick?', etc., and I shall never cease thanking God, after seeing the Power of the Living God defeat the 'last enemy' for Richard."

* * *

"Oh, Doctor Robinson, you are a wonderful man, and this wonderful Truth you are teaching is worth a million dollars to anyone who will believe it and try it. I could not go on without it now."

* * *

"When I began studying with you, I was not only the saddest woman in the world, but a bitter one as well. Illness, financial worries, and misery dogged my footsteps. Now I have a new lease on life—no, a *new life*, and things are rapidly taking form for a better, richer life still. I would like to continue my studies with you and help to place this Teaching in the hands of everyone I contact. I want others to find peace and health in the Power as I have, and believe it the best way to show my gratitude."

* * *

"I am sure you hear this from every letter, but I will never be able to thank you enough for bringing this message to all of us. I cannot express myself enough to tell you how grateful I am. I am very happy to be in a small way connected with this organization. It means much to me, and you will hear from me from time to time."

* * *

"Allow me to thank you ever so much for the very many experiences I have had since I have started my studies with you. My whole life has changed; I have become more self-confident, I now know who and what God is, where God is, and now I can say that I do enjoy my happy moments spent with God."

* * *

"I am happy to tell you I have found, through '*Psychiana*', the peace which passeth all understanding. I look for my Lessons as letters from a dear friend, study them quietly each day as you suggested, and get a new thrill each time."

* * *

"Your Lessons are really wonderful. There's no doubt about it they are God-inspired. Every Lesson is a gem, so beautiful worded and so full of Power that one feels kind of mentally recharged after reading them. Thanks a million for introducing me to the God-Power. I've always believed in God, but it took you to put me in real touch with Him. God bless you."

* * *

"I write these lines briefly just because I feel you should know what your Lessons did for me. I received nine Lessons. I read and reread them, even after being ridiculed for doing so. For the past five years I wanted to attend business college, and thanks to your Lessons I have what I wanted. Things have opened up for me more than ever before in my life. I am exceedingly happy, and look to the Law of Life as my support. I trust it, believe in it, and it has helped me wonderfully."

"I am glad to say that I am almost completely recovered from a serious heart ailment and much credit goes to Doctor Robinson for the understanding I have of the God-Law and how to use it. We are very sure of financial success as we have a wonderful start along those lines."

"I am so happy I can hardly write. One of our state Senators whose name I sent in has just called to see me and thank me for sending in his name. He said it was the most wonderful thing he had ever conceived or heard of. My father has had an illness the doctors said was asthma of the heart. He is now able to lie down and sleep normally, and is apparently well. We are so happy over his rapid recovery. Thanks for the Power that works so effectively."

"First I want to thank you millions of times over and over again for your great kindness and good deed. My daughter of four years of age was so seriously ill with complications of a ruptured appendix that the rumors were that she didn't even have a chance. But I knew different. I just didn't believe in death with the presence of the great Life-Spirit and its Powers. After three weeks of that most horrible illness I wired you and got an immediate reply which I am so very proud of. Now my daughter is all through draining and is playing around with the other youngsters. Now I will close with my husband's and my heartiest thanks to you for my daughter has got to be strong and healthy. Thank you so very much again and again."

"As I stated in my last letter, we have bought a little home, thanks to the great God-Law. A few months ago I was working on W.P.A., and my wife and I were asking God for a private job and a little home of our own so we could get away from paying rent. Two months ago I got a private job, and now we have a little home of our own. I certainly know that the great God-power will do wonderful things for you if you will only express your desires and expect them to be answered. Thank the great God and you for these wonderful Lessons."

"I wish to send you this letter of thanks for the marvelous results in healing for us through the Power of the living God. We sent you a telegram last Wednesday morning concerning my nephew, three years old. He was crying with pains in his abdomen and was a very sick child to all appearances, but soon after we sent you word the child fell asleep and got better and kept improving rapidly, and now is perfectly whole and well. We cannot thank you enough for throwing the Power of God into play for this child of ours. We will never forget this service, and hope to help '*Psychiana*' Movement along as much as possible financially and spiritually and all ways. Thanking you again, we are grateful and will close knowing we are all one in the Spirit of God and God's works."

"I think your '*Psychiana*' is a grand thing. When I started studying your Lessons everything changed. I have a job now paying good pay fourteen days a month. In my case it would have been impossible without your study of the God-Law. I am wishing you lots of success."

"It is now some time since I wrote to you asking for help for my sister, and I want you to know my heart is overflowing with gratitude for what you did for her. After writing you she had one very bad hemorrhage, but has had none since."

"Thanks many times for your wonderful help. I was very ill when I first wrote you for help. The doctors had about given me up. After you sent me the Lessons Numbers One, Two, and Three, I made a big change. My doctor is amazed."

I am frequently asked what will happen when the world at large knows the fullness of the implications of this work. Frankly, I do not know. I do know that this world does not now know God. We are faced with a situation in which millions of people believe, or say they believe a certain set of religious facts. Though there are about five hundred different sects, creeds, and cults, the fundamentals of them all are alike. They all believe in the crucifixion of a god for the "sins" of the human race.

This conception of God, while accepted by so many millions, is a thousand miles from the actual truths of God. These millions of good honest souls have been taught by preacher and priest that they must believe what they say, because *there is no other name given under heaven whereby they can be "saved"*. You see, the whole religious structure of today is predicated on the "sinfullness" of man, which "sinfullness" is inherent in man. Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, they sinned. Therefore, all have been born under a curse. That curse, we are told, may be lifted only as one professes his or her belief in the death of a god to wipe away that sin.

It has been given to the founder of "*Psychiana*" to see the True Light. And my work on this earth is to tell the churches, and their followers, the stark, plain, simple fact that they have been misled in what they have been taught about God. All reference to crucifixion, atonement, baptism, virgin birth, resurrection of the body, and to Jesus Christ, are fictional and most certainly not fact. This is very easily proven. (Read *Gleams Over the Horizon* or *Crucified Gods Galore* by this writer). In spite of the fact that the whole Christian structure of religion is founded on these supposed facts, my work is to tell the human race these so-called facts are not true. That, in a nutshell, is what I am on this earth for.

Naturally, if these theories of God are not true, then the whole Christian religion is deluding its followers. That is

a fact. Equally true is it, that if the Christian theory of God crucified as Jesus is not true, the *truth* of God must lie somewhere else. It does. And it is my work to show this world what that *truth* is. A staggering thing to attempt? Of course it is. But, if I am the man for this work, and I do know whereof I speak, then, through the invisible Power I teach, I shall be able to change the entire religious structure of the world, bringing to it, not a theory of God which was stolen from a pagan system of religion, but the actual truth of God.

For *truth is God. And there can be no religion higher than truth.* The sad fact is that men and women, in spite of the God-less condition of the world today, choose to hang on to their pet church theories, even though they strongly suspect they cannot possibly be true. The Power of God can bring such fanatics as Hitler to their knees very speedily. And if there was only one church congregation in America which knew God, that would be accomplished. If the churches will not find God—if they insist upon worshipping Jesus Christ as “God crucified”, then the true revelation of the Power of God will come to this earth through some other organization which operates entirely outside of the church.

That is happening now. And the world knows it is happening. And the churches know it is happening. They know they are powerless, yet they will not give up their heathen, pagan ideas of God Almighty being crucified by human hands on a cross of wood. However, the choice is theirs. If they insist on teaching such pagan dogmas, the churches will fall. They will stand idly by while others, who do know the Power of the Spirit of God, proceed to win the world, not to the church—but to the *Spirit of God.*

That, is my work. I have tried simply, honestly in this book to paint a bit of a picture of the man heading this world Movement. He is not much of a man as you now know. But, in the infinite wisdom of a great God, this poor piece of humanity is performing a work. He is a vessel

which God can use. And the reason God can use me is because I have no pet theories of my own regarding God. I hold to nothing the churches teach concerning God Almighty being born of a virgin and crucified on a cross.

There is just one thing I know, and that is that what I do not know about God, can be, and is being daily revealed to me, as the need arises. Personally, I am nothing. I never want to be anything. I could not be anything if I wanted to. *But—through this insignificant man, who perhaps should not have been born at all, God is speaking, and God will continue to speak until the shadows of a church-filled Godless earth pass away, and the glory of the knowledge of the ever-existing Spirit of God covers the earth as the waters cover the sea.* In closing this autobiography, I refer once more, as I started the book, with the words of John (Cardinal) Newman—

“Lead Kindly Light, amid th’ encircling gloom,

Lead Thou me on;

The night is dark, and I am far from home,

Lead Thou me on.

Keep Thou my feet, I do not ask to see the distant scene,

One step enough for me.”